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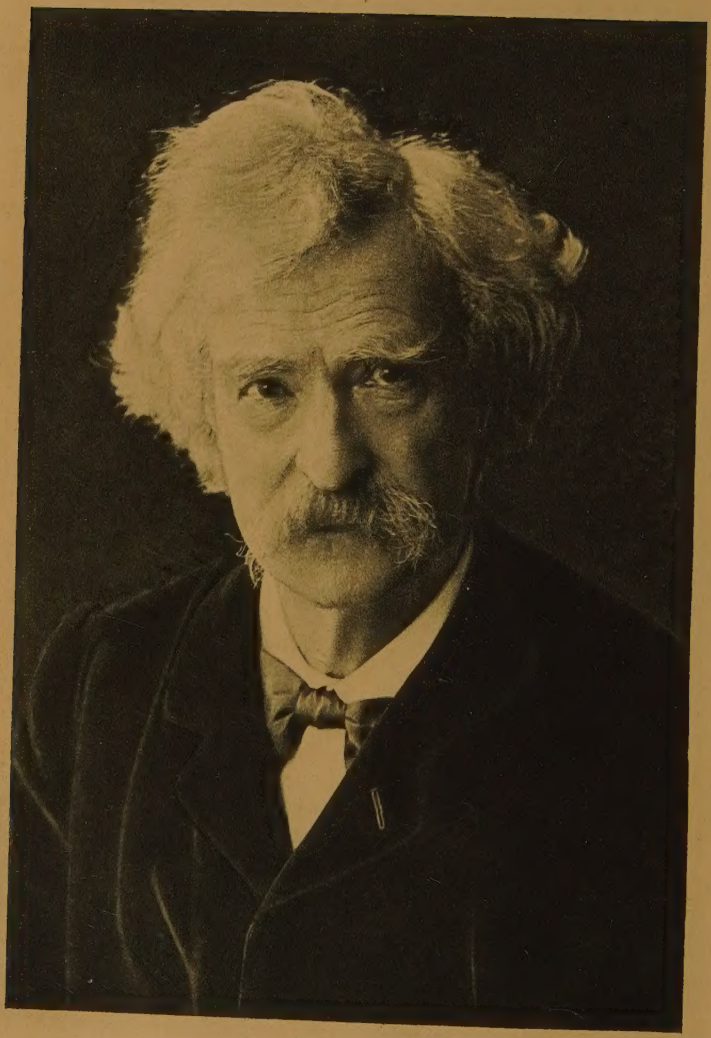

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TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

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NEW YORK

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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ţh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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CLARKE, Adam, a British clergyman; born at Moybeg, Ireland, in 1762; died at London, August 26, 1832. His father, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, after many reverses in fortune, became the master of a school in Maghera, in Ireland, and, to eke out his small income, farmed a few acres of land which were cultivated by himself and his sons. About 1778 the family connected themselves with a Wesleyan Society, and Adam, though a mere lad, became a kind of lay exhorter in the neighborhood. He himself thus describes his labors in this direction:

CLARKE AT EIGHTEEN

He did not confine his labors to the immediate neighborhood, but went several miles into the country in all directions, exhorting and beseeching the people to turn to God. In such work he spent the whole of the Sabbath. Often he had to travel, four, six, and more miles on the Sabbath morning to meet a class. As those classes generally met about eight o'clock in the morning, he was obliged in the winter season to set out before daylight, and frequently in snow, rain, frost, etc.; nor did any kind of weather ever prevent him from taking these long journeys.

In the summer time, after having met one of these distant classes, it was his custom to go to the top of some mountain or high hill, and having taken a view of the different villages which lay scattered over the lower country, arrange them in his mind, proceed to that which was the nearest, walk into it, and enter the first open door; and after accosting the inhabitants with "Peace be to this house!" ask them if they were willing he should pray with them. When they consented, he then inquired whether they had any objection to call in a few of the neighbors. When this was done, he generally gave out a verse of a hymn, sung it and then gave them an exhortation, prayed with them and departed to another village, pursuing the same method. It is remarkable that in no case was he ever refused the permission he sought.

He was very young (looking even younger than he actually was), and this, with his very serious deportment and the singularity of his conduct, made in all cases a powerful impression in his favor, which his prayer and exhortations never failed to increase. On this plan he has in the course of one day visited nine or ten villages at considerable distances from each other and from his own home and spoken publicly as many times. In these excursions he never went to those villages where the Methodists had established preaching, but to those principally which had no helper, lying at a considerable distance, as they generally did, from places of public worship. This was sore travail, as, besides speaking so many times, he has walked above twenty miles, and often had little, if anything, to eat.—*Autobiography.*

In 1782 he was induced to go to the school which Wesley had set up at Kingswood, near Bristol, England. When he reached there he had but three halfpence in the world. It appeared at once that he already knew much more than was even pretended to be taught in this school. In a few weeks Wesley came to visit the school. He at once appointed Clarke to travel on a circuit. From time to time he was sent to more and

more important circuits, such as Manchester, and at last to London. He was a most earnest and laborious student. He already knew French and Latin; to these, by his own exertions, he added the Greek of the Septuagint and the New Testament, and in the course of a few years Hebrew, Syriac, and something of Arabic. By the time he had reached middle life he was acknowledged to be the most learned man in England in every department of Biblical knowledge; and in 1808, at the age of forty-six, he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen.

During all this time, and afterward, even to the close of his life, he was actively engaged in the regular duties of a Wesleyan preacher. His writings were very numerous, most of them requiring a vast amount of minute research. Among these is a *Bibliographical Dictionary* (8 vols., 1802–6) containing a list of the most important books printed, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, in Latin, Greek, Coptic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Chaldee, Ethiopic, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, etc., with critical judgments on the whole, extracted from various sources. *The Miscellaneous Works* of Dr. Clarke were published in a collected form soon after his death, in thirteen volumes. Quite late in life he began, at the urgent request of his children, to write his *Autobiography*. He brought it down only to about his thirtieth year. After that time, he said, his life had been so far a public one that it belonged to someone else to write it. His children urging that it should be continued, he told his youngest daughter that she might carry it on, and he would place in her hands his memoranda, journals, letters, and everything else which might be of aid to her. She

brought the work down to the close of the life of her father, submitting the pages as written to his examination; and although Clarke's own part fills hardly a quarter of the bulky volume, yet the whole is so far his that it may be properly regarded as an *Autobiography.* The work thus produced is among the best of its class.

Clarke's great work, however, is his *Commentary on the Holy Scriptures,* the first volume of which was published in 1806, the eighth and last in 1826. In preparing this he began with the Old Testament, bringing it down to the books of Joshua and Judges. Then, fearing that he might not live to carry the whole *Commentary* through, he laid the Old Testament aside, and began upon the New. Having completed this, he again took up the Old Testament. In 1822, when the Commentary on the Book of Psalms was completed, he sent what had been printed (19 parts, royal quarto) to the Duke of Sussex, brother of King George IV., and himself a very excellent Biblical scholar, with a letter setting forth his aims and the method of his procedure. He wrote:

AIMS AND METHODS OF THE COMMENTARY.

My habits from my early youth led me to study the Bible, not as a text-book to confirm a preconceived creed, but as a revelation from God to man which it is the duty and interest of every human being to study and earnestly to endeavor to understand.

Conscious that translators in general must have had a particular creed, in reference to which they would naturally consider every text, which, however honestly intended, might lead them to glosses not always fairly deducible from the original words, I sat down with a heart as free from bias and sectarian feeling as it was possible, and

carefully read over, cautiously weighed, and literally translated every word in Hebrew and Chaldee in the Bible: and, as I saw it was possible, while even assisted by the best lexicons, to mistake the import of a Hebrew term, and knowing that the cognate Asiatic languages would be helps of great importance in such an inquiry, I collated every verse where I was apprehensive of difficulty with the Chaldee, Syriac, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Persian, as far as the Sacred Writings are extant in these languages, with a constant reference to the readings collected by Kennicott and De Rossi, and to the Septuagint and Vulgate, the earliest translations of the Hebrew Text which have reached our times.

Having gone on to state that he had proceeded in essentially the same way in regard to the New Testament, he further says:

In the prosecution of this work I was led to attend, in the first instance, more to words than things, in order to find their true, ideal meanings, together with the different shades of acceptation to which they became subjected in their application to matters which use and circumstances, in the lapse of time, had produced. And, as I perceived an almost continual reference to the literature, arts, and sciences of the ancient world, and of the Asiatic nations in particular, I made these things my particular study, having found a thousand passages which I could neither illustrate nor explain without some general knowledge of their jurisprudence, astronomy, chemistry, medicine, surgery, meteorology, pneumatics, etc., and with their military tactics and the arts and trades of common life.— *Letter to Duke of Sussex, in Autobiography.*

The *Commentary,* in the order of preparation and publication, was completed with the Book of Malachi; and at the close Dr. Clarke adds:

CLOSE OF THE COMMENTARY.

In this arduous labor I have had no assistance, not even a single week's help from an amanuensis, no person to look for commonplaces or to refer to an ancient author, to find out the place and transcribe a passage of Latin, Greek, or any other language which my memory had generally recalled, or to verify a quotation. The help excepted which I received in the chronological department from my own nephew, Mr. John Edward Clarke, I have labored alone for nearly twenty-five years previously to the work being sent to the press; and fifteen years have been employed in bringing it through the press to the public; and thus about forty years of my life have been consumed; and from this the reader will at once perceive that the work — be it well or ill executed — has not been done in a careless or precipitate manner, nor have any means within my reach been neglected to make it, in every respect, as far as possible, what the title-page promises — "A help to the better understanding of the Sacred Writings." Thus, through the merciful help of God, my labor in this field terminates; a labor which, were it yet to commence, with the knowledge I now have of its difficulty, and, in many respects, my inadequate means, millions even of the gold of Ophir, and all the honors that can come from man, could not induce me to undertake. Now that it is finished, I regret not the labor. I have had the testimony of many learned, pious, and judicious friends relative to the execution and usefulness of the work. It has been admitted into the very highest ranks of society, and has lodged in the cottages of the poor. It has been the means of doing good to the simple of heart, and the wise man, and the scribe; the learned and the philosopher, according to their own generous acknowledgments, have not in vain consulted its pages. For these, and all His other mercies, to the writer and the reader, may God, the fountain of all good, be eternally praised.

CLARKE, Charles Cowden, an English poet and lecturer; born at Enfield, Middlesex, December 15, 1787; died at Genoa, Italy, March 13, 1877. He was educated at his father's school at Enfield. At this school Keats was a pupil, and though Charles was seven years his senior there existed a warm and lasting friendship between them. In 1820 he removed to London and became a bookseller, and soon after a music publisher with Alfred Novello, to whose sister, Mary Victoria Novello, he was married in 1828.

In 1834 he began a series of lectures on Shakespeare and other dramatists and poets, which continued through a period of years. He was a fine reader, and these lectures were very popular. Some of them were published in book form: *Shakespeare Characters, Chiefly Those Subordinate* (1863), and *Molière Characters* (1865). In 1859 he published *Carmina Minima*, a volume of original poems, and later *Riches of Chaucer* and *Tales from Chaucer in Prose*. With his wife, he edited editions of Shakespeare's works (1869), a *Shakespeare Key* (1879), and with her was the author of a number of excellent books for the young. A short time before his death he had completed *Recollections of Writers* (1878), reminiscences of celebrated men and women he had known, a series of papers first contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1856 he removed to Nice, and five years later to Genoa.

JOHN KEATS.

In the early part of his school-life John gave no extraordinary indications of intellectual character; but it

was remembered of him afterward that there was ever present a determined and steady spirit in all his undertakings: I never knew it misdirected in his required pursuit of study. He was a most orderly scholar. The future ramifications of that noble genius were then closely shut in the seed which was greedily drinking in the moisture which made it afterward burst forth so kindly into luxuriance and beauty.

My father was in the habit, at each half-year's vacation, of bestowing prizes upon those pupils who had performed the greatest quantity of voluntary work; and such was Keats's indefatigable energy for the last two or three successive half-years of his remaining at school that, upon each occasion, he took the first prize by a considerable distance. He was at work before the first school-hour began, and that was at seven o'clock; almost all the intervening times of recreation were so devoted; and during the afternoon holidays, when all were at play, he would be in the school — almost the only one — at his Latin or French translation; and so unconscious and regardless was he of the consequences of so close and persevering an application that he never would have taken the necessary exercise had he not been sometimes driven out for the purpose by one of the masters.

It has been said that he was a favorite with all. Not the less beloved was he for having a highly pugnacious spirit, which, when roused, was one of the most picturesque exhibitions — off the stage — I ever saw. One of the transports of that marvellous actor, Edmund Kean — whom, by the way, he idolized — was its nearest resemblance; and the two were not very dissimilar in face and figure. Upon one occasion, when an usher, on account of some impertinent behavior, had boxed his brother Tom's ears, John rushed up, put himself in the received posture of offence, and, it was said, struck the usher — who could, so to say have put him into his pocket. His passion at times was almost ungovernable; and his brother George, being considerably the taller and stronger, used frequently to hold him down by main force, laughing, when John was in "one of his moods," and was endeavoring to beat him.

It was all, however, a wisp-of-straw conflagration; for he had an intensely tender affection for his brothers, and proved it upon the most trying occasions. He was not merely the "favorite of all," like a pet prizefighter, for his terrier courage; but his high-mindedness, his utter unconsciousness of a mean motive, his placability, his generosity, wrought so general a feeling in his behalf that I never heard a word of disapproval from any one, superior or equal, who had known him.—*Recollections of Writers.*

CLARKE, FRANCES ELIZABETH ("SARAH GRAND"), a British novelist; born in Ireland, in 1860. She was educated at Twickenham and Kensington; was married at sixteen to an army officer; and accompanied her husband to Ceylon, Singapore, China, Japan, and Egypt. Her novel *Ideala* was published at her own expense in 1888. *Singularly Deluded,* written much earlier, was published by Blackwood in 1892. *The Heavenly Twins,* after many rejections, was published by Heinemann in 1893, and was an immediate success. *Our Manifold Nature,* a collection of short stories, appeared in 1894. Her subsequent novels are: *The Modern Man and Maid* (1898); and *Babs the Impossible* (1901). She is also a prolific magazine writer.

"In *The Heavenly Twins,*" writes a reviewer in the London *Athenæum,* "there are at least two stories, that of the heavenly twins, which gives the book its title, and that of Evadne, the wife who was no wife. The twins, Angelica and Diavolo, young barbarians utterly devoid of all respect, conventionality, or decency, are among the most delightful and amusing

children in fiction. The conception of two such little monsters, and the frank description of the superfluity of their naughtiness without encroachment on the domains of the improbable, would alone have been remarkable; but to have made them at the same time lovable, and to have related their unconventional escapades with the delicacy and good taste of Sarah Grand, shows something more than mere cleverness. In the story of Evadne, which is really quite unconnected with the other except from the accident that Evadne happened to know the twins, the author has surmounted a great difficulty with success. Evadne's story is briefly this: She is a thoughtful and clever girl of strong will who marries a man thinking him to be all that is good and noble. On her wedding-day she discovers that his character has been that of a 'man of pleasure,' and she only consents to stay with him on the condition that they shall not live in the relations of husband and wife, in spite of all protests from her parents and her friends, and though it is represented to her that she might be the means of elevating him; and she never swerves from her determination. The difficulty lies not in making the reader intellectually approve of her position — the natural tendency would be theoretically to justify such a character, but to regard her as almost repulsively cold and heartless, especially as the husband loyally abides by the arrangement and is represented as rather gentlemanly and pleasant than otherwise — but in so vividly describing the state of mind and the womanliness of her nature that the only feeling of the reader is sympathy and pity for her; and this Sarah Grand has done. She has created a true and delicate woman, not a

strong-minded female made up of cold abstractions, whom one instinctively thinks of as wearing pince-nez and short hair."

BURSTING BUDS OF GENIUS.

One wet day they chose to paint in Evadne's room because they could not go out. She found pictures, and got everything ready for them good-naturedly, and then they sat themselves down at a little table opposite each other; but the weather affected their spirits, and made them both fractious. They wanted the same picture to begin with, and only settled the question by demolishing it in their attempts to snatch it from each other. Then there was only one left between them, but happily they remembered that artists sometimes work at the same picture, and it further occurred to them that it would be an original method — or "funny," as they phrased it — for one of them to work at it wrong-side up. So Angelica daubed the sky blue on her side of the table, and Diavolo flung green on the fields from his. They had large genial mouths at that time, indefinite noses, threatening to turn up a little, and bright dark eyes, quick glancing, but with no particular expression in them — no symptom either of love or hate, nothing but living interest. It was pretty to see Diavolo's fair head touching Angelica's dark one across the little table; but when it came too close Angelica would bunt it sharply out of the way with her own, which was apparently the harder of the two, and Diavolo would put up his hand and rub the spot absently. He was too thoroughly accustomed to such sisterly attentions to be altogether conscious of them.

The weather darkened down.

"I wish I could see," he grumbled.

"Get out of your own light," said Angelica.

"How can I get out of my own light when there isn't any light to get out of?"

Angelica put her paint-brush in her mouth, and looked up at the window thoughtfully.

"Let's make it into a song," she said.

"Let's," said Diavolo, intent upon making blue and yellow into green.

"No light have we, and that we do resent,
And, learning this, the weather will relent,
Repent! Relent! Ah-men,"

Angelica sang. Diavolo paused with his brush half way to his mouth, and nodded intelligently.

"Now!" said Angelica, and they repeated the parody together, Angelica making a perfect second to Diavolo's exquisite treble.

Evadne looked up from her work surprised. Her own voice was contralto, but it would have taken her a week to learn to sing a second from the notes, and she had never dreamt of making one.

"I didn't know you could sing," she said.

"Oh, yes, we can sing," Angelica answered cheerfully. "We've a decided talent for music."

"Angelica can make a song in a moment," said Diavolo. "Let me paint your nose green, Evadne."

"You can paint mine if you like," said Angelica.

"No, I sha'n't. I shall paint my own."

"No, you paint mine, and I'll paint yours," Angelica suggested.

"Well, both together, then," Diavolo answered.

"Honest Injin," Angelica agreed, and they set to work.

Evadne sat with her embroidery in her lap and watched them. Their faces would have to be washed in any case, and they might as well be washed for an acre as for an inch of paint. She never nagged with, "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," about everything, if their offences could be summed up, and wiped out in some such way all at once.

"We'll sing you an anthem some day," Angelica presently promised.

"Why not now?" said Evadne.

"The spirit does not move us," Diavolo answered.

"But you may forget," said Evadne.

"We never forget our promises," Angelica protested as proudly as was possible with a green nose.

Nor did they, curiously enough. They made a point of keeping their word, but in their own way, and this one was kept in due course. The time they chose was when a certain Grand Duke was staying in the house. They had quite captivated him, and he expressed a wish to hear them sing.

"Shall we?" said Diavolo.

"We will," said Angelica. "Not because he's a prince, but because we promised Evadne an anthem, and we might as well do it now," she added with true British independence.

The prince chuckled.

"What shall it be?" said Diavolo, settling himself at the piano. He always played the accompaniments.

"*Papa,* I think," said Angelica.

"What is '*Papa*'?" Lady Adeline asked anxiously.

"Very nice, or you wouldn't have married him," answered Angelica. "Go on, Diavolo. If you sing flat, I'll slap you."

"If you're impertinent, miss, I'll put you out," Diavolo retorted.

"Go on," said Evadne sharply, fearing a fight.

But to everybody's intense relief the prince laughed, and then the twins' distinguished manners appeared in a new and agreeable light.

"*Papa — Papa — Papa —*" they sang — "*Papa — says that we — that we —— that we are little devils! and so we are — we are — we are and ever shall be — world without end.*"

"*I am a chip,*" Diavolo trilled exquisitely; "*I am a chip.*"

"*Thou art a chip — Thou art a chip,*" Angelica responded.

"*We are both chips,*" they concluded harmoniously — "*chips of the old — old block! And as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end! Amen!*"

"You sang that last phrase flat, you — *pulp!*" cried Angelica.

"I can't both sing and play," Diavolo protested.

"You'll say you can't eat and breathe next," she retorted, giving his hair a tug.

"What do you do that for?" he demanded.

"Just to waken you up," she answered.

"Are they always like this?" the prince asked, much edified.

"This is nothing," groaned Mr. Hamilton-Wells.

"Nothing if it is not genius," the prince suggested gracefully.

"The ineffectual genius of the nineteenth century, I fancy, which betrays itself by strange incongruities and contrasts of a violent kind, but is otherwise unproductive," Mrs. Orton Beg whispered incautiously.

Lady Adeline looked up: "I could not help hearing," she said.

"Oh, Adeline, I am sorry!" Mrs. Orton Beg exclaimed.

"*I* thank you," said Lady Adeline, sighing. "Courtly phrases are pleasant plums, even to latter-day palates which are losing all taste for such dainties; but they are not nourishing. I would rather know my children to be merely naughty, and spend my time in trying to make them good, than falsely flatter myself that there is anything great in them, and indulge them on that plea, until I had thoroughly confirmed them in faults which I ought to have been rigorously repressing."—*The Heavenly Twins.*

CLARKE, James Freeman, an American clergyman and author; born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810; died at Boston, Mass., June 8, 1888. He was graduated from Harvard in 1829, and from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. In 1841 he became pastor of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. Among his many works are *Life and Military Services of Gen. William Hull* (1848); *Eleven Weeks*

in Europe (1851); *Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness* (1852); *Christian Doctrine of Prayer* (1854); *The Hour Which Cometh and Now is* (1862); *Orthodoxy* (1866); *Steps of Belief* (1870); *The Ten Great Religions of the World* (1870); *Common Sense in Religion* (1873); *Exotics* (1874); *Go Up Higher* (1877); *Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion* (1878); *Self-Culture* (1880); *The Legend of Thomas Didymus* (1881), and *Events and Epochs in Religious History* (1881). He was also the author of numerous religious poems.

"Dr. Clarke," says the London *Academy*, "was essentially a theologian and divine. Emerson abandoned the pulpit for the platform; George Ripley left it to organize Brook Farm; Parker did not leave it, but he converted it to unaccustomed purposes of social, as well as religious reform. But Dr. Clarke was a clergyman from first to last. Yet the brave and many-sided man was not obscured in the clergyman. Among Transcendentalists, as well as in the unregenerate world, there were antipathies. Parker failed to appreciate Alcott, and Alcott was not an enthusiastic admirer of Parker. Margaret Fuller and Lowell said some bitter things of one another. But Dr. Clarke, like Channing, was a man with sympathies so wide that he could be the friend of all. When Parker's early heresies had offended the Unitarian, as well as the Trinitarian, 'orthodoxy' of his day, and the persecution had reached such a depth that to befriend the outcast preacher was almost to outcast one's self, Dr. Clarke was not to be deterred from exchanging pulpits with him, although he by no means agreed with the doctrines Parker was announcing. His association

with others was not less intimate. While editing the *Western Messenger* he encouraged Emerson to allow three of his earliest poems to be printed in its pages. He was the officiating minister at Hawthorne's marriage, and, twenty-two years later, at his funeral. A similar wide-mindedness impressed itself on his literary work. As Mr. Frothingham, referring to his book on *Ten Great Religions,* says, it shows 'the power of the Transcendental idea to render justice to all forms of faith, and give positive interpretations to doctrines obscure and revolting; it detects the truth in things erroneous, the good in things evil.'"

MATERIALISM AND THE EXISTENCE OF A SOUL.

Materialism assumes that what we call soul is the result of bodily organization (1) because all we know are sensible phenomena; (2) because the state of the mind conforms constantly to the condition of the body. All we know, it says, is sensible phenomena, outward facts, and the grouping of these facts into laws. But the simple answer of common sense to this statement is that we know mind better than we know body; that thought, love, and purpose are not sensible phenomena, and yet we are certain of their existence. All we know of matter we know through the senses; it is that which is hard and soft, extended in space, which has shape, color, and so forth. All we know of mind is different. Moreover, the mind has a unity and identity not found in matter; it is simple, indivisible, unity; whereas, matter is capable of division. It is one and the same soul which thinks, feels, remembers, hopes, chooses, laments, imagines. It is the same soul which existed last year and exists now. But matter is always changing, never the same. Moreover, there is a principle of life which correlates all parts of a living body, and keeps them working together. Great objection has been made to calling this the vital principle, on the ground that this assumes the existence of the soul

before it is proved. But the eminent naturalist, Quatrefages, says he must use some such word to describe the vital vortex, for the fact exists. The equilibrium of life is not maintained by the molecular motion of the atoms, for these act independently of each other. The unity of organic life is maintained by some power not in the material particles themselves. Call it soul, or vital principle, or by any other name, its existence is certain. You cannot explain life in terms of matter and motion. The gulf between an atom of inorganic matter and the lowest form of life has never been passed over by human thought.

The second objection of materialism to the existence of an immaterial soul is that the condition of the body affects the soul, inevitably and always. A little improper food taken into the system affects the mind; a drop of blood extravasated in the brain destroys the power of thought; as the body grows old, the mind weakens; as the brain-fibres decay, memory goes; without phosphorus no thought — is not then thought the result of the body? To this, however, the answer is conclusive. All these facts only prove that while the soul is in this body, the body is its necessary organ of communication with the outward world. Just as a carpenter cannot work when his tools are dull; as the most accomplished musician cannot charm our souls when the strings of his piano are out of tune, or broken; so the soul cannot communicate with us when the body is disordered. It is highly probable that we could not think if the proper amount of phosphorus were not supplied to the brain. But this is not such a great discovery. Not "phosphorus" alone, but a good many other chemical elements have always been known to be necessary. Without oxygen, no thought; without hydrogen and carbon no thought. All this merely means that while the soul remains in its present environment, it needs a healthy bodily organization with which to do its work.— *Ten Great Religions.*

HOW RELIGIONS DECAY.

Social religions, like social institutions, are subject to dilapidation and relapses. Many religions stand before

us in history as majestic ruins. When you penetrate the thick jungles of Yucatan, and come on the ruins of Palenque, you find vast structures, covered with carved ornaments and mysterious symbols, indications of a lost race, a forgotten creed, and a long-buried civilization. So it is with many religions, as they emerge into the light of present knowledge from the profound night of an unknown past. Instead of being arrested at an upward stage of development, they have all the mark of being the decayed remains of purer and nobler religion. In the case of Hinduism, we have the whole story of this rise and progress, followed by a decline and fall. We see it commence in a pure nature-religion, which is a thinly-veiled monotheism. We see it developed into a vast system of philosophies, ethics, literature, art. Meantime a priesthood has grown up and acquired supreme control. Under its influence a complicated theology is developed and a ritual formed. As the first stage appears in the Vedic hymns, the second is seen in the laws of Manu, the three great systems of philosophy, the poems of Kalidas, and the two epics. Then follows the third period of gradual dilapidation, when worship becomes idolatry. Theology degenerates into the myths of the Puranas, and the pure morality of earlier times disappears in ceremonial sacrifices offered to a Pantheon of cruel or voluptuous deities. In this case we see the process of dilapidation and decay which has been going on for thousands of years. The decay has been going on, but dissolution has not come. Life still remains in this religion, and the possibility of revival. The heart of India is still full of reverence for the unknown God who is behind its idolatries. It is still held by its ancient Vedas, as by an anchor, to a better faith. It is, therefore, a dilapidated and relapsed, but not a dead religion.

A worse fate befell the religion of Egypt. Highest in the earliest period, it gradually degenerated, to the hour when it finally disappeared and passed away forever. It began in a pure monotheism, as is positively affirmed by Herodotus, and confirmed by De Rougé and Renouf. It declared that God is the only One, Whose life is Truth,

that He has made all things, and that He alone has not been made. "More than five thousand years ago, in the valley of the Nile, the Hymn began to the Unity of God, and the immortality of the soul, and we find in the last ages Egypt arrived at the most unbridled polytheism." "The sublimer parts of the Egyptian religion are demonstrably ancient," and "its last stage was by far the grossest and most corrupt." The oldest inscriptions emphasize justice, mercy, love of right, hate of wrong, kindness to the poor, reverence for parents. But in the later periods these high moral ideas disappear from the monuments. Epicurean notions come in. The Litanies of *Ra* on the royal tombs of the XIXth dynasty are already pantheistic, and the editor of these litanies, M. Neville, remarks that the pantheism which had taken possession of Egyptian thought had abolished the ideas of right and wrong which appear earlier, and notably in the Book of the Dead. The reverence for animals, which was at first symbolism, became pure idolatry. Even the grand faith in immortality is lost in an Epicurean denial of a hereafter. A dead wife addresses her husband thus from the sepulchre: "O my brother! my spouse, cease not to eat and drink, to enjoy thy life, follow thy desires, and let not care enter thy heart, as long as thou livest on the earth. For this is the land of darkness and abode of sorrow. No one awakes any more to see his brethren, nor knows father nor mother. I long for water. I long for air."—*Ten Great Religions.*

CANA.

Dear Friend! whose presence in the house,
  Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
  Change water into wine;

Come, visit us! and when dull work
  Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
  Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
  Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
  Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
  The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
  The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
  Not knowing Mine or Thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
  And water turned to wine.

JACOB'S WELL.

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,
  His daughters lingered round this well, new-made;
Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
  And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
  Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
  Then, torn beneath the Roman eagle, lay;
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
  Has crumbled, like these shafts and stones, away,
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
  Come up, as ever, to the light of day,
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those forewords of truth, first uttered here,
  Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
  Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;

The hour for God's true worshippers draws near;
Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art;
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged — *Truths* never pass away.

WHITE-CAPPED WAVES.

White-capped waves far round the ocean,
Leaping in thanks, or leaping in play,
All your bright faces in happy commotion,
Make glad matins this summer day.
The rosy light through the morning's portals
Tinges your crest with an August hue,
Calling on us, thought-prisoned mortals,
Thus to live in the moment, too.

For, graceful creatures, you live by dying,
Save your life when you fling it away,
Flow through all forms, all forms defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.

Show us your art, O genial daughters
Of solemn Ocean, thus to combine
Freedom and force of rolling waters
With sharp observance of law divine.

CLARKE, Mary Victoria Novello Cowden, an English essayist; born at London, June 22, 1809; died at Genoa, Italy, January 12, 1898. She was the eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, the musician. From her youth she wrote magazine articles on dramatic literature. She is best known by her *Complete Concordance of Shakespeare,* begun soon after her marriage to Charles Cowden Clarke, and

published in 1845. Mrs. Clarke also published *The Adventures of Kit Baum, Mariner* (1848); *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (1852); *The Iron Cousin,* a novel (1854); *The Song of a Drop of Wather, by Henry Wandsworth Shortfellow* (1856); *World-noted Women* (1857); *The Life and Labors of Vincent Novello* (1864); *The Trust and the Remittance,* two stories (1873); *A Rambling Story* (1874); a volume of verses, *Honey from the Wood* (1881); *Memorial Sonnets* (1888), and an edition of *Shakespeare,* with a full glossary. In conjunction with her husband she also published, in 1869, an *Annotated Edition of Shakespeare.*

THE FAMILY GOVERNMENT OF POLONIUS.

Instead of openly forbidding or reprehending certain deeds, he would lay snares for discovering whether they had been committed; and while the process was going on his penetration was baffled by the artless behavior of the children. His guile was futile against their candor, and was more frequently proved at fault than they. His sagacity was always aiming at detection where no delinquency existed; ever bent on discovering some concealment where there was nothing to conceal. It was almost comic to see the searching frown he would bend on one of those clear, open countenances, held up to him in confident unreserve, conscious of no shadow of blame. The questioning eye, the shrewd glance, the artfully put inquiry, seemed absurd, directed against such transparent honesty. In consequence of this system of their father, his praise was sometimes as mysterious and unexpected to the young Laertes and Ophelia as his reproof. On one occasion he called them to him and commended them highly for never having been into a certain gallery which he had built out into his garden for the reception of some pictures bequeathed to him by a French nobleman, a friend of his, lately dead.

Seeing a look of surprise on their faces, he added:—

"Ah, you marvel how I came to know so certainly that you never went in. But I have methods deep and sure — a little bird, or my little finger — in few, you need not assure me that you never entered that gallery; for I happen to be aware beyond a doubt that you never did. And I applaud your discretion."

"But we did go in," said Ophelia.

"What, child? Pooh, impossible! Come to me; look me full in the face."— Not that she looked down, or aside, or anything but straight at him; but he always used this phrase conventionally, when he conducted an examination. "I tell you, you never went into that gallery; I know it for a fact. There's no use in attempting to deceive your father. I should have discovered it had you gone into that room without my permission."

"But did you not wish us to go there? I never knew you forbade it," said Laertes. "If we had known you had any objection, neither Ophelia nor I would have ——"

"I never forbade it, certainly," interrupted his father; "but I had strong reasons for wishing that you should not go into the room till the pictures were hung. You might have injured them. No, no; I knew better than to let heedless children play there; so I took means to prevent your entering the gallery without my knowledge."

"But we did play there, every day, father," said Laertes.

"Yes," said Ophelia.

"And I tell you, impossible! Listen to me: I fastened a hair across the entrance. This invisible barrier is yet unbroken. So that you see, you could not have passed through that door without my knowledge."

"But we didn't go through the door, papa; we got in at the window!" exclaimed both the children. "We didn't know you wished us not to play there; so, finding a space which the builders had left in one of the windows that look into the garden, we used to creep in there and amuse ourselves with looking at the new pictures. We did no harm; only admired."— *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.*

CLARKE, McDONALD, an American poet; born at Bath, Me., June 18, 1798; died at New York, March 5, 1842. He was for many years a well-known figure in New York City and was widely known, for his eccentricities, as "the mad poet." In one of his books he records his first appearance in New York, August 13, 1819. He married an actress, attended Grace Church in Broadway regularly, had no vices, and was generally beloved. The poet Hallock, who was his faithful friend, said that all Clarke's oddities were amiable ones. His end was a sad one: a policeman, having found him wandering about in a dazed condition of mind, locked him up for safety; but by some oversight a faucet had been left open, and in the morning the poet was found drowned in the cell of the prison. His works, which are very rare, notwithstanding they have been several times republished, include *A Review of the Eve of Eternity* (1820); *Elixir of Moonshine* (1822); *The Gossip* (1825); *Poetic Sketches* (1826); *The Belles of Broadway* (1833); a temperance poem entitled *Death in Disguise* (1833); *Poems* (1836); *A Cross and a Coronet* (1841). It has been said, in the words of Dryden, that Clarke was "one of those wits in whose head genius is divided from madness by a thin partition." With much purity and delicacy in his verses, it was his hobby to fall in love with, and celebrate in his rhymes, the belles of the city; and his sketches contain some complaints of the "Dutch dignity" of the wealthy young beauties who were insensible to his gallantries. Duyckinck says of his writings: "Scorn

and sentiment were the best winged arrows in Clarke's quiver. His indignation at fortune for her treatment of genius and beauty, and at the fopperies and impertinences of fashion, was unbounded; he would rant in these fits of indignation beyond the powers of the language; but he would always be brought back to human sensibility by the sight of a pretty face or an innocent look."

THE GRAVEYARD.

The sun had sunk, and the summer skies
  Were dotted with specks of light,
That melted soon, in the deep moon-rise,
  That flowed over Groton Height,
  For the Evening, in her robe of white,
Smiled o'er sea and land, with pensive eyes,
  Saddening the heart, like the first fair night,
After a loved one dies.

'Mid the half-lit air, and the lonely place,
  Rose the buried Pleasures of perish'd years,
I saw the Past, with her pallid face,
  Whose smiles had turned to tears.
On many a burial-stone
I read the names of beings once known,
  Who, oft in childish glee,
  Had jumped across the graves with me —
Sported, many a truant day,
Where — now their ashes lay.

There the dead Poet had been placed,
  Who died in the dawn of thought —
And there the girl whose virtues graced
  The lines his love had wrought —
Beauty's power, and Talent's pride,
  And Passion's fever, early chill'd,
  The heart that felt, the eye that thrill'd,

In frozen slumber side by side —
All, the dazzling dreams of each
Faded, out of Rapture's reach.

O when they trifled on this spot,
Not long ago,
Little they thought 't would be their lot,
So soon to lie here lone and low,
'Neath a chilly coverlid of clay,
And few or none, to go

'Mid the glimmering dusk of a Summer day,
To the dim place where they lay,
And pause and pray,
And think how little worth
Is all that frets our hearts on earth.

CLARKE, Rebecca Sophia ("Sophie May"), an American novelist and writer of juvenile stories; born at Norridgewock, Me., February 22, 1833. She was educated in her native town and began writing stories in 1861. Her works include the *Quinnebasset Tales* (6 vols.); *Little Prudy Stories* (6 vols.); *Dottie Dimple Stories* (6 vols.); *Flyaway Stories* (6 vols.); *Flaxie Frizzle Stories* (6 vols.); *Little Prudy's Children* (3 vols.); *Drone's Honey,* a novel; *Pauline Wyman; The Champion Diamonds; Santa Claus on Snow Shoes;* and three later novels, *Her Friend's Lover; The Asbury Twins;* and *Quinnebasset Girls.*

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

"I used to be acquainted with a little girl who had a fearful temper," said I. "Once she got in a rage and cut off her eyelashes, and once she cut off her hair. Was n't that strange?"

No answer.

"Do you want to know what became of that bad girl?"

No answer.

"Do you suppose she kept growing worse and worse, till nobody could live with her?"

Lucy dug dirt with her shoe, and pouted.

"Well, but she did n't grow worse; she grew better!"

Lucy looked up then and stared. The story had not turned out as she expected it would.

"And you can grow better, too. I think you will become a lovely young lady — lovelier than *she* is!"

The beautiful eyes opened very wide.

"Yes, I think you will. If you want to, you will. *Do* you want to?"

She hung her head. I could see that I was making a slight impression.

"Lucy," said I, putting both arms round her, and laying my cheek against hers, "do you want the good God to love you?"

To my surprise she began to sob.

"Does God feel awfully when I'm naughty?"

"Yes, he is very sorry."

"Do *you* feel awfully when I'm naughty?"

"Yes, Lucy, I do."

"Well, I can't help it! I can't be good!" cried she, in a tone of despair. "I can't, I can't!"

"I'm going to try to help you," said I.

She moved her lips along my cheek, and I felt them tremble.

"I think I *can* help you, Lucy, for I know just how you feel. I was the naughty girl I told you about, that had such a temper."

"Why-ee!"

"Yes, Lucy, and my temper is n't very good now; but I keep stepping on it — just this way. See here; this is the way I do," said I, stamping my foot and shutting my teeth together. "Do you step on your temper?"

"No, I don't. Because my mamma she w'ips me, and then I have to *let go and scream!*"

Is n't that a good argument against "w'ippings"? They say Mrs. Pote is a violent woman, and Lucy is n't her own child. I do pity the little creature, for childhood's *so* poor without love!

"O Lucy, you *must n't* let go! Run to me next time you 're angry, and I 'll put my arms round you and help you hold on."

"Right in school?"

"Yes, right in school."

"Well, I will, Miss Howe," said she, dropping her head on my neck, in a confiding way that quite touched me.— *Quinnebasset Girls.* (By permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, Mass.)

PRUDY'S PATCHWORK.

I am going to tell you something about a little girl who was always saying and doing funny things, and very often getting into trouble.

Her name was Prudy Parlin, and she and her sister Susy, three years older, lived in Portland, in the State of Maine, though every summer they went to Willowbrook, to visit their grandmother.

At the very first of our story, Susa was more than six years old, and Prudy was between three and four. Susy could sew quite well for a girl of her age, and had a stint every day. Prudy always thought it very fine to do just as Susy did, so she teased her mother to let *her* have some patchwork, too, and Mrs. Parlin gave her a few calico pieces, just to keep her little fingers out of mischief.

But when the squares were basted together, she broke needles, pricked her fingers, and made a great fuss; some-

times crying, and wishing there were no such thing as patchwork.

One morning she sat in her rocking-chair, doing what she thought was a "*stint.*" She kept running to her mother with every stitch, saying, "Will that do?" Her mother was very busy, and said, "My little daughter must not come to me." So Prudy sat down near the door, and began to sew with all her might; but soon her little baby sister came along, looking so cunning, that Prudy dropped her needle, and went to hugging her.

"O, little sister," cried she, "I wouldn't have a horse come and eat you up for any thing in the world!"

After this, of course, her mother had to get her another needle, and then thread it for her. She went to sewing again till she pricked her finger, and the sight of the wee drop of blood made her cry. "O, dear! I wish somebody would pity me!" But her mother was so busy frying doughnuts that she could not stop to talk much; and the next thing she saw of Prudy she was at the farther end of the room, while her patchwork lay on the spice box.

"Prudy, Prudy, what are you up to now?"

"Up to the table," said Prudy. "O, mother, I'm so sorry, but I've broke a crack in the pitcher!"

"What will mamma do with you? You haven't finished your stint — what made you get out of your chair?"

"O, I thought grandma might want me to get her *speckles.* I thought I would go and find Zip too. See, mamma, he's so tickled to see me he shakes all over — every bit of him!"

"Where's your patchwork?"

"I don't know. You've got a double name, haven't you, doggie? It's Zip Coon, but it isn't a *very* double name, — is it, mother?"

When Mrs. Parlin had finished her doughnuts, she said, "Pussy, you can't keep still two minutes. Now, if you want to sew this patchwork for grandma's quilt, I'll tell you what I shall do. There's an empty hogshead in the back kitchen, and I'll lift you into that, and you

can't climb out. I'll lift you out when your stint is done."

"O, what a funny little house," said Prudy, when she was inside; and as she spoke, her voice startled her — it was so loud and hollow. "I'll talk some more," thought she, "it makes such a queer noise.— 'Old Mrs. Hogshead, I thought I'd come and see you, and bring my work. I like your house, ma'am, only I should think you'd want some windows. I s'pose you know who I am, Mrs. Hogshead? My name is Prudy. My mother didn't put me in here because I was a naughty girl, for I haven't done nothing — nor nothing — nor nothing. Do you want to hear some singing?

'O, come, come away,
From labor now reposin';
Let *busy Caro, wife of Barrow,*
Come, come away!'"

"Prudy, what's the matter?" said mamma, from the next room.

"Didn't you hear somebody singing?" said Prudy; "well, 'twas me."

"O, I was afraid you were crying, my dear."

"Then I'll stop," said the child. "Now, Mrs. Hogshead, you won't hear me singing any more, — it *mortifies* my mother very much."

So Prudy made her fingers fly, and soon said, "Now, mamma, I've got it done, and I'm ready to be *took out!*"

Just then her father came into the house. "Prudy's in the hogshead," said Mrs. Parlin. "Won't you please lift her out, father? I've got baby in my arms."

Mr. Parlin peeped into the hogshead. "How in this world did you ever get in here, child?" said he. "I think I'll have to take you out with a pair of tongs."

Prudy laughed.

"Give me your hands," said papa. "Up she comes! Now, come sit on my knee," added he, when they had gone into the parlor, "and tell me how you climbed into that hogshead."

"Mother dropped me in, and I'm going to stay there till I make a bedquilt, only I'm coming out to eat, you know."

Mr. Parlin laughed; but just then the dinner bell rang, and when they went to the table, Prudy was soon so busy with her roasted chicken and custard pie that she forgot all about the patchwork.—*Little Prudy Stories.* (By permission of LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON, MASS.)

CLARKE, SAMUEL, an English theologian and metaphysican; born at Norwich, October 11, 1675; died at London, May 17, 1729. He was the son of Edward Clarke, an alderman of Norwich. He entered Caius College, Cambridge, in 1691, where he soon became distinguished in almost every department of study. At the age of twenty-one, by an ingenious stratagem, he substituted the Newtonian for the Christian philosophy. He effected this change by producing a more classical Latin version of Rohault's *Physics* (the text-book used at Cambridge), with notes that virtually refuted the text. Having received Holy Orders, he became chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, who presented him to a rectorship near Norwich, and procured for him a parish in that city. In 1704 he was appointed to the Boyle Lectureship. He took for the subject of these lectures *The Being and Attributes of God;* being appointed to the same position in the following year, he took for his theme *The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.* These two courses of lectures were subsequently published in a volume entitled *A Discourse Concerning the Being and Attri-*

butes of God, the Obligations of Natural Religion, and the Certainty of the Christian Revelation. The main views of Dr. Clarke are set forth by him in the following propositions:

PROPOSITIONS IN THEOLOGY.

(1.) Something has existed from eternity.—(2.) There has existed from eternity some one immutable and independent Being.— (3.) That immutable and independent Being, which has existed from eternity, without any external cause of its existence, must be self-existent — that is, necessarily existing.— (4.) What the substance or essence of that Being, which is self-existent or necessarily existing, is, we have no idea; neither is it at all possible for us to comprehend it.— (5.) Though the substance or essence of the self-existent Being is of itself absolutely incomprehensible to us, yet many of the essential attributes of His nature are strictly demonstrable, as well as His existence: and, in the first place, that He must be, of necessity, eternal.— (6.) The Self-Existent must be of necessity, Infinite and Omnipotent.— (7.) Must be but One.— (8.) Must be an Intelligent Being.— (9.) Must be not a Necessary Agent, but a Being indued with Liberty and Choice.— (10.) Must of necessity have Infinite Power.— (11.) Must be Infinitely Wise.— (12.) Must, of necessity, be a Being of Infinite Goodness, Justice, and Truth, and all other moral perfections, such as become the Supreme Governor and Judge of the world.

In 1699–1702 he wrote *A Paraphrase on the Four Evangelists,* which has been several times reprinted. In 1712 he published *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity,* a work which gave rise to a protracted controversy, in which many eminent divines took part.

HIS VIEWS ON THE TRINITY.

"The sentiments of Clarke on this point," says Cunningham, "were undoubtedly Arian; but it was an Arianism which approached as closely as possible to the doctrine of the Trinity. He regarded the Son and Holy Spirit as emanations from the Father, endowed by him with every attribute of Deity, self-existence alone excepted." . . . "The writings of Dr. Clarke on the Trinity," says Orme, "contain a great deal of discussion respecting the meaning of the Scripture, and occasioned a very extended controversy in England. He seems to have been led to the sentiments adopted and defended by his metaphysical tone of mind, and by pursuing improperly the language of human creeds respecting the generation of the Son of God. The controversy tended greatly to spread Arianism over the country."

During his lifetime Clarke published a collection of fourteen *Sermons;* and he left at his death, ready for the press, *An Exposition of the Catechism,* consisting of lectures which he read every Thursday morning, for some months during the year, at St. James's Church. This was published, soon after his death, by his brother, John Clarke, Dean of Sarum, who also edited eight additional volumes of the *Sermons* of Samuel Clarke.

Besides his theological works, he performed a vast amount of literary and scientific labor. In 1706 he made a translation of Newton's *Optics,* in acknowledgment of which the author presented him with £500. In 1728 he published, in the *Philosophical Transactions,* "A Letter from Dr. Clarke to Benjamin Hoadley, F.R.S., Occasioned by the Controversy Relating to the Proportion of the Velocity and Force of Bodies in Motion." In 1712 he published a carefully revised

and annotated edition of *Cæsar's Commentaries.* In 1729, just before his death, appeared his edition, with notes and a translation, of the first twelve books of Homer's *Iliad,* the remaining books being soon after issued under the charge of his son. Clarke received from time to time several valuable church preferments, and in 1727, upon the death of Sir Isaac Newton, he was offered the place of Master of the Mint, worth from £1,200 to £1,500 a year; a secular preferment which he absolutely declined. The following is a fair specimen of his metaphysical theories:

UPON RIGHT AND WRONG.

The principal thing that can, with any color of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and essential difference of good and evil is the difficulty that may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of Right and Wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained, even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of Just and Unjust, especially in political matters, and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters.

But as, in painting, two very different colors, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other that it shall not be possible, even for a skilful eye, to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colors may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind — as red and blue, or white and black; so though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases — which are yet very far from occurring frequently — to define exactly the bounds of Right and Wrong, Just and Unjust — and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations — yet

Right and Wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness.

The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may — as absurd as it was — bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what condition they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that any man might rob by violence and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed — no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have been authorized or excused; much less have justified such actions, and have made them good: because it is plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please.

Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest, and most intricate cases, though it be not easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of Right and Wrong in many perplexed cases it could truly be concluded that Just and Unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different — even the most flagrant cases that can be supposed: which is an assertion so very absurd that Mr. Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There

are, therefore, certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.— *The Being and Attributes of God.*

CLARKSON, THOMAS, an English philanthropist; born at Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, March 28, 1760; died at Playford Hall, near Ipswich, September 26, 1846. He was educated at Cambridge. During his stay there, the question *Is Involuntary Servitude Justifiable?* was assigned as the subject of a Latin prize essay, and Clarkson became so much interested that, after completing his essay, which was successful, he resolved to devote his life to the abolition of the slave trade. He secured the co-operation of Mr. Wilberforce, who presented the subject to Parliament in 1787, and after a struggle of twenty years procured the passage of a bill suppressing the monstrous traffic. During the next year, 1808, Clarkson published a *History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade.* In 1823 he became an active member of the Society then formed for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, the object of which was attained in 1833. His Latin essay *On the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species* was translated into English, and had a wide circulation. He also published *Magna Charta of Africa* (1807); *Portraiture of Quakerism, Memoirs*

of the Life of William Penn (1813); and *Researches Concerning God and Religion* (1836).

APPEAL TO THE PURCHASERS OF AFRICANS.

It remains only now to examine by what arguments those who receive or purchase their fellow-creatures into slavery defend the commerce. Their first plea is "that they receive those with propriety who are convicted of crimes, because they are delivered into their hands by their own magistrates." But what is this to you receivers? Have the unfortunate convicts been guilty of injury to *you?* Have they broken your treaties? Have they plundered your ships? Have they carried your wives and children into slavery, that you should thus retaliate? Have they offended you even by word or gesture?

But if the African convicts are innocent with respect to you; if you have not even the shadow of a claim upon their persons; by what right do you receive them? "By the laws of the Africans," you will say; "by which it is positively allowed."— But can laws alter the nature of vice? They may give it a function, perhaps: it will still be immutably the same, and, though dressed in the outward habiliments of honor, will still be intrinsically base.

But alas! you do not only attempt to defend yourselves by these arguments, but even dare to give your actions the appearance of lenity, and assume merit from your baseness! and how first ought you particularly to blush, when you assert "that prisoners of war are only purchased from the hands of their conquerors, to deliver them from death. Ridiculous defence! can the most credulous believe it? You entice the Africans to war; you foment their quarrels; you supply them with arms and ammunition, and all — from the *motives of benevolence.* Does a man set fire to a house for the purpose of rescuing the inhabitants from the flames? But if they are only purchased to deliver them from death, why, when they are delivered into your hands, as protectors,

do you torture them with hunger? Why do you kill them with fatigue? Why does the whip deform their bodies, or the knife their limbs? Why do you sentence them to death? to a death infinitely more excruciating than that from which you so kindly saved them? What answer do you make to this? for if you had not humanely preserved them from the hands of their conquerors, a quick death, perhaps, and that in the space of a moment, had freed them from their pain: but, on account of your favor and benevolence it is known that they have lingered years in pain and agony, and have been sentenced, at last, to a dreadful death for the most insignificant offence.

Neither can we allow the other argument to be true, on which you found your merit: "that you take them from their country for their own convenience; because Africa, scorched with incessant heat, and subject to the most violent rains and tempests, is unwholesome, and unfit to be inhabited." Preposterous men! do you thus judge from your own feelings? Do you thus judge from your own constitution and frame? But if you suppose that the Africans are incapable of enduring their own climate because you cannot endure it yourselves, why do you receive them into slavery? Why do you not measure them here by the same standard? For if you are unable to bear hunger and thirst, chains and imprisonment, wounds and torture, why do you not suppose them incapable of enduring the same treatment? Thus, then, is your argument turned against yourselves. . . . But you say, again, as a confirmation of these, your former arguments (by which you would have it understood that the Africans themselves are sensible of the goodness of your intentions), "that they do not appear to go with you against their will." Impudent and base assertion! Why, then, do you load them with chains? Why keep you your daily and nightly watches? But alas, as a farther, though a more melancholy, proof of the falsehood of your assertions, how many, when on board your ships, have put a period to their existence? How many have leaped into the sea? How many have pined

to death, that, even at the expense of their lives, they might fly from your benevolence?

Do you call them obstinate, then, because they refuse your favors? Do you call them ungrateful because they make you this return? How much, rather, ought you receivers to blush! How much, rather, ought you receivers to be considered as abandoned and execrable, who, when you usurp the dominion over those who are free and independent as yourselves, break the first law of justice, which ordains "that no person shall do harm to another without a previous provocation;" who offend against the dictates of nature, which command "that no just man shall be given or received into slavery against his own consent," and who violate the very laws of the empire that you assume by consigning your subjects to misery.—*Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species.*

CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS, a German poet; born at Reinfeld, Holstein, August 15, 1740; died at Hamburg, January 21, 1815. He studied at Jena, and afterward at Wandsbeck, near Altona, where, under the name of Asmus, he published a weekly periodical called *Der Wandsbecker Bote.* He belongs to the romantic school of German literature. He formed a strong attachment for the town of Wandsbeck, and refused to accept any appointment which required him to settle elsewhere. He gave to the world, through *Der Wandsbecker Bote,* a large number of prose essays and poems, written in very pure and simple German. His style appealed strongly to the popular taste, and some of his poems have become genuine folk songs. In some of them is a vein of

broad humor approaching burlesque, while others are full of solemn sentiment and quiet meditation. His later works are graver, through the influence, perhaps, of Klopstock, of whom he was a great admirer. He became a strict pietist, and allowed only the soberest side of his character to show in his work. Instead of stirring the German heart with a *Rheinweinlied,* as had been his earlier wont, he translated the works of Saint Martin and Fenélon for their thought and discipline. He was appointed Comptroller of the bank at Altona in 1778. He published a collection of his works under the title *Asmus Omnia Sua Secum Porteus, oder Sämmtliche Werke des Wandsbecker Boten.* His biography has been written by Herbst.

THE HEN.

A famous hen's my story's theme,
  Which ne'er was known to tire
Of laying eggs, but then she'd scream
So loud o'er every egg, 't would seem
  The house must be on fire.
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
  A wiser bird and older,
Could bear 't no more, so off did stalk
  Right to the hen and told her:
"Madam, that scream, I apprehend
  Adds nothing to the matter;
It surely helps the egg no whit;
Then lay your egg and done with it!
I pray you, madam, as a friend,
  Cease that superfluous clatter!
You know not how 't goes through my head."
"Humph! very likely!" madam said,
Then proudly putting forth a leg:
"Uneducated barnyard fowl!
You know, no more than any owl,

The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days.
I'll tell you why I do it:
First, you perceive, I lay the egg,
And then — review it."

PHILOSOPHY AT JENA.

I have been at the University, and studied; well, I didn't study, but I was at the University, and I know all about it. I was acquainted with some students, and they were the whole University to me. The students sat together on benches, as if they were at church; and by the window there was a stool, and there sat the professor, and delivered about this thing and the other all kinds of addresses, and they called that teaching. He that sat on the stool when I was there was a master, and wore a great, frizzed wig, and the students said his learning was even greater and frizzier than his wig, and that, privately, he was as great a freethinker as ever a one in England or France. He could demonstrate as quickly as lightning. When he undertook a subject he just began, and before you could look round it was demonstrated, for example, that a student is a student, and not a rhinoceros. For, he would say, a student is either a student or a rhinoceros; but a student can't be a rhinoceros, or else a rhinoceros must be a student; but the rhinoceros is no student, therefore a student is a student. You may think that was intelligible of itself; but one of us knew better; for he said that "a student is not a rhinoceros but a student" is a first principle of philosophy. Then he came upon learning and the learned, whereupon he let himself loose against the unlearned. Whether God is, and what He is, philosophy alone teaches, he said; and without philosophy you can have no thoughts of God. Now, no one can say with any truth that I'm a philosopher; but I never go through a wood that I don't fall to thinking who made the trees grow. Then he spoke of hills and valleys, and sun and moon, as if he had helped to make them. I used to think of the hyssop

on the wall, but, to tell the truth, it never came into my head that our master was as wise as Solomon. It strikes me that he who knows what is right, must, must — if I only saw such an one I would know him, and I could sketch him, with his clear, bright, quiet eye and his calm, large consciousness. Such an one must not give himself airs, least of all despise and scold others. Oh, self-conceit is a poisonous thing; grass and flowers cannot grow in its neighborhood.— *From Der Wandsbecker Bote; translation of* W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

IMMUTABILITY OF NATURE.

Some famous learned men have sought out a new plan of nature. Species, they say, are only resting-points and steps, where Nature rests and collects herself, in order to go on farther, and always from the lower to the higher and more developed, so that an oyster ends in a crocodile, and a gnat in a serpent, and from the most developed of the lower animals come at last men and angels. This is put forward cleverly enough; only that the first and chief argument is it is not true. So little does Nature advance from one species to another that she never alters the same species or makes it more perfect. The autumn spider spun its web among the Romans in the same wonderful mathematical form, with peripheries, radii, and centre, and already Ælian remarks that it does its work without Euclid. He relates, moreover, that it sits in ambush in the centre of its web, as we see it sit after more than a thousand years.— *Translation in Good Words.*

CHRISTIANA.

A star rose in the sky,
  And flung mild radiance down,
And softly shone, and high —
  Softly and sweetly down.

I knew the very spot
  Of sky that held its light;
Each sundown had I sought,
  And found it every night.

The star is sunk and gone;
  I search the sky in vain:
The other stars come, one by one,
  But it comes never again.

CLAY, CASSIUS MARCELLUS, an American diplomat and author; son of General Green Clay; born in Madison County, Ky., October 19, 1810; died at Whitehall, Ky., July 22, 1903. He studied law, and manifested talents which gave promise of a successful political career; but he earnestly opposed the institution of slavery and the annexation of Texas, a course which prevented his political advancement. In 1845 he began to edit *The True American,* an anti-slavery newspaper published at Lexington, Ky., which was several times attacked by mobs. During the war with Mexico (1846–47) he served as a captain in the army. In 1856 he united himself with the newly organized Republican party. In 1860 he advocated the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, and received a commission as general of volunteers in 1861, and was in 1863 appointed Minister to Russia, a position which he retained until 1869. A collection of his *Writings and Speeches,* edited by Horace Greeley, was issued in 1848, and *The Life of Cassius Marcellus Clay* (2 vols.), written and compiled by himself (1886).

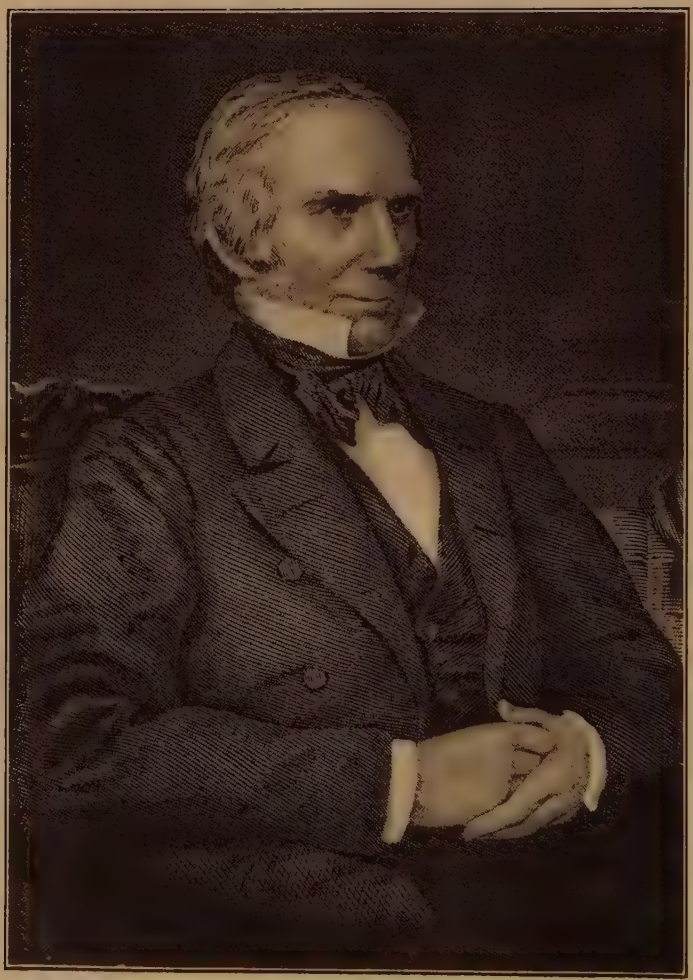
RUSSIAN HABITS.

The whole of St. Petersburg, in the winter, as I said, is in clubs. There are clubs of every class of people, rich and poor, in which men and women promenade, play at cards, dance, and eat and drink. The clubs of the first nobility are not so much frequented as those of the medium and poorer classes, as they are so much engaged in the theatres and private and public balls, that there is little time for club-life. But what is called the minor or *petite* nobility, and the mercantile and laboring classes in most handicrafts, have their clubs full every night.

The higher classes bet high at cards in private houses, and much is lost and won. Some people of high rank invite guests and entertain them handsomely, with a view to win money. So at Baden, formerly no people, men and women, bet higher than the Russians. At all private parties middle-aged men and women play at cards, while the younger ones dance. They rarely drink to excess. In public to be seen drunk is a disgrace; and any drunkard of any class is immediately taken in charge by the police. But in private the best people are fond of a quiet party of similar tastes, where much champagne — the favorite drink — is consumed.

In Moscow I was entertained by the young nobility. The supper was elaborate, and all very dignified till the champagne began to flow freely, when a gentleman (for the rooms in winter are kept at about 65) said to me: "General, would you object to our taking off our coats?" I said: "No, sir;" and, suiting the action to the word, I took off my own. They, all, much pleased, then took off their coats. At such times, unlike Americans, they never quarrel; though Russians are quick to resent an insult if it is intended.

The *duello* is forbidden by law, especially in the army, yet fights take place in private: when if the parties are only wounded they are supposed to have taken a tour abroad. If they, one or more, are killed, then conceal-



H. Clay

ment is not possible. The Russians are inveterate smokers, but they never chew or spit; and I have never seen women of any class use tobacco in any form. But the ladies are fond of stimulants, if properly disguised; and, having a large silver bowl, a punch which I introduced was quite a celebrated thing in polite circles, and I was often asked for the recipe.—*Life of Cassius Marcellus Clay.*

CLAY, HENRY, an American orator and statesman; born in Hanover County, Va., April 12, 1777; died at Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852. He was the son of a Baptist preacher of limited means, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty removed to Kentucky, where he commenced the practice of his profession with brilliant success. In 1804 he was elected to the State Legislature; in 1806 he was appointed United States Senator, to fill a vacancy, and was chosen Senator for a full term. In 1811 he was elected a member of Congress, and was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, although one of the youngest members of that body. He was an earnest advocate of the impending war with Great Britain; and in 1814 was sent to Europe as one of the Commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace. Upon his return to the United States he was three times re-elected to Congress, and was each term chosen as Speaker. He was one of the most earnest advocates of the "Missouri Compromise" of 1821, in consequence of which the Territory of Missouri was admitted into the Union as a State, with a

proviso that slavery in the territories should be prohibited north of latitude 36° 40′.

After the conclusion of Mr. Monroe's second Presidential term four candidates presented themselves for the Presidency — W. H. Crawford, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Andrew Jackson. All of them were members of what was then styled the Republican party; and all, with the exception of Jackson, had held prominent positions in that party. No candidate having received a majority of the electoral vote, it devolved upon the House of Representatives to choose a President from among the three who had received the highest number of electoral votes. Mr. Clay, not being one of these, was ineligible. His supporters united with those of Mr. Adams, who was chosen President, and appointed Mr. Clay Secretary of State.

In 1831, and several times subsequently, Mr. Clay was elected United States Senator, and in 1832 was the candidate for the Presidency of what was popularly known as the "Anti-Jackson" party; but he received only sixty-nine electoral votes, the remaining two hundred and nineteen being cast for Jackson. Mr. Clay was the author and chief promoter of the "Compromise Tariff" of 1832–33. In 1836, though the recognized leader of the Whig party, he declined to be a candidate for the Presidency; and in 1840 he gave his support to Mr. Harrison, who was elected. In 1844 he was nominated by the Whig party, but received only one hundred and five electoral votes, Mr. Polk, the Democratic candidate, receiving one hundred and seventy. In 1848 he was again elected to the United States Senate and took a prominent part in the debates

which grew out of the anti-slavery agitation of the time. He was mainly instrumental in procuring the passage of the "Compromise Bill" of 1850, the effect of which was to postpone for some years the armed struggle between the North and the South. His position in the great underlying question of the day was thus stated by him: "I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union — a subordinate one to my own State." Henry Clay published no book, and his literary reputation rests wholly upon his speeches. A collection of these in six large volumes, edited by Calvin Colton, was issued in 1857. His *Life* has been written by Epes Sargent, James Parton, and many others.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN STATES.

In the establishment of South America, the United States have the deepest interest. I have no hesitation in asserting my firm belief that there is no question in the foreign policy of this country which has ever arisen, or which I can conceive as ever occurring, in the decision of which we have had or can have so much at stake. This interest concerns our politics, our commerce, our navigation. There cannot be a doubt that Spanish America, once independent — whatever may be the form of the governments established in its several parts — these governments will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They would obey the laws of the system of the New World, of which they compose a part, in contradistinction to that of Europe. . . .

The independence of Spanish America, then, is an interest of primary consideration. Next to that, and highly important in itself, is the consideration of the nature of their governments. That is a question, however, for themselves. They will, no doubt, adopt those kinds of government which are best suited to their condition, best calculated for their happiness. Anxious as I am that

they should be free governments, we have no right to prescribe for them. They are, and ought to be, the sole judges for themselves. I am strongly inclined to believe that they will — in most if not in all parts of their country — establish free governments. We are their great example. Of us they constantly speak as of brothers, having a similar origin. They adopt our principles, copy our institutions, and, in many instances, employ the very language and sentiments of our Revolutionary papers.

But it is sometimes said that they are too ignorant and too superstitious to admit of the existence of free government. This charge of ignorance is often urged by persons themselves actually ignorant of the real condition of that people. I deny the alleged fact of ignorance; I deny the inference from the fact — if it were true — that they want capacity for free government; and I refuse assent to the further conclusion — if the fact were true, and the inference just — that we are to be indifferent to their fate. . . . Gentlemen will egregiously err if they form their opinions of the present moral condition of Spanish America from what it was under the debasing system of Spain. The eight years' revolution has already produced a powerful effect. Education has been attended to, and genius developed. . . .

The fact is not therefore true, that the imputed ignorance exists. But if it do, I repeat, I dispute the inference. It is the doctrine of thrones that man is too ignorant to govern himself. Then partisans assert his incapacity, in reference to all nations. If they cannot command universal assent to the proposition, it is then demanded as to particular nations: and our pride and our presumption too often make converts to us. I contend that it is to arraign the dispositions of Providence himself to suppose that He has created beings incapable of governing themselves, and to be trampled on by kings. Self-government is the natural government of man; and for proof I refer to the aborigines of our own land. Were I to speculate in hypotheses unfavorable to human liberty, my speculations should be founded rather upon the vices, refinements, or density of population. Crowded

together in compact masses — even if they were philosophers — the contagion of the passions is communicated and caught, and the effect too often, I admit, is the overthrow of liberty. Dispersed over such an immense space as that on which the people of Spanish America are spread, their physical, and I believe also their moral condition, both favor their liberty.— *Speech in the House of Representatives, March 24, 1818.*

ON NULLIFICATION.

The doctrine of some of the South Carolina politicians is, that it is competent for that State to annul, within its limits, the authority of an Act deliberately passed by the Congress of the United States. They do not appear to have looked much beyond the simple act of Nullification, into the consequences which would ensue, and have not distinctly announced whether one of them might not necessarily be to light up a civil war. They seem, however, to suppose that the State might, after the act was performed, remain a member of the Union. Now, if one State can, by an act of its separate power, absolve itself from the obligations of a law of Congress, and continue a part of the Union, it could hardly be expected that any other State would render obedience to the same law. Either every other State would follow the nullifying example, or Congress would feel itself constrained, by a sense of equal duty to all parts of the Union, to repeal altogether the nullified law. Thus the doctrine of South Carolina, although it nominally assumes to act for one State only, in effect would be legislating for the whole Union.

Congress embodies the collective will of the whole Union — and that of South Carolina among its other members. The legislation of Congress is, therefore, founded upon the basis of the representation of all. In the Legislature, or a Convention of South Carolina, the will of the people of that State is alone collected. They alone are represented, and the people of no other State have any voice in their proceedings. To set up for that

a claim, by a separate exercise of its power, to legislate, in effect, for the whole Union, is to assert a pretension at war with the fundamental principles of all representative and free governments. It would practically subject the unrepresented people of all other parts of the Union to the arbitrary and despotic power of one State. It would substantially convert them into Colonies, bound by the parental authority of that State. Nor can this enormous pretension derive any support from the consideration that the power to annul is different from the power to originate law. Both powers are, in their nature, legislative; and the mischief which might accrue to the Republic from the annulment of its wholesome laws may be just as great as those which would flow from the origination of bad laws.— *Speech at Cincinnati, August 3, 1830.*

ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

I am no friend of slavery. The Searcher of all hearts knows that every pulsation of mine beats high and strong in the cause of civil liberty. Wherever it is safe and practicable, I desire to see every portion of the human family in the enjoyment of it. But I prefer the liberty of my own country to that of any other people; and the liberty of my own race to that of any other race. The liberty of the descendants of Africa in the United States is incompatible with the safety and liberty of the European descendants. Their slavery forms an exception — an exception resulting from a stern and inexorable necessity — to the general liberty in the United States. We did not originate, nor are we responsible for, this necessity. Their liberty — if it were possible — could only be established by violating the incontestable powers of the States, and subverting the Union. And beneath the ruins of the Union would be buried, sooner or later, the liberty of both races. . . .

Shall we wantonly run upon the danger and destroy all the glorious anticipations of the high destiny that awaits us? I beseech the Abolitionists themselves sol-

emnly to pause in their mad and fatal course. Amid the infinite variety of objects of humanity and benevolence which invite the employment of their energies, let them select some one more harmless, that does not threaten to deluge our country in blood. I call upon that small portion of the clergy which has lent itself to these wild and ruinous schemes, not to forget the holy nature of the divine mission of the Founder of our religion, and to profit by his peaceful example. I entreat that portion of my countrywomen who have given their countenance to abolition, to remember that they are ever most loved and honored when moving in their own appropriate and delightful sphere; and to reflect that the ink which they shed in subscribing with their fair hands abolition petitions, may prove but the prelude to the shedding of the blood of their brethren. I adjure all the inhabitants of the Free States to rebuke and discountenance, by their opinion and example, measures which must inevitably lead to the most calamitous consequences. And let us all, as countrymen, as friends, and as brothers, cherish, in unfading memory, the motto which bore our ancestors triumphantly through all the trials of the Revolution, as, if adhered to, it will conduct their posterity through all that may, in the dispensations of Providence, be reserved for them.— *Speech in the Senate, February 7, 1839.*

ON VIOLATIONS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

I avail myself of the occasion [the President's Special Message] to express the high degree of satisfaction which I have felt in seeing the general and faithful execution of this law. It has been executed in Indiana under circumstances really of great embarrassment, doubt, and difficulty. It has been executed in Ohio, in repeated instances — in Cincinnati. It has been executed in the State of Pennsylvania, at the seat of government of the State, and at the great commercial metropolis of the State. It has been executed in the great commercial metropolis of the Union — New York — I believe upon

more than one occasion. It has been executed everywhere except in the city of Boston; and there has been a failure there, upon two occasions, to execute the law.

I confess that when I heard of the first failure, I was most anxious to hear of the case of another arrest of a fugitive slave in Boston, that the experiment might be again made, and that it might be satisfactorily ascertained whether the law could or could not be executed in the city of Boston. Therefore, with profound surprise and regret I heard of the recent occurrence in which the law had been again treated with contempt, and the court-house of the country violated by an invasion of a lawless force. I stated upon a former occasion that the mob consisted chiefly, as is now stated by the President, of blacks. But when I adverted to that fact, I had in my mind those — wherever they may be, in high or low places, in public or private — who instigated, incited, and stimulated to these deeds of enormity these poor, black, deluded mortals. They are the persons who ought to be reached; they are the persons who ought to be brought to condign punishment. And I trust, if there be any incompetency in existing laws to punish those who advised, and stimulated, and instigated these unfortunate blacks to these deeds of lawless enormity, that the defects will be supplied, and the really guilty party who lurks behind, putting forward these miserable wretches, will be brought to justice. I believe — at least I hope — the existing laws will be found competent to reach their case.— *Speech in the Senate, February 19, 1851.*

CLEANTHES, a Greek philosopher; born at Assos in Asia Minor about 300 B.C. He became a resident of Athens, and a pupil of Zeno, with whom he studied many years. He had

originally been an athlete, and while carrying on his studies, he worked at night carrying water for a gardener, and doing other drudgery. His apparent idleness aroused the suspicion of the authorities and he was summoned before the Areopagus, and when his story became known the court offered him a present of sufficient money to support himself while pursuing his studies. This he refused to accept, and continued his arduous labors and studies, and on the death of Zeno, 263 B.C., he became leader of the school, still, however, supporting himself with his own hands. Among his pupils were Chrysippus, who succeeded him as head of the School of Stoics, and Antigonus, King of Macedon, from whom he accepted a present of 2,000 minæ.

His patient endurance and plodding perseverance caused him to be nicknamed "The Ass." He was solid, rather than brilliant; practical, rather than speculative. In his death he gave an exhibition of that Stoic philosophy which characterized his life. Being troubled with an ulcer, he had been directed to fast for a short time, but when that time had expired he still refused to eat, saying that he was then half on the road to death and need not take the trouble of twice making the journey.

Cleanthes produced little that was original, though he compiled some fifty works, nearly all of which have been lost. The most important fragment which has been preserved is the *Hymn to Jupiter*. He regarded the sun as the abode of God; virtue, he taught, is life according to nature, but pleasure is not according to nature. He originated a theory of the human soul, based on the assumption that the degree of vitality

after death depends upon the degree of vitality in this life.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

Great Jove, most glorious of the immortal gods,
Wide known by many names, Almighty One,
King of all nature, ruling all by law,
We mortals thee adore, as duty calls;
For thou our Father art, and we thy sons,
On whom the gift of speech thou hast bestowed
Alone of all that live and move on earth.
Thee, therefore, will I praise; and ceaseless show
To all thy glory and thy mighty power.
This beauteous system circling round the earth
Obeys thy will, and, whereso'er thou leadest,
Freely submits itself to thy control.
Such is, in thine unconquerable hands,
The two-edged, fiery, deathless thunderbolt;
Thy minister of power, before whose stroke
All nature quails, and, trembling, stands aghast;
By which the common reason thou dost guide,
Pervading all things, filling radiant worlds,
The sun, the moon, and all the host of stars.
So great art thou, the universal King.
Without thee naught is done on earth, O God!
Nor in the heavens above nor in the sea;
Naught save the deeds unwise of sinful men.
Which sinful men, blinded, forsake and shun,
Deceived and hapless, seeking fancied good.
Yet harmony from discord thou dost bring;
That which is hateful, thou dost render fair;
Evil and good dost so co-ordinate,
That everlasting reason shall bear sway;
The law of God they will not see nor hear;
Which if they would obey, would lead to life.
But thou, O Jove! the giver of all good,
Darting the lightning from thy home of clouds,
Permit not man to perish darkling thus;
From folly save them; bring them to the light;

Give them to know the everlasting law
By which in righteousness thou rulest all;
That we, thus honored, may return to thee
Meet honor, and with hymns declare thy deeds,
And, though we die, hand down thy deathless praise.
Since nor to men nor gods is higher meed,
Than ever to extol with righteous praise
The glorious, universal King Divine.

— *Translation of* EDWARD BEECHER.

CLEMENS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE ("MARK TWAIN"), an American humorist; born at Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a printer, and worked at the trade in several cities. In 1855 he became a pilot on the Mississippi, and in 1861 went to Nevada in the capacity of private secretary to his brother, who was then Secretary of that Territory. Here he visited the silver mines, and became editor of the *Enterprise,* in Virginia City, where he remained three years. After a voyage to Hawaii, and a lecturing tour in California and Nevada, he went to Europe, visited Egypt and Palestine, and on his return wrote *The Innocents Abroad,* a humorous account of his travels. His writings include *The Jumping Frog* (1867); *Roughing It* (1872); *The Gilded Age,* a comedy (1874); *Tom Sawyer* (1876); *A Tramp Abroad* (1880); *Prince and Pauper,* and *The Stolen White Elephant* (1882); *Life on the Mississippi* (1883); *Huckleberry Finn* (1885); *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* (1889); *The American Claimant* (1892); *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (1894); *Pudd'head Wilson* (1895); *Joan of Arc*

(1896); *More Tramps Abroad* (1897); *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg* (1900); *Following the Equator* (1901); *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story* (1903); and *A Dog's Tale* (1904). John T. Raymond, an American comedian, did much to popularize *The Gilded Age* by his delineation of the optimistic Colonel Mulberry Sellers. Several other of Clemens's works have been dramatized. In 1884 he founded the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, and Hartford, Conn. Through injudicious ventures this firm failed, and in 1897 Mr. Clemens, who had become personally responsible for $200,000 of the firm's debts, went to Europe to retrieve his fortunes by writing and lecturing. He wrote an account of Queen Victoria's celebration of the sixtieth year of her reign for a New York newspaper. As a writer he has never been a great exaggerator of character, only of circumstance. Even his most extraordinary descriptions have smacked of reality, and this, coupled with his droll humor, has ever been one of his peculiar charms. At times he can be very serious, but after such a spell he is certain to surprise and startle one by the sudden display of some grotesque and irresistible master-stroke. William D. Howells, in writing of "Mark Twain," declared that his humor would live forever, "because of its artistic qualities." Artemus Ward was a very funny man, and so was Josh Billings. Yet little that the former wrote is remembered now, and nothing that came from the pen of the latter. As Mr. Howells truthfully says, "Mark Twain portrays and interprets real types, not only with exquisite appreciation and sympathy, but with a force and truth of drawing that makes them permanent."

Of the many after dinner speeches made by Mr. Clemens, his best remembered efforts are his toasts, "Woman, God Bless Her," and "The Compositor." The latter was a speech delivered before the Typothetæ, at a dinner given at New York City to commemorate the birthday of Benjamin Franklin. The toast "Woman, God Bless Her," was a response made at the annual dinner of the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1882.

THE COMPOSITOR.

"The chairman's historical reminiscences of Gutenburg have caused me to fall into reminiscences, for I myself am something of an antiquity. (Laughter.) All things change in the procession of years, and it may be that I am among strangers. It may be that the printer of today is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; and, if he were there to see, I put the good type in his case and the broken ones among the 'hell matter;' and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all with the 'pi' on the imposing-stone — for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub. I wetted down the paper Saturdays, I turned it Sundays — for this was a country weekly; I rolled, I washed the rollers, I washed the forms, I folded the papers, I carried them around at dawn Thursday mornings. The carrier was then an object of interest to all the dogs in town. If I had saved up all the bites I ever received, I could keep M. Pasteur busy for a year. I enveloped the papers that were for the mail — we had a hundred town subscribers and three hundred and fifty country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries and the country ones in cabbages and cordwood — when they paid at all, which was merely sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in

the paper, and gave them a puff; and if we forgot it they stopped the paper.

"Every man on the town list helped edit the thing — that is, he gave orders as to how it was to be edited; dictated its opinions, marked out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect he stopped his paper. We were just infested with critics, and we tried to satisfy them all over. We had one subscriber who paid cash, and he was more trouble to us than all the rest. He bought us once a year, body and soul, for two dollars. He used to modify our politics every which way, and he made us change our religion four times in five years. If we ever tried to reason with him he would threaten to stop his paper, and, of course, that meant bankruptcy and destruction. That man used to write articles a column and a half long, leaded long primer, and sign them 'Junius,' or 'Veritas,' or 'Vox Populi,' or some other high-sounding rot; and then, after it was set up, he would come in and say he had changed his mind — which was a gilded figure of speech, because he hadn't any — and order it to be left out. We couldn't stand such waste as that; we couldn't afford 'bogus' in that office; so we always took the leads out, altered the signature, credited the article to the rival paper in the next village, and put it in. Well, we did have one or two kinds of 'bogus.' Whenever there was a barbecue or a circus, or a baptizing, we knocked off for half a day; and then to make up for short matter we would 'turn over ads'— turn over the whole page and duplicate it. The other 'bogus' was deep philosophical stuff, which we judged nobody ever read; so we kept a galley of it standing, and kept on slapping the same old batches of it in every now and then, till it got dangerous. Also, in the early days of the telegraph we used to economize on the news. We picked out the items that were pointless and barren of information and stood them on a galley, and changed the dates and localities, and used them over and over again till the public interest in them was worn to the bone. We marked the ads, but we seldom paid any attention to the marks afterward; so the life of a 'td' ad and a 'tf' ad was equally eternal. I have seen

a 'td' notice of a sheriff's sale still booming serenely along two years after the sale was over, the sheriff dead and the whole circumstance become ancient history. Most of the yearly ads were patent medicine stereotypes, and we used to fence with them.

"I can see that printing office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the wall, its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights, its towel, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in the Mississippi valley; and I can see also the tramping 'jour,' who flitted by in the summer and tarried a day, with his wallet stuffed with one shirt and a hatful of handbills; for if he couldn't get any type to set he would do a temperance lecture. His way of life was simple, his needs not complex; all he wanted was plate and bed and money enough to get drunk on, and he was satisfied. But it may be, as I have said, that I am among strangers, and sing the glories of a forgotten age to unfamiliar ears, so I will 'make even' and stop."

WOMAN, GOD BLESS HER.

"The toast includes the sex, universally; it is to Woman comprehensively, wheresoever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text let us take the dress of two antipodal types — the savage woman of Central Africa and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization. Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman when dressed for home, or to go out shopping or calling, doesn't wear anything at all but just her complexion. (Laughter.) That is all; it is her entire outfit. (Laughter.) It is the lightest costume in the world, but is made of the darkest material. (Laughter.) It has often been mistaken for mourning. (Laughter.) It is the trimmest, and neatest, and gracefulest costume that is now in fashion; it wears well, is fast colors, doesn't

show for you don't have to send it down town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flat-iron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it perished with starch, and some of it crowded to the end, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and no-creditable to the press overcharged for and the rest of the assortment missed. [Laughter.] And it always fits, it is the perfection of a fit. [Laughter.] And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always ready, always 'done up.' When you call on a Fiji lady and send up your card, the blind girl never says, 'Please take a seat, madam is dressing, she'll be down in three-quarters of an hour.' No, madame is always dressed, always ready to receive, and before you can get the door-mat before your eyes she is in your midst. [Laughter.] Then, again, the Fiji ladies don't go to church to see what sort other has got on, and they don't go back home and describe it and slander it. [Laughter.]

"Such is the dark child of savagery as to everyday toilet, and thus, curiously enough, she bears a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion — who often has 'nothing to wear' and thus these widely separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fiji woman as she appears in her simple, unostentatious, everyday toilet, but on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets, at a lecture she wears earrings and a bell, at a ball she wears stockings — and, with the true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms [laughter], at a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes [laughter], at a wedding the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. [Laughter.] Thus the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground, and these two touches of nature make their whole world kin.

"Now we will consider the dress of our sister now. A large part of the daughter of civilization's dress — as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half

their charm without dress; and some would lose all of it. (Laughter.) The daughter of modern civilization, dressed at her utmost best, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast, her robe is from Paris, her lace is from Venice or Spain, or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa, her furs from the remoter home of the iceberg and the aurora, her fan from Japan, her diamonds from Brazil, her bracelets from California, her pearls from Ceylon, her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries; her watch is from Geneva, her cardcase is from China, her hair is from — from — I don't know where her hair is from; I never could find out. (Much laughter.) That is, her other hair — her public hair; her Sunday hair; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. (Laughter.) Why, you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brickbat or a shotgun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle; any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car and go and pick up a hairpin; but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from castiron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. (Laughter.) She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life.

"Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter

of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman, as to costume. I come now to consider her in her higher and nobler aspects — as mother, wife, widow, grass widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone helloer, queen, book agent, wet nurse, step-mother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. (Laughter.)

"We will simply discuss these few — let the rest of the sex tarry in Jericho till we come again. First in the list of right, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who — why, dear me, I've been talking three quarters of an hour! I beg a thousand pardons. But you see yourselves, that I had a large contract. I have accomplished something anyway. I introduced my subject. And if I had till next Forefathers' Day, I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately and appreciatively as so gracious and noble a theme deserves. But as the matter stands now, let us finish as we began and say, without jesting, but with all sincerity, 'Woman — God Bless Her!'" (Applause.)

ITALIAN GUIDES.

Guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart — the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would — and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners, and listening to their bursts of admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling piece of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstacies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by

any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere. After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstacies any more; we never admired anything; we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made some good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his own countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice, than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation, full of impatience. He said: "Come wis me, genteelmen! — come! I show you ze letter-writing by Christopher Colombo! — write it himself! — write it wis his own hand! — come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! hand-writing Christopher Colombo — write it himself!"

We looked indifferent — unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest:

"Ah — Ferguson — what — what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah — did he write it himself, or — how!"

"He write it himself! — Christopher Colombo! his own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo —"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a great deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! and if you haven't drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said:

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust of Christopher Colombo! — splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust — for it *was* beautiful — and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen! — beautiful, grand — bust Christopher Colombo! — beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass — procured for such occasions:

"Ah — what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! — ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo — the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America! — discover America. Oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America! No — that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo — pleasant name. Is — is he dead?"

"Oh corpo di Baccho! — three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know! — I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen! — I do not know *what* he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"May be — may be — I do not know — I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Impossible!"

"Ah — which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria! — *zis* ze bust! *zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see — I see — happy combination — very happy combination, indeed. Is — is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner — guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke. —*The Innocents Abroad.*

THE TOMB OF ADAM.

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in the land of strangers, far away from house, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dear relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here. He will find little to his taste in my journeyings through the Holy Land. Noble old man — he did not live to see me — he did not live to see his child. And I — I — alas, I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born — six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let me try to bear it with fortitude. Let me trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.— *The Innocents Abroad.*

THE GRANGERFORDS' PICTURES.

They had pictures hung on the walls — mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Mary, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was

some that they called "crayons," which one of the daughters who was dead made herself when she was only fifteen years old. They was different from any pictures I ever see before; blacker, mostly, than is common. One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the armpits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black vail, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule, and underneath the picture it said "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas." Another one was a young lady with her hair combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas." There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand with black sealing-wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas."

These was all nice pictures I reckon, but I didn't somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little, they always give me the fan-tods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost. But I reckoned, that with her disposition, she was having a better time in the graveyard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer to be allowed to live till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off,

with her hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more reaching up toward the moon — and the idea was, to see which pair would look best and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying, she died before she had got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday came they hung flowers on it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had a kind of a nice sweet face, but there were so many arms that it made her look too spidery, seemed to me. — *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

DEATH OF THE PUPPY DOG.

A few months ago S. and myself had occasion to make a trip up the Missouri. While waiting at Sioux City for a boat we saw some of those white Esquimaux dogs, and S. became possessed of the idea that it was necessary for his happiness that he should have one of the breed; so we hunted up the proprietor and opened negotiations. We found that he had none to spare at the time, but that he expected some puppies would be born to the world in a month or six weeks. That suited S. well enough, as he expected to return to Sioux City in about three months, and a bargain was struck.

Well, we came back; but S. had by that time got out of conceit of the dog, and did not want him. I insisted on his sticking to the bargain, and succeeded in getting him and the proprietor of the dogs together.

"Mr. W.," said I, "when we were here some three months ago, you promised to save for us an Esquimaux puppy. Were any born?"

"Oh, yaw; de puppies vas born."

"Well, have you got one for us?"

"Nein, I don't got any."

"Why, how is that? You remember you promised to save one."

"Well, mine vriend, I'll tell how it vas (confidentially and drawing close). Now you see the buppy dog he live in de shtable mit de horse, and (very pathetically) de horse he got step-ped on to de do-ag, and de do-ag he got di-ed." And thus it was that S. did not get his puppy; but I made him engage another.

THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about international copyright. The proper way to treat a copyright is to make it exactly like real estate in every way.

It will settle itself under these conditions. If Congress were to bring in a law that a man's life were not to extend over a hundred and sixty years somebody would laugh. It wouldn't concern anybody. The men would be out of the jurisdiction of the court. A term of years in copyright comes to exactly the same thing. No law can make a book live or cause it to die before the appointed time.

Tottletown, Cal., was a new town, with a population of 3,000, banks, fire brigades, brick buildings and all modern improvements. It lived, it flourished and it disappeared. Today no man can put his foot on any remnant of Tottletown, Cal. It's dead. London continues to exist.

Bill Smith, author of a book read for the next year or so, is real estate in Tottletown. William Shakespeare, whose works are extensively read, is real estate in London. Let Bill Smith, equally with Mr. Shakespeare now deceased, have as complete a control over his copyright as he would over real estate. Let him gamble it away, drink it away — give it to the church. Let his heirs and assigns treat it in the same manner.

WARTS AND TATTOOING.

When I was a small boy I had my share of warts. I tried in turn the 368 ways of removing them, but without results; indeed I seemed to get wartier and wartier right along. But at last somebody revealed to me the 369th

way, and I tried it. Thus: I drove a needle down into the basement of the wart, then held the other end of the needle in the flame of a candle some little time; the needle became red hot throughout its length, and proceeded to cook the wart. Presently I drew the needle out; if it had white atoms like nits sticking about its points, that wart was done; if the point was clear I drove it in again and cooked till I got those white things. They were the roots of the wart. Twenty-four hours later the wart would become soft and flabby, and I removed it with a single wipe of my hand. Where it had been was a smooth surface now, which quickly healed and left no scar. Within two days I was wartless, and have so remained unto this day.

Well, a long time afterward, when I was sixteen years old, a sailor tattooed an anchor and rope on the back of my left hand with India ink. The color was a deep, dark blue and extravagantly conspicuous. I was proud of it for a while, but by the time I had worn it nine years I was tired of it and ashamed of it. I could find nobody who could tell me how to get rid of it; but at last my wart experience of near half a generation before occurred to me, and I got my several needles and a candle straightway. I drove the needles along just under the surface of the skin and tolerably close together, and made them include the whole tattoo mark, then I fired upon them and cooked that device through. Next day I wiped the device off with my hand. The place quickly healed, and left no scar. A faint bluish tinge remained, and I was minded to begin again and cook that out; but as it was hardly detectable, and not noticeable, it did not seem worth the fuel, and so I left it there, and there it is yet, though I suppose I am the only member of my tribe that knows it.

HUMOR OF THE FUTURE.

The future of American humor is interesting and problematical. There are only thirty-five jokes. You may set that down as a first principle. All others are

variations. Only thirty-five jokes exist. Perhaps some American will discover the thirty-sixth. That would be worth living for.

But there are more than thirty-five ways of being funny. These may be divided into two great groups — being funny intentionally and being funny unconsciously. There are more men who do the latter than there are who do the former. I suppose it is to the first you refer mainly. I can give professional funny men one piece of advice, and at the same time reveal to you a trick of the trade. The funniest thing in the world is truth. Tell the plain truth and people will always laugh at it; take it as a joke. If I get up at a dinner and refer to a man as an insincere galoot — I mean a man who is present at the dinner — he, as well as everybody else, will laugh. Everybody at the table knows that he's a fraud, and always has been a fraud, and always will be a fraud. But when I tell them of it they snicker and laugh and think I'm just the funniest man alive.

I got a man once — a most serious minded man of a most serious line of employment — to write his autobiography. He was a painfully truthful man — he just couldn't lie. Such men don't turn up often, but every once in a while you find one who is absolutely deficient in ability to lie. Well, he wrote it, and it was the funniest thing I ever read. I have never run across a better joke than that autobiography.

Now, my mathematics do not go beyond twelve times twelve, but don't you suppose I would enjoy an encyclopedia article on mathematics? I read one the other day, and was greatly entertained, although I didn't understand a word of it. It was facts. Facts are so amusing. Get your facts first, and then you can distort them as much as you please.

HARRIS THE VALET.

I have a valet who graduated from a school for training nurses and who has been entrusted with the arduous duty of regulating my diet and protecting me from exposure

and fatigue. I call him Harris, but do not know what his other name is — nor where it came from. His presence is odious enough, without inquiring into his past or planning for his future.

He is a man my wife hires to keep me from having a good time. He stands around and grins when I am miserable, and the moment I begin to enjoy myself a little he steps in and stops it, and my wife pays him so much a month. He's a cross between a familiar of the Spanish inquisition of the fifteenth century and a modern trained nurse. Harris presumes to dictate what I shall eat and what I shall wear, how much I shall smoke, and when I shall go to bed at night, and as fast as he finds out what I like he shuts down on it. I have not tasted pie for four months, and as for chocolate caramels, Harris won't let me look into the window of a candy shop. He even dilutes my milk. He isn't satisfied with the buckets of water the milkman pours in from the pump, but he adds a lot from a bottle of Vichy.

I used to pray for Harris, I used to pray that the Lord would soften his heart, but I've quit. I found that he was a hopeless case, totally depraved. Now I swear at him. Don't be shocked. It's all right. Joe Twichell, pastor of the Congregational church up at Hartford, who is my confessor, says it isn't wicked to swear at Harris, and has given me a special indulgence. But there is no use swearing at Harris unless you are feeling strong and hearty and full of ginger. A feeble man, an invalid, could not reach him.

AT THE CHRISTENING.

You know there are anecdotes and anecdotes, short meter and long meter. I shall give you a long meter one with a snapper at the end. It is about a Scotch-Irish minister who thought he was called to preach the Gospel, while he knew that he had the gift of oratory, and he never missed an opportunity to display it. An opportunity was offered on the occasion of a christening. There was a considerable audience made up of the rela-

tives, friends and neighbors of the parents. The preacher began by saying:

"We have met together, my friends, on a very interesting occasion — the christening of this little child — but I see already a look of disappointment on your faces. Is it because this infant is so small? We must bear in mind that this globe upon which we live is made up of small things, infinitesimal objects we might say. Little drops of water make the mighty ocean; the mountains which rear their hoary heads toward heaven and are often lost in the clouds are made up of little grains of sand. Besides, my friends, we must take into consideration the possibilities in the life of this little speck of humanity. He may become a great preacher, multitudes may be swayed by his eloquence and brought to see and believe in the truths of the Gospel. He may be a distinguished physician and his fame as a healer of men may reach the uttermost parts of the earth and his name go down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of humanity. He may become a great astronomer and read the heavens as an open book. He may discover new stars which may be known by his name and his name may be coupled with that of Newton and other great discoverers. He may become a distinguished statesman and orator and by the strength of his intellect and eloquence he may control the destinies of nations and his name may be engraved upon monuments erected to perpetuate his memory by his admiring and grateful countrymen. He may become an author and a poet and his name may yet appear among those now entombed at Westminster. He may become a great warrior and lead armies to battle and victory; his prowess and valor may change the map of Europe. Methinks I hear the plaudits of the people at the mention of his deeds and name. He may become — 'er, 'er — he might —'er —

Turning to the mother:

"What is his name?"

The mother — "What is the baby's name?"

"Yes, what is his name?"

The mother — "It's name is Mary Ann."

THE LIGHTNING ROD AGENT.

I was interrupted and informed that a stranger wished to see me down at the door. I went and confronted him, and asked to know his business, struggling all the time to keep a tight rein on my seething political economy ideas, and not let them break away from me or get tangled in their harness. And privately I wished the stranger was in the bottom of the canal with a cargo of wheat on top of him. I was all in a fever, but he was cool. He said he was sorry to disturb me, but as he was passing he noticed that I needed some lightning rods. I said, "Yes, yes — go on — what about it?" He said there was nothing about it in particular — nothing except he would like to put them up for me. I am new to housekeeping; have been used to hotels and boarding-houses all my life. Like anybody else of similar experience, I try to appear (to strangers) to be an old housekeeper; consequently I said in an off-hand way that I had been intending for some time to have six or eight lightning-rods put up, but — The stranger started, and looked inquiringly at me, but I was serene. I thought that if I chanced to make any mistakes he would not catch me by my countenance. He said he would rather have my custom than any man's in town. I said all right, and started off to wrestle with my great subject again, when he called me back and said it would be necessary to know exactly how many "points" I wanted put up, what parts of the house I wanted them on, and what quality of rod I preferred. It was close quarters for a man not used to the exigencies of housekeeping, but I went through creditably, and he probably never suspected that I was a novice. I told him to put up eight "points," and put them all on the roof, and use the best quality of rod. He said that he could furnish the "plain" article at 20 cents a foot; "coppered," 25 cents; "zinc-plated, spiral-twist," at 30 cents, that would stop a streak of lightning any time, no matter where it was bound, and "render its errand harmless and its further progress apocryphal." I said apocryphal was no slouch of a word, emanating from the source

it did, but philology aside I liked the spiral-twist and would take that brand. Then he said he could make two hundred and fifty feet answer, but to do it right and make the best job in town of it, and attract the admiration of the just and unjust alike, and compel all parties to say they never saw a more symmetrical and hypothetical display of lightning-rods since they were born, he supposed he really couldn't get along without four hundred, though he was not vindictive and trusted he was willing to try. I said go ahead and use four hundred and make any kind of a job he pleased out of it, but let me get back to my work. So I got rid of him at last.

THE DICKENS EPIDEMIC.

One calamity to which the death of Mr. Dickens dooms this country has not awakened the concern to which its gravity entitles it. We refer to the fact that the nation is to be lectured to death and read to death all next winter, by Tom, Dick and Harry, with poor lamented Dickens for a pretext. All the vagabonds who can spell will afflict the people with "readings" from Pickwick and Copperfield, and all the insignificants who have been ennobled by the notice of the great novelist or transfigured by his smile will make a marketable commodity of it now, and turn the sacred reminiscence to the practical use of procuring bread and butter. The lecture rostrums will fairly swarm with these fortunates. Already the signs of it are perceptible. Behold how the unclean creatures are wending toward the dead lion and gathering to the feast: "Reminiscences of Dickens." A lecture. By John Smith, who heard him read eight times.

"Remembrances of Charles Dickens." A lecture. By John Jones, who saw him once in a street car and twice in a barber shop.

"Recollections of Mr. Dickens." A lecture. By John Brown, who gained a wide fame by writing deliriously appreciative critiques and rhapsodies upon the great author's public readings; and who shook hands with the great author upon various occasions, and held converse with him several times.

"Readings from Dickens." By John White, who has the great delineator's style and manner perfectly, having attended all his readings in this country and made these things a study, always practising each reading before retiring, and while it was hot from the great delineator's lips. Upon this occasion Mr. W. will exhibit the remains of a cigar which he saw Mr. Dickens smoke. This relic is kept in a solid silver box made purposely for it.

"Sights and Sounds of the Great Novelist." A popular lecture. By John Gray, who waited on his table all the time he was at the Grand Hotel, New York, and still has in his possession and will exhibit to the audience a fragment of the Last Piece of Bread which the lamented author tasted in this country.

"Heart Treasures of Precious Moments with Literature's Departed Monarch." A lecture. By Miss Serena Amelia Tryphenia McSpadden, who still wears, and will always wear, a glove upon the hand made sacred by the clasp of Dickens. Only death shall remove it.

"Readings from Dickens." By Mrs. J. O'Hooligan Murphy, who washed for him.

"Familiar Talks with the Great Author." A narrative lecture. By John Thomas, for two weeks his valet in America.

And so forth, and so on. This isn't half the list. The man who has a "Toothpick once used by Charles Dickens" will have to have a hearing; and the man who "once rode in an omnibus with Charles Dickens;" and the lady whom Charles Dickens "granted the hospitalities of his umbrella during a storm;" and the person who "possesses a hole which once belonged in a handkerchief owned by Charles Dickens." Be patient and long-suffering, good people, for even this does not fill up the measure of what you must endure.

A GENEROUS AND FORGIVING DRUGGIST.

About a thousand years ago, approximately, I was apprenticed as a printer's devil to learn the trade, in common with three other boys of about my own age. There

came to the village a long-legged individual of about nineteen, from one of the interior counties; fish-eyed, no expression, and without the suggestion of a smile — couldn't have smiled for a salary. We took him for a fool, and thought we would try to scare him to death. We went to the village druggist and borrowed a skeleton. The skeleton didn't belong to the druggist, but he had imported it for the village doctor, because the doctor thought he would send away for it, having some delicacy about using — well, the price of the skeleton at that time was $50. I don't know how high they go now, but probably higher, on account of the tariff. We borrowed the skeleton about 9 o'clock at night, and we got this man — Nicodemus Dodge was his name — we got him down town, out of the way, and then we put the skeleton into his bed. He lived in a little one-storied log cabin in the middle of a vacant lot. We left him to get home by himself. We enjoyed the result in the light of anticipation; but by and by we began to drop into silence; the possible consequences were preying upon us. Suppose that it frightens him into madness, overturns his reason and sends him screeching through the streets! We shall spend sleepless nights the rest of our days. Everybody was afraid. By and by it was forced to the lips of one of us that we had better go at once and see what had happened. Loaded down with crime, we approached that hut and peeped through the window. That long-legged critter was sitting on his bed with a hunk of ginger-bread in his hand, and between the bites he played a tune on a jew's harp. There he sat perfectly happy, and all around him on the bed were toys and jimcracks and striped candy. The darned cuss, he had gone and sold that skeleton for $5. The druggist's fifty-dollar skeleton was gone. We went in tears to the druggist and explained the matter. We couldn't have raised that $50 in 250 years. We were getting board and clothing for the first year, clothing and board for the second year and both of them for the third year. But the druggist forgave us on the spot, but he said he would like us to let him have our skeletons when we were done with them. There couldn't

be anything fairer than that; we spouted our skeletons and went away comfortable. But from that time the druggist's prosperity ceased. That was one of the most unfortunate speculations he ever went into.

After some years one of the boys went and got drowned; that was one skeleton gone, and I tell you the druggist felt pretty badly about it. A few years after another of the boys went up in a balloon. He was to get $5 an hour for it. When he gets back there will be owing him $1,000,000. The druggist's property was decreasing right along. After a few more years the third boy tried an experiment to see if a dynamite charge would go. It went all right. They found some of him, perhaps a vest pocketful; still it was enough to show that some more of that estate had gone. The druggist was getting along in years, and he commenced to correspond with me. I have been the best correspondent he has. He is the sweetest-natured man I ever saw; always mild and polite, and never wants to hurry me at all. I get a letter from him every now and then and he never refers to my form as a skeleton; says:

"Well, how is it getting along — is it in good repair?" I got a night-rate message from him recently — said he was getting old and the property was depreciating in value, and if I could let him have a part of it now he would give time on the balance. Think of the graceful way in which he does everything — the generosity of it all. You cannot find a finer character than that. It is the gracious characteristic of all druggists.

CLEMENS, WILL MONTGOMERY, an American journalist, biographer and compiler; born at Paris, Stark County, Ohio, January 16, 1860. He was educated at Buchtel College, and in 1879 joined the editorial staff of the Pittsburg *Leader*.

During the next twenty years he was connected with various daily newspapers in Cleveland, New York, Chicago and San Francisco; founded *Literary Life* in Chicago; *Vanity Fair* in Cleveland; *Library and Studio* in San Francisco; and *Chips* in New York. He became a leading contributor to magazines and periodicals, and in 1903–4 was one of the editorial staff of the *Encyclopedia Americana.* In 1904–5 he was one of the revision editors of the American supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Since 1900 Mr. Clemens has made a special study of criminology, and contributed the articles on "Crime" and "Suicide" to *Collier's Annual* for 1905.

His published works include *Famous Funny Fellows* (1881); *Mark Twain: His Life and Work* (1887); *Sixty and Six* (1898); *The Depew Story Book* (1898); *A Ken of Kipling* (1899); *Theodore Roosevelt, the American* (1899); *The Choate Story Book* (1899); *The Life of Admiral George Dewey* (1899); *Hasty Pudding Poems* (1902); and *The Gilded Lady,* a novel (1903).

The short stories written by Mr. Clemens number one hundred or more, but have not as yet been collected in book form. An example of his short tales in fiction is given herewith.

THE ELOPEMENT OF PRETTY AH HING.

Kwang Po sat weeping in his attic. Tears glistened in his black eyes. Marks of other tears stained his yellow cheeks. He rocked his thin bones to and fro, in his stiff wooden chair by the window, from which he could look down into Doyers Street far below. He could hear the piping cry of the lily-bulb boy, the call of the kindling-wood man, the song of the duck-egg merchant, and oc-

casionally he heard the shrill yells of the little white devils who strayed over from the Bowery to sell newspapers in the Chinese quarter.

He could see the great mob from his attic window; the thousands of human worms scurrying through Doyers Street, yellow men and yellow women, and white men and white women, and children of yellow and white-yellow, and white and yellow-white.

The human worms in Doyers Street were always hurrying — rushing madly, aimlessly, and as if from out one passage-way into another and back again. The hurry of it all seemed very foolish to poor Kwang Po, with his thin bones and his red, wet eyes — poor Kwang Po who sat weeping in his attic by the window.

To forget is one of the lost arts, and Kwang Po failed utterly in some things. He could not get away from himself. He tried very hard, but in some strange way the tears kept coming, and his eyes saw only the brown dust and the blue mould on the window pane, and he could hear but the sobbing in his own throat, for his black eyes were glistening and his yellow cheeks were pitted with dead tears. The Great Sorrow was upon him.

Then from a neighboring attic came Wong Gee. He shambled through the narrow doorway and into the presence of Kwang Po, moving very slowly, rolling like a barrel, and pushing his fat frame into the room, as he had once rolled bales of cotton in the warehouses of his great uncle, Ham Soy, in Canton. Wong Gee breathed heavily, like an elephant, and one always knew of his approach by the noise of his nostrils, as it preceded him.

Kwang Po twisted his tear-pitted face about painfully to see the intruder, whereupon a strange gleam of light pierced his clouded brow, and his thin lips moved as if a smile had died still-born. His long yellow fingers entangled each other, and he clasped hands with himself in welcome to his neighbor.

"*Ho la Sin Shang!*" he whined, and the green bracelets on his wrists rattled as he shook his hands.

A guttural sound shot out from Wong Gee, from the very depths of him; for the sound seemed to have its or-

igin in the floor beneath him, and to rise like a pain through his fat legs, and to tunnel its way through the waist of him, and to rush like a river along the pipes of his long, brown throat, and then to escape at last, between his crooked black teeth — to get away with an effort like the croaking of a siren whistle.

"*Ni ho la sai lo ko?*" said the croak.

"How are you, my younger brother?" the man of the fat legs had asked, at which Kwang Po bowed with great dignity, and unconsciously allowed his tears to fall with tiny splashes upon the red shoes of the Wong man.

"With myself, I am approaching sickness," whined the maker of tears. "I think soon may I be with the dead ones; alas! never will I become a *pak ye kung* (white-haired gentleman)." He picked up his cap from the floor with a groan and placed it upon his head as a mark of courtesy to his visitor; and as a further means of welcome he brought forth for the inspection of Wong Gee some small smooth boards to be used in the future as a part of his coffin.

He also brought tea for Wong Gee. The long yellow fingers handled the teapot skilfully, and filled the little thimble-cups upon the lacquer tray, and dropped the pot back into its wicker basket again. Then he bowed very low, holding the tray in his two hands. Wong Gee took the cup nearest him, and he too bowed very low, and they sipped the amber drink in silence.

They sat down together then — Kwang of the thin bones and Wong of the fat legs — and Kwang poured into the long ears of Wong a slow narration of his troubles — his troubles that had been, that still were, and of those that were to come. In the course of his narrative he went backward even to the days of his boyhood in the wonderful East land, where first he saw the shine of the morning sun.

It must be known that Kwang remembered very well indeed the days of his childhood, and he told Wong Gee of youthful sport in the village of Lok Tung, which means Broad East, and upon the maps made by the great and wise men at Pekin, Lok Tung was a small circle directly

in the centre of a great square called the Province of Lok Tung.

His father had been a farmer, and his ancestors for centuries had also been farmers, and in the family plot of the Kwangs in the ancestral graveyard on the outskirts of Lok Tung the many dead ones were laid away in rows and tiers, with little alleyways between, and there were so many hundreds of them it reminded the Fan Kwais, or foreign devils, who came that way, of a Dutch garden of cabbages in the Low Country.

He grew reminiscent, and as he went on, he placed his yellow hands familiarly upon the knees of Wong, and his head turned like a weather vane, and he talked into the left ear of Wong Gee, and poured the story of his sorrows in a perfect shower of words over the defenceless head of Wong Gee.

"Even in the beginning, the luck of evil came near to me!" whined the maker of tears. "Even so quickly as my little mother brought home the gifted and illustrious Kong See, doctor of the Stars and Moon, who read for me the Heavens, as he had read the Heavens for my older brothers and even my father before them. Kong See said for me in his wise tongue whether there would come good or evil, in the days when I would grow to be great as a man, like my honorable father and my illustrious brother. But all my days have been evil and the luck of the stars for me has been vile from the beginning."

"Huh!" was the comment of Wong Gee as he brought forth a bag of snuff from beneath the folds of his blue silk blouse. "Huh!" he repeated when he had partaken liberally of the powder.

As he talked of his childhood Kwang Po had grown radiant of face, and there were moments when his great sorrow left him, only to return again, like the going and coming of a blush upon his cheek. He went on with his narrative:

"My honorable father, the old head, was a poor farmer in Lok Tung, and he could ill afford me to leave the toil of the meadow to occupy my hours with the

schoolmaster. Sometimes in certain of the seasons the school I attended for hours two, as the morning came, but in the day mostly I tilled the soil for my father, in his wide fields of the rice and the mulberry, and the peas and the bamboo, and the sugar-cane."

Kwang heavèd a long, deep sigh, and hastened with his narrative.

"One day I went with my cousins to Hong Kong, and with the great Six Companies we entered into an agreement, and with the consent of my honorable father, I made contract that the Six Companies send me with my cousins and other young men to the States of the United People. So I did leave my home-kin, my little mother and my illustrious brothers, and did make the long sailing across the wonderful green sea to the Golden East. In weeks, four, we left behind us the great house on the water, and on the land of the Oregon we walked, and to live there and work again in the city called as Portland we proceeded. But I tilled the soil no longer there, but instead cleansed the garments of the white men and the robes of the pretty women of the white men.

"Then began the evil days for me. I turned away my face from the great god Confucius, and I no more bowed my head to the golden joss of my people, for I went to the joss of the white Christians and the School of Sunday called the mission, which they said would be my abiding place forever. The Christians of the mission were good to me and kind to me, even to me, the poor son of a poor farmer of Lok Tung. They said to me I would be illustrious and honorable, even more honorable than my honorable father, and more illustrious than my illustrious brother.

"Of the months ten, after I came to the States of the United People, I then met at the School of Sunday, the Ray of the Starlight. My own people called her Ah Hing Chèng, she, the fair maid of the rose cheeks and the beautiful eyes. Like myself she became as the white Christians, and turned away from the joss of her great uncles, and she sat in the mission place in the corner with the women.

"I showed my teeth to her, likewise the white of my eye, and in return she laughed with me, and soon the love in our poor hearts became as a river flowing rapidly to the sea. Then happiness was mine, and my strong arms were always about her.

"Of the years four, I saw first my Ray of the Starlight, of the years three she took my arm to the mission place in wedlock and to the Peace Justice also in marriage we went a second time. Of the years two, Ah Hing Cheng, of the beautiful eyes and the cheeks of the roses, with me arrived in New York, the wonderful city, and in the little home of Doyers Street we have lived. Long time ago Ah Hing told me of the great city and the wonders of the great city, and to make happy days for her, I consented to come here with the Ray of the Starlight.

"Alas! the evil and the vileness again come fourfold, for in the shining of the last silver moon, two strangers came to the great city from the west. Their garments dimmed the glory of the summer sun. They talked in many tongues. In the French they spoke with the easy tongue of the Cantonese. Wee Get and Wo Got were the names of the strangers. Many were the gold and silver coins they carried in their purses, and at the table of fan tan and the dominoes, they were great with their luck, and thus increased their fortunes, and they gave to their friends dinners and feasts and were the illustrious ones, both in the day and in the night.

"Black was the morning when Wee Get found my Ray of the Starlight. She looked upon him with her beautiful eyes. She trembled when he spoke words to her and he made fresh roses to bloom upon her cheeks. With her fan from the window she made signs to him, and often she passed away from my door to see the illustrious stranger from the west."

Kwang Po paused for a moment, whereupon Wong Gee folded his hands across his fatness and cried "Ho! Ho!"

Kwang Po proceeded with the tales of his great sorrow.

"My honorable cousin, Kwang Koo Chee, my friend, came to my door with the news for my hearing. He told me, with my very watchful eyes, to look closely upon my

wife. 'Her beautiful eyes,' he said, 'were too often turned to Wee Get,' and I heard him truly, for the day of the next morning, I followed about with my cunning, and I saw Wee Get play his love-looks upon my Ray of the Starlight, and I followed her, like the dog of the sharp nose, to the railway place, where Wee Get was waiting.

"My eyes were then open widely, and I saw that she was to go away with him, and with a loud outcry I made haste to recover my Ray of the Starlight. I cried to the Blue-coat-man of the buttons in brass, and he followed as I wished and laid upon my Ah Hing Cheng the weight of his great hand. Wee Get then threw at me a defiance. He called me names of many dogs and he proclaimed Ah Hing Cheng as the wife of his own heart, and not of my heart, and he proclaimed that to San Francisco they were about to journey by the rail in search of peace and happiness."

"He! He!" burst out Wong Gee, shaking his fat sides with laughter, for he had foreseen the outcome of the romantic drama pictured to him by Kwang Po, and he imagined the Ray of Starlight, weeping and penitent, returning to her attic upon the arm of the illustrious one, her husband.

Kwang Po scowled at the merriment of Wong Gee, and shook his head with anger. Then he stammered on with the finale of his narrative.

"To the Blue-coat-man I declared that the beautiful eyes were the eyes of my wife, and she was running away from my home with Wee Get, the stranger from the west. She turned like the wind and denied me, and to the Blue-coat-man she proclaimed loudly:

"'I know not this man. I know my husband, Wee Get.'"

The face of Wong Gee grew very sober and very earnest, as his friend confided this to him, and what was to come he awaited impatiently. He asked Kwang Po:

"The Blue-coat-man he told you to take home with you, your wife?"

Wong Gee saw in a moment that he had asked the wrong thing, for Kwang Po set his thin lips firmly, and

shook his head from side to side. Then he explained with many gestures what the Blue-coat-man had said; how he had told him to go about his business, and poor Kwang, fearful of the wrath of the Blue-coat-man, had obeyed the mandate of the official meekly and with haste.

Wong Gee, with a face of sympathy, listened very courteously as Kwang Po concluded:

"Thus, most illustrious neighbor," he said, "the Ray of the Starlight shines no more upon my heart. I am alone and unhappy to the depths of me, and Ah Hing Cheng, of the beautiful eyes and the cheeks of the roses, is eating her rice cake, far away from my loneliness, under the love-looks of Wee Get, and I am desolate."

Kwang Po buried his face in the tangle of his long fingers, and he wept. Wong Gee soothed him with a crooning voice, and then, with a smile of the cynic, told him a story.

"Illustrious neighbor!" he said. "Weep not your eyes for women. Once of the years six, I bought for me a wife with four hundred dollars. She died of the coughing. Once of the years four, I bought for my home another wife for two hundred dollars. She with Ah Chung See ran away from me. Once of the years two, I bought for one hundred dollars a third wife. She . . . So! So! my illustrious neighbor, weep not for a woman. They are like the fishes in the Great Sea. You lose one, or two, or three; it is well, for another you can catch very quickly."

Wong Gee rose in his majesty and rolled out of the narrow attic door.

"Go slowly," cried Kwang Po, sadly, as a farewell to his neighbor. Bravely enough he again tried to get away from himself, and to forget the Ray of the Starlight, the pretty Ah Hing Cheng of the beautiful eyes. There was a sobbing in his throat, his black eyes glistened, and fresh tears fell upon his yellow cheeks.—*From Everybody's Magazine.*

CLEMENT, SAINT; or, CLEMENS ROMANUS, a bishop of Rome who lived in the latter part of the first century of the Christian era; the dates of his birth and death approximating respectively 30 and 100 A.D. St. Paul is supposed to have referred to him (Phil. iv. 3) as a fellow-worker; and it is traditionally asserted that he was baptized by St. Peter, and that he was elected Bishop of Rome in 91, or, by some accounts, in 67. It is generally thought that he lived to witness the persecution under Domitian. He himself died the death of a martyr in the third year of the reign of Trajan; according to the Catholic breviary he was thrown into the Black Sea during exile. His feast is November 23d. The following works have been ascribed to Saint Clement: *Epistle to the Corinthians;* a second *Epistle to the Corinthians;* two *Epistles to Virgins; The Apostolic Constitutions; Recognitions of Clement; The Clementine Homilies; Epitome of the Acts of Peter; The Liturgy of Clement.* Of these, the first *Epistle to the Corinthians* is undoubtedly genuine; and from it the following extracts are taken. It may be remarked concerning Clement's use of the phœnix as an emblem of the resurrection, that the fable is mentioned by Herodotus and Pliny, and that it is used for the elucidation of Christian doctrine by Tertullian and by others of the fathers.

Speaking of the characteristics of Clement's mind and genius, Dean Cruttwell, in his *Literary History of Early Christianity,* says: "His is emphatically an all-round mind. He is not fascinated by particular as-

pects of truth, nor led by the claims of one to deny their due to others. His letter, so calm, so equitable, so strictly impersonal, and yet so instinct with moral authority, recalls the qualities of those ancient Roman worthies, who, without any striking individual genius, built up with strangely harmonious sagacity the power of the conquering Republic. The halo of legendary heroism that gathered round his name was the tribute of a penetrating instinct on the part of a later age."

PETER AND PAUL.

Let us come to the most recent spiritual heroes; and take the noble examples furnished in our own generation. Through envy and jealousy the greatest and most righteous pillars have been persecuted and put to death. Let us set before our eyes the illustrious apostles. Peter, through unrighteous envy, endured not one or two but numerous labors; and, when he had at length suffered martyrdom, departed to the place of glory due to him. Owing to envy, Paul also obtained the reward of patient endurance, after being seven times thrown into captivity, compelled to flee, and stoned. After preaching both in the East and West he gained the illustrious reputation due to his faith, having taught righteousness to the whole world, and come to the extreme limit of the West, and suffered martyrdom under the prefects. Thus was he removed from the world, and went into the holy place, having proved himself a striking example of patience.—*From The Epistle to The Corinthians.*

THE PHŒNIX.

Consider that wondrous sign that is seen in the lands of the East, in the regions round about Arabia; where is found the bird called the phœnix, the only one of its kind, and it liveth a full five hundred years. When it cometh to the time of its dissolution, that it now must die, it maketh itself a nest of frankincense and myrrh

and other spices; whereinto, the time being fulfilled, it entereth in and dieth. But as the flesh rotteth away, there is engendered a worm of a certain kind, which is nourished by the moisture of the dead bird and putteth forth feathers. And when it hath become strong, it taketh up that nest in which are the bones of its parent, and beareth them away, journeying from the land of Arabia even into Egypt, unto the city that is named Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. And in the light of day it flieth in the sight of all to the Altar of the Sun, and there it layeth them. And when it hath done this, it setteth forth to return again to its former place; and the priests examine the chronological registers, and find that it had returned when the five hundredth year was fulfilled.— *From The Epistle.*

CLEMMER–AMES, Mary, an American novelist and poet; born at Utica, N. Y., 1839; died at Washington, D. C., August 18, 1884. She was educated at Westfield, Mass. While quite young she married the Rev. Mr. Ames, from whom she was divorced, and in 1883 married a Mr. Hudson. Her first novel, *Victorie,* was published anonymously in 1865. In 1866 she became a correspondent for *The Independent,* to which she contributed a series of brilliant articles under the title, *A Woman's Letters from Washington.* She wrote *Eirene,* a novel, published in 1871, a *Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary* (1873); *Outlines of Men, Women, and Things;* and *Ten Years in Washington* (1873); *His Two Wives,* a novel (1875), and *Poems of Life and Nature.*

A PERFECT DAY.

Go glorious day!
  Here while you pass I make this sign;
Earth swinging on her silent way
  Will bear me back unto this hour divine,
  And I will softly say: "Once thou wert mine.

"Wert mine, O perfect day!
  The light unknown soaring from sea and shore.
The forest's eager blaze,
  The flaming torches that the Autumn bore,
  The fusing sunset seas, when storms were o'er,

"Were mine the brooding airs,
  The pulsing music of the weedy brooks,
The jewelled fishes and the mossy lairs,
  Wherein shy creatures, with their free bright looks,
  Taught blessed lessons never found in books.

"All mine the peace of God,
  When it was joy enough to breathe and be,
The peace of Nature oozing from her sod,
  When face to face with her the soul was free,
  And far the false, wild strife it fain would flee."

Stay, beauteous day!
  Yet why pray I? Thy lot, like mine, to fade;
Thy light, like yonder mountain's golden haze,
  Must merge into the morrow's misty shade.
And I, an exile in the alien street,
Still gazing back, yearn toward the vision fleet.

"Once thou wert mine!" I'll say,
  And comfort so my heart as with old wine.
Poor pilgrims! oft we walk the self-same way,
  To weep its change, to kneel before the shrine
The heart once builded to a happy day,
  When dear it died. I'll say: "O day divine,
  Life presses sore; but once, *once* thou wert mine."

MY WIFE AND I.

We're drifting out to isles of peace;
We let the weary world go by;
We sail away o'er Summer seas,
My wife and I.

We bear to rest in regions fair
The faltering spirit of the mind;
The kingdom wide, of toil and care,
We leave behind.

How poor to us the proudest prize
For which earth's weary millions sigh;
Our meed we see in two dear eyes,
My wife and I.

This way and that the races go,
All seeking some way to be blest;
Nor dream the joy they never know
Is how to rest.

The travailing nations rise and fall,
They lift the palm, they bear the rue;
Yet bliss is this — to know, through all,
That one is true.

They perish swift, the gala flowers
The lauding people love to fling;
Waits silence, dearth, and lonely hours
The once-crowned king.

But never shall he faint or fall
Who lists to hear, o'er every fate,
The sweeter and the higher call
Of his true mate.

I hear it wheresoe'er I rove;
She holds me safe from shame or sin;
The holy temple of her love
I worship in.

We're drifting out to realms of peace;
We let the weary world go by;
We sail away o'er Summer seas,
My wife and I.

We sail to regions calm and still —
To bring in time, to all behind,
The service of exalted will,
Of tranquil mind.

The fading shores grow far and dim,
The stars are lighting in the sky;
We sail away to Ocean's hymn,
My wife and I.

WAITING.

I wait,
Till from my veilèd brows shall fall
This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Until my spirit sight shall see
Into all Being's mystery,
See what it really is to be!

I wait,
While robbing days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my Spring,
And life flags on with broken wing;
Believing that a kindlier fate
The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait,
For surely every scanty seed
I plant in weakness and in need
Will blossom in perfected deed!
Mine eyes shall see its affluent crown,
Its fragrant fruitage dropping down
Care's lowly levels bare and brown!

I wait,
Till in white Death's tranquillity
Shall softly fall away from me
This weary flesh's infirmity,
That I in larger light may learn
The larger truth I would discern,
The larger love for which I yearn.

I wait!
The summer of the soul is long,
Its harvests yet shall round me throng
In perfect pomp of sun and song.
In stormless mornings yet to be
I'll pluck from life's full-fruited tree
The joy to-day denied to me.

AN ARMY NURSE.

At midnight Eirene walked the ward alone. The men-nurses, worn out by the excessive labor of many days, had retired for a little rest while she watched. With noiseless steps she moved to and fro — here pausing to adjust a pillow for some aching head; here to administer medicine or cordial; here to utter some word of faith or cheer. Many a human heart, fluttering to death in a wounded body, thanked God for her ministry, and that he was not left to die alone. Many mournful eyes, longing for sight of wife or mother, called her toward them with wistful entreaty, and silent tears and broken voices blessed and thanked the woman's love which in its unselfish devotion made each man a brother.

Eirene's lips quivered as she walked. Here were men with the damp of death upon their faces to whose mothers and wives she had written words of hope and consolation. Those mothers and wives had written to her till she had made their love and sorrow her own. How she had watched and nourished their wounded ones, how she had hoped for them, what stories she had told them of their coming convalescence, of their furloughs, of their visits home, of the glad and prosperous years afar on! And yet in the face of her love, and care, and prayers, they

were dying! Only another morning and she would see the stretcher with its dead body borne out to the half-made grave on the open hill. A long sigh of anguish arose from her heart; but the suppressed lips shut upon it before it escaped. Silence, patience, and self-restraint, she owed them all to the sufferers around her. And her heart swelled with gratitude that God in his love permitted her to minister to her brethren.

These thoughts, with her surroundings, the midnight, the long dim ward filled with wounded and dying men, seemed to lift her into a state of exaltation. As she passed the last couch, she drew the curtain which covered the window at the end of the ward, and for a moment stood transfixed with what she saw. They who have never seen the full moon suspended above the Blue Ridge in September have missed one of the consummate sights of nature. Tens of thousands of brave men, could they see this page, would bear me witness that the earth never bore more transcendent nights and days than those which trailed their splendor along the Valley of Virginia, through the September of 1862. The great mountains rose on either side in sombre shadow. The two rivers, pouring down the valley, rushed together at their feet.

Above their heads, out of the heaven's unfathomable blue, the moon hung a globe of flame, flooding the embattled valley with a mellow half-day, like that in which it lies in the sun's eclipse. Around the base of the hill, from whose summit Eirene looked, clung the ruins of the fated little town. Perching on a side precipice, one solitary church which both armies had spared lifted up its glittering cross in mid air. Right before her, on the hill-top was the old graveyard of the natives, while in every direction, running far down its sides, were the new half-covered graves of dead soldiers. Between the house and the graveyard a solitary sentinel paced. From the side hill she could hear the steps of other sentinels, and hear their solemn challenge breaking the silence. Above her, along the heights of the Shenandoah, a vast city of white tents gleamed in the moonlight. Below, on the great bridge spanning the rivers, she caught the glit-

ter of bayonets, then the slow tramp, tramp of marching men. Another regiment coming, and another! a forced midnight march! the men were coming from below to reinforce the men lying on their bayonets on Bolivar Heights. Her heart fluttered with a sickening sensation, as she saw them drawing nearer, nearer, the heavy-laden, weary, marching men. Silently, solemnly on they came beneath the midnight sky, beneath the very window where she stood.

"A battle to-morrow! Win is up the valley; the end nears," she said with a shudder as she dropped the curtain and turned back. Another moment and she walked the ward again, and no eye saw the deepened pallor of her face. Yet amid all the sickening fear in her heart was born an unspeakable gratitude, that she was where she was.—*Eirene.*

CLEVELAND, JOHN, an English poet; born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, June 20, 1613; died at London, April 29, 1658. He was schooled at Hinckley under a celebrated Presbyterian clergyman, Richard Vines, went to Cambridge, and was there admitted as a student to Christ's College in the year 1627.

The spirit of the Italian, Marini, was strong at this period both at Oxford and Cambridge, and Cleveland is said to have outdone the most devoted disciples of this school. He obtained his degree in 1631 as a member of Christ's College, but in 1634 was made a fellow of St. John's, where he passed the remaining years of his university life. He followed a political career, was twice sent to prison, and ended his career in sickness and poverty in London. Cleveland was

probably the first English poet to make deliberate use of the dactyl and anapest,— that is, if we do not take into account the pre-Chaucerian rhymesters. Here was his opportunity of winning for himself a permanent place in literature; and had he not been turned aside by force of circumstances, those ear-catching measures that have so delighted latter-day readers and poets might have been given to the language more than a century earlier.

The most extravagant of Cleveland's poems are two entitled *For Sleep* and *Against Sleep.* In these he outdoes Crashaw in the use of hyperbole. In his *Fuscara, or the Bee Errant,* full as it is of single lines of great beauty, fancy runs completely mad, and so too in *The Sense's Festival.* The best example of his efforts in the vein of the cavalier bards is a poem *Upon Phyllis Walking in the Morning Before Sunrise.* In this he shows a freshness and charm that remind one of Herrick. Here is an excerpt:

> "The wingèd choristers began
> To chirp their matins, and the fan
> Of whistling winds like organs played,
> Until their voluntaries made
> The wakened earth in odors rise
> To be her morning sacrifice.
> The flowers, called from out their beds,
> Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
> And he that for their color seeks
> May see it vaulting to her cheeks,
> Where roses mix; no civil war
> Divides her York and Lancaster."

It is difficult to quote with entirety from Cleveland. He is rarely sustained, and not infrequently offends against the canons of good taste. The song entitled

On Black Eyes, however, is quite as happy as some pieces by his contemporaries to be found in anthologies of to-day.

ON BLACK EYES.

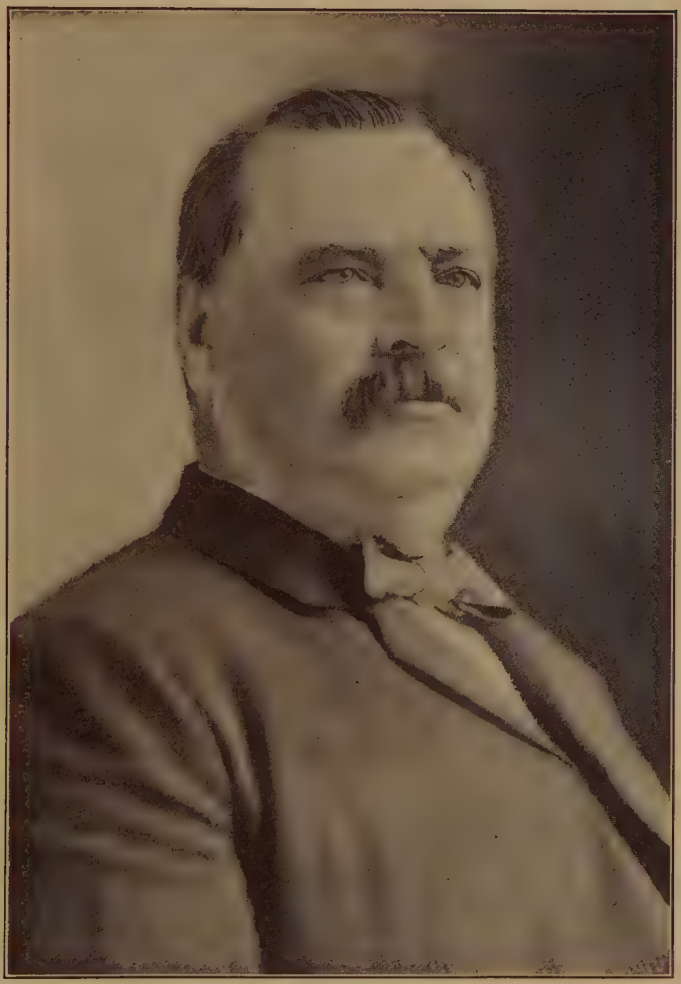
"In faith 'tis true I am in love;
'Tis your black eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrow.

"Those glowing charcoals set on fire
A heart that former flames did shun,
Who, heretic unto desire,
Now's judged to suffer martyrdom.

"But, Beauty, since it is thy fate
At distance thus to wound so sure,
Thy virtues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a cure.

"Then farewell mistress, farewell love,
Those lately entertained desires
Wise men can from that plague remove;
Farewell black eyes and farewell fires."

CLEVELAND, STEPHEN GROVER, an American statesman; 22d President of the United States; born at Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837. He received a thorough education, taught school for several years, and then studied law. He was admitted to the bar in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1859. From 1863 to 1866 he was District Attorney of Erie County, which marked the beginning of his political career. In 1870



STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND.

he was elected Sheriff of Erie County as a Democrat, and in 1881 was elected Mayor of Buffalo.

In 1882 Mr. Cleveland was the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York State, and was elected by the remarkable majority of 200,000 votes. This brought him into prominence as a national figure in Democratic politics, and in 1884 he became the logical candidate of his party for the Presidential nomination. Mr. Cleveland was elected, although his opponent, James G. Blaine, was the idol of the masses, and a man of great personal magnetism. Thus at the age of forty-eight, Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated, the first Democratic President since the Civil War. In 1888 he was again nominated for President, but his opponent, Benjamin Harrison, was elected by a small plurality. In 1892 Mr. Cleveland was for the third time a candidate, and was again elected President by a large majority. He retired to private life in 1897, taking up his residence at Princeton, N. J. He received the degree of LL.D. from Princeton University, where he occasionally lectures to the students upon International Law, and kindred topics.

Mr. Cleveland is a forceful speaker, and his *Speeches* have been collected and published in two large volumes. In 1903 he delivered a notable address at the opening of the St. Louis Exposition. He has written numerous essays and political papers for the magazines and reviews. In 1904 he published a volume of essays, political and social, entitled *Presidential Problems.*

CLEVELAND'S TARIFF MESSAGE.

Our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable, and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at

once revised and amended. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of the duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles. Many of these things, however, are raised or manufactured in our own country, and the duties now levied upon foreign goods and products are called protection to these home manufactures, because they render it possible for those of our people who are manufacturers, to make these taxed articles and sell them for a price equal to that demanded for the imported goods that have paid customs duty. So it happens that while comparatively a few use the imported articles, millions of our people, who never use and never saw any of the foreign products, purchase and use things of the same kind made in this country, and pay therefor nearly or quite the same enhanced price which the duty adds to the imported articles. Those who buy imports pay the duty charged thereon into the public treasury, but the majority of our citizens, who buy domestic articles of the same class, pay a sum at least approximately equal to this duty to the home manufacturer. This reference to the operation of our tariff laws is not made by way of instruction, but in order that we may be constantly reminded of the manner in which they impose a burden upon those who consume domestic products as well as those who consume imported articles, and thus create a tax upon all our people.

It is not proposed to entirely relieve the country of this taxation. It must be extensively continued as the source of the Government's income; and in a readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered, as well as the preservation of our manufacturers. It may be called protection, or by any other name, but relief from the hardships and dangers of our present tariff laws should be devised with especial precaution against imperiling the existence of our manufacturing interests. But this existence should not mean a condition which, without regard

to the public welfare or a national exigency, must always insure the realization of immense profits instead of moderately profitable returns. As the volume and diversity of our national activities increase, new recruits are added to those who desire a continuation of the advantages which they conceive the present system of tariff taxation directly affords them. So stubbornly have all efforts to reform the present condition been resisted by those of our fellow-citizens thus engaged, that they can hardly complain of the suspicion, entertained to a certain extent, that there exists an organized combination all along the line to maintain their advantage.

We are in the midst of centennial celebrations, and with becoming pride, we rejoice in American skill and ingenuity, in American energy and enterprise, and in the wonderful natural advantages and resources developed by a century's national growth. Yet when an attempt is made to justify a scheme which permits a tax to be laid upon every consumer in the land for the benefit of our manufacturers, quite beyond a reasonable demand for governmental regard, it suits the purposes of advocacy to call our manufactures infant industries, still needing the highest and greatest degree of favor and fostering care that can be wrung from Federal legislation.

It is also said that the increase in the price of domestic manufactures resulting from the present tariff is necessary in order that higher wages may be paid to our workingmen employed in manufactories, than are paid for what is called the pauper labor of Europe. All will acknowledge the force of an argument which involves the welfare and liberal compensation of our laboring people. Our labor is honorable in the eyes of every American citizen; and as it lies at the foundation of our development and progress it is entitled, without affectation or hypocrisy, to the utmost regard. The standard of our laborers' life should not be measured by that of any other country less favored, and they are entitled to their full share of all our advantages.

By the last census it is made to appear that of the 17,392,099 of our population engaged in all kinds of in-

dustries, 7,670,493 are employed in agriculture, 4,074,238 in professional and personal service (2,934,876 of whom are domestic servants and laborers), while 1,810,256 are employed in trade and transportation, and 3,837,112 are classed as employed in manufacturing and mining.

For present purposes, however, the last number given should be considerably reduced. Without attempting to enumerate all, it will be conceded that there should be deducted from those which it includes 375,143 carpenters and joiners, 285,401 milliners, dressmakers and seamstresses, 172,726 blacksmiths, 133,756 tailors and tailoresses, 102,473 masons, 76,241 butchers, 41,309 bakers, 22,083 plasterers and 4,891 engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements, amounting in the aggregate to 1,214,023, leaving 2,623,089 persons employed in such manufacturing industries as are claimed to be benefited by a high tariff.

To these the appeal is made to save their employment and maintain their wages by resisting a change. There should be no disposition to answer such suggestions by the allegation that they are in a minority among those who labor, and therefore should forego an advantage, in the interest of low prices for the majority; their compensation, as it may be affected by the operation of tariff laws, should at all times be scrupulously kept in view; and yet with slight reflection they will not overlook the fact that they are consumers with the rest; that they, too, have their own wants and those of their families to supply from their earnings, and that the price of the necessaries of life, as well as the amount of their wages, will regulate the measure of their welfare and comfort.

But the reduction of taxation demanded should be so measured as not to necessitate or justify either the loss of employment by the working man or the lessening of his wages; and the profits still remaining to the manufacturer, after a necessary readjustment should furnish no excuse for the sacrifice of the interests of his employees either in their opportunity to work or in the diminution of their compensation. Nor can the worker in manufactures fail to understand that while a high

tariff is claimed to be necessary to allow the payment of remunerative wages, it certainly results in a very large increase in the price of nearly all sorts of manufactures, which, in almost countless forms, he needs for the use of himself and his family. He receives at the desk of his employer his wages, and perhaps before he reaches his home is obliged, in a purchase for family use of an article which embraces his own labor, to return in the payment of the increase in price which the tariff permits, the hard-earned compensation of many days of toil.

The farmer and the agriculturist, who manufacture nothing, but who pay the increased price which the tariff imposes upon every agricultural implement, upon all he wears and upon all he uses and owns, except the increase of his flocks and herds and such things as his husbandry produces from the soil, is invited to aid in maintaining the present situation; and he is told that a high duty on imported wool is necessary for the benefit of those who have sheep to shear: in order that the price of their wool may be increased. They of course are not reminded that the farmer who has no sheep is by this scheme obliged, in his purchase of clothing and woolen goods, to pay a tribute to his fellow farmer as well as to the manufacturer and merchant; nor is any mention made of the fact that the sheep-owners themselves and their households must wear clothing and use other articles manufactured from the wool they sell at tariff prices, and thus as consumers must return their share of this increased price to the tradesman.

I think it may be fairly assumed that a large proportion of the sheep owned by the farmers throughout the country are found in small flocks numbering from twenty-five to fifty. The duty on the grade of imported wool which these sheep yield, is ten cents each pound if of the value of thirty cents or less, and twelve cents if of the value of more than thirty cents. If the liberal estimate of six pounds be allowed for each fleece, the duty thereon would be sixty or seventy-two cents, and this must be taken as the utmost enhancement of its price to the farmer by reason of this duty. Eighteen dollars would

thus represent the increased price of the wool from twenty-five sheep, and thirty-six dollars that from the wool of fifty sheep; and at present values this addition would amount to about one-third of its price. If upon its sale the farmer receives this or a less tariff profit, the wool leaves his hands charged with precisely that sum, which in all its changes will adhere to it until it reaches the consumer. When manufactured into cloth and other goods and material for use, its cost is not only increased to the extent of the farmer's tariff profit, but a further sum has been added for the benefit of the manufacturer under the operation of other tariff laws. In the meantime the day arrives when the farmer finds it necessary to purchase woolen goods and material to clothe himself and family for the winter. When he faces the tradesman for that purpose he discovers that he is obliged not only to return, in the way of increased prices, his tariff profit on the wool he sold, and which then perhaps lies before him in manufactured form, but that he must add a considerable sum thereto to meet a further increase in cost caused by a tariff duty on the manufacture. Thus in the end he is aroused to the fact that he has paid upon a moderate purchase, as a result of the tariff scheme, which when he sold his wool seemed so profitable, an increase in price more than sufficient to sweep away all the tariff profit he received upon the wool he produced and sold.

When the number of farmers engaged in wool-raising is compared with all the farmers in the country, and the small proportion they bear to our population is considered; when it is made apparent that, in the case of a large part of those who own sheep, the benefit of the present tariff on wool is illusory; and, above all, when it must be conceded that the increase of the cost of living caused by such tariff becomes a burden upon those with moderate means and the poor, the employed and unemployed, the sick and well, and the young and old, and that it constitutes a tax which, with relentless grasp, is fastened upon the clothing of every man, woman and child in the land, reasons are suggested why the removal

or reduction of this duty should be included in a revision of our tariff laws.

In speaking of the increased cost to the consumer of our home manufactures, resulting from a duty laid upon imported articles of the same description, the fact is not overlooked that competition among our domestic producers sometimes has the effect of keeping the price of their products below the highest limit allowed by such duty. But it is notorious that this competition is too often strangled by combinations quite prevalent at this time, and frequently called trusts, which have for their object the regulation of the supply and price of commodities made and sold by members of the combination. The people can hardly hope for any consideration in the operation of these selfish schemes.

If, however, in the absence of such combination, a healthy, and free competition reduces the price of any particular dutiable article of home production below the limit which it might otherwise reach under our tariff laws, and if, with such reduced price, its manufacture continues to thrive, it is entirely evident that one thing has been discovered which should be carefully scrutinized in an effort to reduce taxation.

The necessity of combination to maintain the price of any commodity to the tariff point, furnishes proof that some one is willing to accept lower prices for such commodity, and that such prices are remunerative; and lower prices produced by competition prove the same thing. Thus where either of these conditions exist, a case would seem to be presented for an easy reduction of taxation.

The considerations which have been presented touching our tariff laws are intended only to enforce an earnest recommendation that the surplus revenues of the Government be prevented by the reduction of our customs duties, and at the same time to emphasize a suggestion that, in accomplishing this purpose, we may discharge a double duty to our people by granting to them a measure of relief from tariff taxation in quarters where it is most needed and from sources where it can be most fairly and justly accorded.

Nor can the presentation made of such considerations be, with any degree of fairness, regarded as evidence of unfriendliness toward our manufacturing interests, or of any lack of appreciation of their value and importance.

These interests constitute a leading and most substantial element of our national greatness and furnish the proud proof of our country's progress. But if in the emergency that presses upon us our manufacturers are asked to surrender something for the public good and to avert disaster, their patriotism, as well as a grateful recognition of advantages already afforded, should lead them to willing co-operation. No demand is made that they shall forego all the benefits of governmental regard; but they cannot fail to be admonished of their duty, as well as their enlightened self-interest and safety, when they are reminded of the fact that financial panic and collapse, to which the present condition tends, afford no greater shelter or protection to our manufactures than to our other important enterprises. Opportunity for safe, careful, and deliberate reform is now offered; and none of us should be unmindful of a time when an abused and irritated people, heedless of those who have resisted timely and reasonable belief, may insist upon a radical and sweeping rectification of their wrongs.

The difficulty attending a wise and fair revision of our tariff laws is not underestimated. It will require on the part of the Congress great labor and care, and especially a broad and national contemplation of the subject, and a patriotic disregard of such local and selfish claims as are unreasonable and reckless of the welfare of the entire country.

Under our present laws more than four thousand articles are subject to duty. Many of these do not in any way compete with our own manufactures, and many are hardly worth attention as subjects of revenue. A considerable reduction can be made in the aggregate, by adding them to the free list. The taxation of luxuries presents no features of hardship; but the necessaries of life used and consumed by all the people, the duty upon which adds

to the cost of living in every home, should be greatly cheapened.

The radical reduction of the duties imposed upon raw material used in manufactures, or its free importation, is of course an important factor in any effort to reduce the price of these necessaries; it would not only relieve them from the increased cost caused by the tariff on such material, but the manufactured product being thus cheapened, that part of the tariff now laid upon such product. as a compensation to our manufacturers for the present price of raw material could be accordingly modified. Such reduction, or free importation, would serve, besides, to largely reduce the revenue. It is not apparent how such a change can have any injurious effect upon our manufacturers. On the contrary, it would appear to give them a better chance in foreign markets with the manufacturers of other countries, who cheapen their wares by free material. Thus our people might have an opportunity of extending their sales beyond the limits of home consumption — saving them from the depression, interruption in business, and loss caused by a glutted domestic market, and affording their employees more certain and steady labor, with its resulting quiet and contentment.

The question thus imperatively presented for solution should be approached in a spirit higher than partisanship and considered in the light of that regard for patriotic duty which should characterize the action of those intrusted with the weal of a confiding people. But the obligation to declared party policy and principle is not wanting to urge prompt and effective action. Both of the great political parties now represented in the Government have, by repeated and authorative declarations, condemned the condition of our laws which permit the collection from the people of unnecessary revenue, and have, in the most solemn manner, promised its correction; and neither as citizens nor partisans are our countrymen in a mood to condone the deliberate violation of these pledges.

Our progress toward a wise conclusion will not be improved by dwelling upon the theories of protection and

free trade. This savors too much of bandying epithets. It is a *condition* which confronts us — not a theory. Relief from this condition may involve a slight reduction of the advantages which we award our home productions, but the entire withdrawal of such advantages should not be contemplated. The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant; and the persistent claim made in certain quarters, that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free-traders, is mischievous and far removed from any consideration for the public good.

The simple and plain duty which we owe the people is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government, and to restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the Treasury through the perversion of governmental powers. These things can and should be done with safety to all our industries, without danger to the opportunity for remunerative labor which our workingmen need, and with benefit to them and all our people, by cheapening their means of subsistence and increasing the measure of their comforts.

That the Democratic party remains true to its traditions and faithful to its allegiance to tariff reform is abundantly testified to by its present platform, the tariff plank of which is a clear declaration of fundamental party doctrine.

It is as follows:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic Party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered.

We denounce the McKinley Tariff Law, enacted by the Fifty-first Congress, as the culminating atrocity of class legislation; we indorse the efforts made by the Democrats

of the present Congress to modify its most oppressive features in the direction of free raw materials and cheaper manufactured goods that enter into general consumption; and we promise its repeal as one of the beneficent results that will follow the action of the people in intrusting power to the Democratic party. Since the McKinley tariff went into operation there have been ten reductions of the wages of laboring men to one increase. We deny that there has been any increase of prosperity to the country since that tariff went into operation, and we point to the dullness and distress, the wage reductions and strikes in the iron trade as the best possible evidence that no such prosperity has resulted from the McKinley Act. We call the attention of thoughtful Americans to the fact that after thirty years of restrictive taxes against the importation of foreign wealth, in exchange for our agricultural surplus, the homes and farms of the country have become burdened with a real estate mortgage debt of over $2,500,000,000, exclusive of all other forms of indebtedness; that in one of the chief agricultural States of the West there appears a real estate mortgage debt averaging $165 per capita of the total population; and that similar conditions and tendencies are shown to exist in other agricultural exporting States. We denounce a policy which fosters no industry so much as it does that of the sheriff."

The Democratic party has always maintained the principle that the power to impose and collect taxes in aid of any purely private enterprise is beyond the scope of legislation, and does not pass under free government, even with the general grant of legislative power. This doctrine has been upheld in a long series of decisions in the State and Federal Courts, when efforts have been made to use the taxing power in the States for other than public or revenue purposes.

The principle is the same when Congress undertakes to "impose and collect tariff duties," in aid of private enterprise or for the support of special industries.

The denial of the right of the Federal Government to "impose and collect" tariff duties for the sake of pro-

tection is merely saying in a different form of words, that under a government of equal rights there can be no class legislation. It is therefore but a restatement of the position taken by the party in previous platforms.

The fear expressed by the opponents of the party that the equilibrium of commerce, the stability of capital, and the interests dependent thereon, will be overthrown by reckless tinkering with the tariff, is shown to be without foundation by the record made by Mr. Cleveland's administration, and by the conservative stand taken by him and by other leaders of the party. In his first message to Congress, in 1885, are these words:

"Justice and fairness dictate that, in any modification of our present laws relating to revenue, the industries and interests which have been encouraged by such laws, and in which our citizens have large investments, should not be ruthlessly injured or destroyed."

Again, in his second annual message, is this statement:

"In readjusting the burdens of Federal taxation, a sound public policy requires that such of our citizens as have built up large and important industries under present conditions should not be suddenly, and to their injury, deprived of advantages to which they have adapted their business; but, if the public good requires it, they should be content with such consideration as shall deal fairly and cautiously with their interests, while the just demand of the people for relief from needless taxation is honestly answered.

"A reasonable and timely submission to such a demand should certainly be possible without disastrous shock to any interest; and a cheerful concession sometimes averts abrupt and heedless action, often the outgrowth of impatience and delayed justice."

Senator Hill has spoken for the Democratic party on this point as follows:

"The Democratic party proposes a revision of the tariff. It does not propose the destruction of the tariff, but it proposes simply a modification of it. Tariff revision is not tariff destruction. The majority of the Finance Committee of the Senate made a report. By

that report they say that they find that the revenues of the government are excessive. It seems to me that I heard something like that in President Cleveland's message last December. They say that the demand for a reduction of the tariff seems to be imperative. We have heard that before. Then they presented their bill. I am not here to discuss the wisdom of the details of that bill, but I am here to say in the light of these claims, in the light of these facts, in the light of the attitude of the Republicans in Congress and out of Congress, that the report of the majority of the Senate Committee, and the presentation of any bill whatever by them is a confession of judgment in favor of all the positions taken by President Cleveland and the Democratic party."

The fundamental doctrine then of the Democratic party is that the tariff has no logical or constitutional connection with any other purpose of the government than that of raising revenue only. As to the doctrine of protection it takes the position that "Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce and Navigation, the four pillars of our prosperity, are most thriving when left most free to individual enterprise." These were the words of Thomas Jefferson in his first annual message to Congress and the Democratic party does not swerve from that position to-day.— *Message to Congress 1887.*

CLIFFORD, WILLIAM KINGDON, an English mathematician; born at Exeter, May 4, 1845; died at Madeira, March 3, 1879. He studied at King's College, London, and was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1867. In 1871 he was appointed professor of Applied Mathematics at University College. His most important contributions to mathematical science include his memoir *On the Classification of*

Loci; his theory of *Biquaternions;* and his *Canonical Dissection of a Riemann's Surface.* He also wrote extensively on philosophical subjects. Among his works are *Elements of Dynamic* (1878); *Seeing and Thinking* (1879); *The Scientific Basis of Morals* (1879); *Common Sense of the Exact Sciences* (1885), completed by Karl Pearson. In 1879 appeared his *Lectures and Essays,* and in 1882 a collection of his *Mathematical Papers.*

RIGHT AND RESPONSIBILITY.

A like or a dislike is one thing; the expression of it is another. It is attached to the feeling by links of association; and when this association has been selectively modified by experience, whether consciously or unconsciously, the expression serves a purpose of retaining or repeating the thing liked, and of removing the thing disliked. Such a purpose is served by the expression of tribal approbation or disapprobation, however little it may be the conscious end of such expression to any individual. It is necessary to the tribe that the pious character should be encouraged and preserved, the impious character discouraged and removed. The process is of two kinds; direct and reflex. In the direct process the tribal dislike of the offender is precisely similar to the dislike of a noxious beast: and it expresses itself in his speedy removal. But in the reflex process we find the first trace of that singular and wonderful judgment by analogy which ascribes to other men a consciousness similar to our own. If the process were a conscious one, it might perhaps be described in this way: the tribal self says, "Put yourself in this man's place; he also is pious but he has offended and that proves that he is not pious enough. Still, he has some conscience, and the expression of your tribal dislike to his character, awakening his conscience, will tend to change him and make him more pious." But the process is not a conscious one; the social craft or art of living

together is learned by the tribe and not by the individual, and the purpose of improving men's characters is provided for by complex social arrangements long before it had been conceived by any conscious mind. The tribal self learns to approve certain expressions of tribal liking or disliking; the actions whose open approval is liked by the tribal self are called right actions, and those whose open disapproval is liked are called wrong actions. The corresponding characters are called good or bad, virtuous or vicious.

This introduces a further complication into the conscious. Self-judgment in the name of the tribe becomes associated with very definite and material judgment by the tribe itself. On the other hand, this undoubtedly strengthens the motive power of conscience in an enormous degree. On the other hand it tends to guide the decisions of conscience: and since the expression of public approval or disapproval is made in general by means of some organized machinery of government, it becomes possible for conscience to be knowingly directed by the wise or misdirected by the wicked, instead of being driven along the right path by the slow selective process of experience. Now right actions are not those which are publicly approved, but those whose public approbation a well-instructed tribal self would like. Still, it is impossible to avoid the guiding influence of expressed approbation on the great mass of the people; and in those cases where the machinery of government is approximately a means of expressing the true public conscience, that influence becomes a powerful help to improvement.

Let us note now the very important difference between the direct and the reflex process. To clear a man away as a noxious beast, and to punish him for doing wrong, these are two very different things. The purpose in the first case is merely to get rid of a nuisance; the purpose in the second case is to improve the character either of the man himself or of those who will observe this public expression of disapprobation. The offense of which the man has been guilty leads to an inference about his character, and it is supposed that the community may contain

other persons whose characters are similar to his, or tend to become so. It has been found that the expression of public disapprobation tends to awaken the conscience of such people and to improve their characters. If the improvement of the man himself is aimed at, it is assumed that he has a conscience that can be worked upon and made to deter him from similar offenses in future.

The word *purpose* has been used in a sense to which it is perhaps worth while to call attention. Adaptation of means to an end may be produced in two ways that we at present know of; by processes of natural selection, and by the agency of an intelligence in which an image or an idea of the end preceded the use of the means. In both cases the existence of the adaptation is accounted for by the necessity or utility of the end. It seems to me convenient to use the word *purpose* as meaning generally the end to which certain means are adapted, both in these two cases, and in any other that may hereafter become known, provided only that the adaptation is accounted for by the necessity or utility of the end. And there seems to be no objection to the use of the phrase "final cause" in this wider sense, if it is to be kept at all. The word "design" might then be kept for the special case of adaptation by an intelligence. And we may then say that since the process of natural selection has been understood, purpose has ceased to suggest design to instructed people, except in cases where the agency of man is independently probable.

When a man can be punished for doing wrong with approval of the tribal self, he is said to be responsible. Responsibility implies two things: (1) The act was a product of the man's character and of the circumstances, and his character may to a certain extent be inferred from the act. (2) The man has a conscience which may have been so worked upon as to prevent his doing the act. Unless the first condition be fulfilled we cannot reasonably take any action at all in regard to the man, but only in regard to the offense. In the case of crimes of violence for example, we might carry a six-shooter to protect ourselves against similar possibilities, but unless the fact of

a man's having once committed murder made it probable that he would do the like again, it would clearly be absurd and unreasonable to lynch the man. That is to say, we assume no uniformity between character and actions, infer a man's character from his past actions, and endeavor to provide against his future actions by destroying him or changing his character. I think that it will be found that in all these cases where we not only deal with the offense but treat it with moral reprobation, we imply the existence of a conscience which might have been worked upon to improve the character. Why, for example, do we not regard a lunatic as responsible? Because we are in possession of information about his character derived not only from his one offense, but from other facts, whereby we know that even if he had a conscience left his mind is so diseased that it is impossible by moral reprobation alone to change his character so that it may be subsequently relied upon. With his cure from disease and the restored validity of this condition, responsibility returns. There are, of course, cases in which an irresponsible person is punished as if he were responsible, *pour encourager les autres* who are responsible. The question of the right or wrong of this procedure is the question of its average effect on the character of men at any particular time.— *The Scientific Basis of Morals.*

CLODD, EDWARD, an English essayist and biographer; born at Margate, Kent, July 1, 1840. He entered a mercantile career in 1860, and in 1872 became secretary of the London Joint Stock Bank. He has published *The Childhood of the World* (1872); *The Childhood of Religions* (1875); *Jesus of Nazareth* (1880); *Myths and Dreams* (1885); *The Story of Creation* (1888); *The Story of*

Primitive Man (1889); *A Primer of Evolution* (1895) *Pioneers of Evolution* (1897); *Grant Allen* (1900); *Story of the Alphabet* (1900); *Thomas Henry Huxley* (1902).

MAN'S FIRST TOOLS.

One of the first things which man needed was therefore some sharp-edged tool, which must of course be harder than the thing he wanted to cut. He knew nothing of the metals, although some of them, not the hardest, lay near the surface, and he therefore made use of the stones lying about. Men of science (that is, men who know, because "science" comes from a word meaning to know) have given the name "Age of Stone" to that far-off time when stone and such things as bone, wood, and horn, were made into various kinds of tools. Flints were very much used, because, by a hard blow, flakes like the blade of a knife could be broken off them. Other flints were shaped to a point, or into rough sorts of hammers, by chipping with a rounded pebble, or other stone. Many of them are in form like an almond, having a cutting edge all round. Their sizes differ, some being six inches long and three inches wide, while others are rather larger.

These oldest stone weapons, unsharpened by grinding and unpolished, have been chiefly found in places known as the "drift"; that is, buried underneath the gravel, and clay and stones which have been drifted or carried down by the rivers in their ceaseless flow.

In these early days of man's history huge wild animals shared Europe with him. There were mammoths, or woolly-haired elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses; there were cave-lions, cave-bears, cave-hyænas, and other beasts of much larger size than are found in the world at this day.

That they lived at the same time that man did is certain, because under layers of earth their bones have been found side by side with his, and the weapons which he made.

Year after year man learnt to shape his tools and weapons better, until really well-formed spear-heads, daggers, hatchets, hammers and other implements were made, and at a far later date he had learnt the art of polishing them. Remember that first in what is called the "Old Stone Age" men learnt to chip stones, and afterwards, in what is called the "Newer Stone Age," to grind and polish them.

The better-shaped tools and weapons have been chiefly found in caves, which, as books about the earth will tell you, were hollowed out by water ages before any living thing dwelt here. These caves were used by men not only to live in, but also to bury their dead in; and from the different remains found in and near them, it is thought that feasts were held when the burials took place, and that food and weapons were put with the dead because their friends thought that such things were needed by them as they traveled the long journey to another world. I should tell you that but very few bones of primitive man have been found and this is not to be wondered at when we remember how much more lasting is the work of man than are his remains, and also that from an early period the burning of dead bodies was common.

The great help to man of the weapons I have described to you against the attacks of wild animals is easily understood, for with them he was not only able to defend himself and his family, but to kill the huge creatures, and thus get food for the mouths that were always increasing in number. That he did kill and eat them, and clothe himself in their skins and make their jawbones into strong weapons, is certain.

It is surprising to think how many things the first man had to do with the stones they roughly shaped. They cut down trees, and perhaps by the aid of fire scooped them out to make canoes, for it was plain to them that wood floated on the water; they killed their food, cut it up, broke the bones to suck out the marrow; cracked sea-shells to get out the fish inside of them, besides doing many other things with what would seem to us blunt and clumsy tools.

While we are talking about this stone age I should tell you that there are found in different parts of the world stone ruins of very great age and various sizes, some built of stone pillars covered with a flat stone for a roof, others built to a point like the great pyramids of Egypt.

These, like the caves, were used to bury the dead in, but sometimes were built to mark the place where some great deed was done, or where something very wonderful had happened. The piling together of stones was an easy and lasting way of keeping such things fresh in men's minds, just as we erect statues in honor of our great men, or build something in memory of their acts of bravery, nobleness or love. When built as tombs for the dead, their size depended upon the rank of the person to be laid within them. The circles of standing stones — like that at Stonehenge — are thought to have been built for worship of some kind.

You have learnt, then, that during the time when weapons and tools of stone were made men lived a wild, roaming life, eating roots, berries, and fruits, and, in a raw state, the flesh of such animals as they killed, and, sad to say, some of them eating the flesh of their fellow-man; clothing themselves, little or much as they needed, in the skins of animals, which they sewed together with bone needles, using the sinews for thread.

MAN'S FIRST QUESTIONS.

It was not long before man had risen from his first low state, and the chief wants of his body were supplied, that he would begin to act the man still more by thinking and then he would hear some voice within, telling him that eating and drinking were not the chief ends for which life had been given him.

He saw around him the world with its great silent hills and green valleys; its rugged ridges of purple tinted mountains, and miles of barren flat; its trees and fragrant flowers, the graceful forms of man, the soaring bird, the swift deer and kingly lion; the big, ungainly-shaped mam-

moth, long since died out; the wide scene, beaming with colors which came forth at the bidding touch of the sunlight, or bathed in the shadows cast by passing clouds; he saw the sun rise and travel to the west, carrying the light away; the moon at regular times growing from sickle-shaped to full round orb; then each night the stars, few or many, bursting out like sparks struck off the wheels of the Sun-God's chariot, or like the glittering sprays of water cast by a ship as she plows the sea.

His ears listened to the different sounds of Nature: the music of the flowing river; the roar of the never silent sea; the rustle of the leaves as they were swept by the unseen fingers of the breeze; the patter of the rain as it dropped from the great black clouds; the rumble of the thunder, as it followed the spear-like flashes of light sent from the rolling clouds: these and a hundred other sounds, now harsh, now sweet, made him ask — What does it mean? Where and what am I? Whence came I? whence came all that I see and hear and touch?

Man's first feeling was that of simple wonder; his second feeling the wish to find out the cause of things, what it was that made them as they were.

All around him was Nature (by which is meant, that which brings forth), great, mighty, beautiful; was it not all alive, for did it not all move?

In thinking how man would seek to get at the cause of what he saw, we must not suppose that he could reason as we do. But although he could not shape his thoughts into polished speech, common sense stood by to help him.

He knew that he himself moved or stood still as he chose, that his choice was ruled by certain reasons, and that only when he willed to do anything it was done. Something within governed all that he did. Nature was not still; the river flowed, the clouds drifted, the leaves trembled, the earth shook; sun, moon and stars stayed not; these then must be moved by something within them.

Thus began the belief in spirits dwelling in everything — in sun, tree, waterfall, flame, beast, bird and serpent.— *The Childhood of the World.*

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, an English poet; born at Liverpool, June 1, 1819; died at Florence, Italy, November 13, 1861. He was the son of a merchant who removed to America, and settled in Charleston, S. C., in 1823. When nine years old he was sent to England, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. In 1843 he became a tutor in Oriel College. Between 1849 and 1852 he was professor of English Literature in University College, London. After a visit to America in 1852, he was appointed examiner in the Education Office of the Privy Council. While travelling in Italy he died suddenly of a fever. His longest poem is *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (1848), which he describes as a long vacation pastoral, and which had many admirers. He also wrote *Dipsychus,* a dramatic poem, *Mari Magno,* a collection of tales in verse told at sea, *Amours de Voyage,* and numerous miscellaneous poems, and revised Dryden's translation of *Plutarch's Lives.* In conjunction with Thomas Burbidge, he produced *Ambarvalia* in 1849.

In a criticism of *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* a writer in *The Spectator* places it in the same class as Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea,* claiming for it equal vigor and breadth of imagination, while admitting a slight coloring of unhealthy sentiment.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man, Adam.
"When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,
Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward

Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do the best service?
There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions;
Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations."
This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip:
"I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly;
Children of Circumstance are we to be? you answer, On no wise!
Where does Circumstance end, and Providence, where begins it?
What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with?
If there is battle, 'tis battle by night, I stand in the darkness,
Here in the mêlée of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,
Signal and pass-word known; which is friend and which is foeman?
Is it a friend? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.
Still you are right, I suppose; you always are, and will be;
Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.
Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle?
Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us,
King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle!
Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake, do not stir thee!'"

—*Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.*

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness to,
Through winds and tides one compass guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare —
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

A RIVER POOL.

Sweet streamlet basin! at thy side
Weary and faint within me cried
My longing heart — In such pure deep
How sweet it were to sit and sleep;
To feel each passage from without
Close up — above me and about,
Those circling waters crystal clear,
That calm, impervious atmosphere!
There on thy pearly pavement pure,
To lean, and feel myself secure,
Or through the dim-lit interspace,
Afar at whiles upgazing trace
The dimpling bubbles dance around
Upon thy smooth exterior face;
Or idly list the dreamy sound
Of ripples lightly flung, above
That home, of peace, if not of love.

SOME FUTURE DAY.

Some future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again — we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,

Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed — ye winds and waters say! —
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know
What shall we guess of thee!

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,
And be above us still.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O only Source of all our light and life,
  Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal strife
  Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before thee inly brought,
  Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
  My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropped, if then this earthly mind
  Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart—
Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind
  Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well assured 'tis but profanely bold
  In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
  In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive
  In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live
  Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
  Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
  In recognition — start.

But as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
  The beatific supersensual sight;
So, with Thy blessing blessed, that humbler prayer
  Approach Thee morn and night.

COBBE, FRANCES POWER, a British essayist; born at Dublin, Ireland, December 4, 1822; died at London, April 5, 1904. She was a descendant of Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin. Left early in life to the bent of her own inclinations in selecting her reading, she soon became very fond of the materialistic writings of Percy Bysshe Shelley. She spent much time in meditation, and soon her mind became a prey to universal doubt. She arrived at the conclusion that, although she knew nothing of God or any law beyond her own soul, she would at least be true to that and merit the approbation of her own conscience. The sense that such an effort must be pleasing to the Creator who gave her that inner law inspired a renewed faith in God, and she thus logically became a theist. Meeting with the writings of Theodore Parker, she became an ardent disciple of that divine. The death of her mother having brought vividly to her mind the problem of future life, she wrote to Mr. Parker asking why he believed in immortality. His *Sermon on Immortal Life* was his reply. She afterward edited a twelve-volume edition of Dr. Parker's works, which has been pronounced the best interpretation of that great American rationalistic divine.

Besides contributing to many periodicals, she is the author of the following works: *Intuitive Morals* (1855); *The Workhouse as a Hospital,* and *Friendless Girls and How to Help Them* (1861); *Female Education* (1862); *Thanksgiving; The Red Flag in John Bull's Eyes;* and *Essays on the Pursuits of Women* (1863); *Broken Lights; The Cities of the Past; Re-*

ligious Duty; and *Italics: Brief, Notes of Politics, People, and Places in Italy* (1864); *Studies New and Old of Ethical and Social Subjects* (1865); *Hours of Work and Play,* and *Confessions of a Lost Dog* (1867); *Dawning Lights* (1868); *Criminals, Idiots, Women, and Minors: Is the Classification Sound?* (1869); *Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays* (1872); *The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here; Essays on Life and Death; The Evolution of the Social Sentiment;* and *Doomed to be Saved* (1874); *The Moral Aspects of Vivisection* (1875); *False Beasts and True* (1876); *Why Women Desire the Franchise* (1877); *The Duties of Women* (1881); *The Peak in Darien, an Octave of Essays* (1882); *The Scientific Spirit of the Age* (1888); and an *Autobiography* (1891).

THE VALUE OF A TRUE RELIGIOUS FAITH.

Religious errors imbibed in youth are like those constitutional maladies which may lie latent for years and perhaps never produce acute evil of any kind, but which also may at any time burst into painful and sharp disease. Human nature possesses sometimes such a tendency to all things healthy, bright, and beautiful, that the most gloomy creeds fail to depress its natural buoyancy of hope and trustfulness, and the most immoral ones to soil its purity. We all know, and rejoice to know, many men, many more women, who are among the excellent of the earth, but who, if they did but succeed (as they profess to aim to do) in likening themselves to the Deity they have imagined, would needs be transformed from the most gentle and pitiful to the most cruel and relentless. The non-operative dogmas in such creeds as theirs would terrify them could they but recognize them. But because of these blessed inconsistencies, numerous as they are, we must not sup-

pose that such seeds of unmeasured evil as religious falsehoods are always, or even oftenest, innoxious. Like the man with hereditary disease, the mischief may long lie unperceived, while the course of his life does not tend to bring it into action. But an accident of most trivial kind, a blow to body or mind, a change of climate or of habits, may suddenly develop what has been hidden so long, and the man may sink under a calamity which with healthier constitution he would have surmounted in safety.

On the other hand, no words can adequately describe the value of a religious faith which supplies the soul, I will not say with absolute and final truth, but with such measure of truth as is its sufficient bread of life, its pure and healthful sustenance. We may not always see that this is so. An error may lie long innoxious, so truth may remain latent in the mind, and, as it would seem, useless and unprofitable. He who has been blessed with the priceless boon may go his way, and the "cares of the world and deceitfulness of riches," the thousand joys and sorrows, pursuits and interests, faults and follies of life, may carry him on year after year heeding but little the treasure he carries in his breast. Yet, even in his worst hours, that truth is a talisman to ennoble what might else be wholly base, to warm what might be all selfish, to purify and to cheer by half-understood influence over all thoughts and feelings. But it is in the supreme moments of life, the hours of agony or danger or temptation to moral sin, the hours when it is given to us either to step down into a gulf whose bottom we may not find before the grave, or to spring back out of falsehood or bitterness or self-indulgence upon the higher level of truth and love and holiness — it is in *these* hours that true religious faith shows itself as the power of God unto salvation. *With* it there is nothing man may not bear and do. Without it, he is in danger immeasurable. With a false creed — a creed false to the instincts of the soul, incapable of supplying its needs of reverence and love, such as they have been constituted by the Creator — a man's joys may cover the whole surface of

his life; but underneath there is a cold, dark abyss of doubt and fear. He passes hastily on in the bright sunshine, but under his feet he knows the ice may at any time give way and crash beneath him. Happiness is to him the exception in the world of existence. The rule is sorrow and pain — endless sorrow — eternal pain. But he whose creed tells him of a God whom he can wholly love, entirely trust, even though his outward life may be full of gloom and toil, has forever the consciousness of a great, deep joy underlying all care and grief — a joy he pauses not always to contemplate, but which he knows is there, waiting for him whenever he turns to it; and his sorrows and all the sorrows of the world are in his sight but passing shadows which shall give place at last to everlasting bliss. His plot of earth may be barren and flowerless, and he may till it often in weariness and pain, but he would not exchange it for a paradise; for within it there is the well of water springing up into everlasting life.— *Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays.*

COBBETT, WILLIAM, an English politician and historian; born at Farnham, Surrey, March 9, 1762; died near Farnham, June 18, 1835. His father farmed a few acres of land, upon which the son worked until the age of sixteen. He then went to London, where he found employment as a copying clerk in an attorney's office. In 1784 he enlisted as a soldier, his regiment being next year ordered to St. John's, N. B. He remained there until 1791, having risen to the rank of sergeant-major, when he was honorably discharged. The next year he went to Wilmington, Del., where he taught English

to French emigrants, Talleyrand being one of his pupils. In 1796 he established himself at Philadelphia as a bookseller, and publisher of his own writings, which at this time were extremely virulent, being directed against a great variety of individuals. He was several times prosecuted; and for one libel he was in 1799 fined $5,000. He returned to England the following year, and set up a newspaper which he called *The Porcupine Gazette,* which was succeeded soon after by *The Weekly Political Register,* in which, in 1803, he published an article saying that the appointment of the Earl of Hardwicke as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was "like setting the surgeon's apprentice to bleed the pauper patients;" for this he was fined £500, and immediately after he was mulcted in a like sum in another suit commenced by Plunkett, the Solicitor-General for Ireland. In 1809 Cobbett became involved in a still more serious difficulty. He had commented bitterly upon the flogging of some mutinous militia, because their mutiny had been suppressed, and their flogging inflicted by the aid of a body of German troops. For this he was sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, and to be imprisoned for two years. He seems to have fared sumptuously in prison, receiving every week a hamper of delicacies from his farm at Botley. He continued while in prison to edit *The Register* with as much vigor as though he was not shut up. Upon his release he was honored with a public dinner, presided over by Sir Francis Burdett.

During the preceding and a few following years, Cobbett contracted heavy debts, in consequence of which, in 1817, he went again to the United States. Here he continued to have his *Register* printed, and

regularly forwarded to England. At this time he wrote his *English Grammar,* of which 10,000 copies were sold within a month after its publication. He returned to England after two years, taking with him some of the bones of Thomas Paine, for whom he proposed a kind of canonization. Cobbett's great desire now was to obtain a seat in Parliament. In this he was not successful until 1830, when he was returned for Oldham. He was again returned in 1834, a few months before his death.

Cobbett's works are exceedingly voluminous. Not less than one hundred volumes of his political essays were published from time to time, and an abridgment of these in nine volumes, by his sons, appeared in 1842–48. The following are the titles of a few of his other works: *An Account of the Horrors of the French Revolution; A Year's Residence in the United States; Cottage Economy; Village Sermons; An English Grammar; A French Grammar; History of the Regency and Reign of George IV.; History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland; Legacy to Parsons; Life of Andrew Jackson; Advice to Young Men and Women; A Roman History;* and *Cobbett's Corn.* Scattered through his works are frequent passages which one would hardly expect to come from so truculent a controversialist. As these:

ON FIELD SPORTS.

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime because they produce early rising; because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous

habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler or a drinker; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than to that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration; for though great talents are wonted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives; the surrounding subjects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

LATE RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words "large" and "small" are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges — even the parks and woods — seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called "rivers." The Thames was but a "creek."

But when in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham — the place of my birth — what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called "Hungry Hill," and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood, for I had learned before of the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the

town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It seemed as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big and four or five times as high.

The post-boy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a minute longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress: what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment — less than a month after my arrival in England — I resolved never to bend before them.

COBDEN, RICHARD, an English economist and statesman; born at Dunford, Sussex, June 3, 1804; died at London, April 2, 1865. His early educational opportunities were limited, but his thirst for knowledge and his industry in self-cultivation were extraordinary. At about the age of sixteen he took employment in mercantile business in London with a firm in which his uncle was partner. In 1830 he entered a partnership which acquired a calico-printing business at Sabden, and which soon had an establishment for its sales at London, and another at Manchester, of which city Cobden from that time became a resident. The business rapidly became very profitable; but Cobden's tastes and convictions impelled him to quit it for the career of an agitator for the reform of what he deemed economical and commercial heresies. He visited the United States in 1835; and after a tour in Europe and in Egypt in 1836–37 he became active in local and general political discussions. About this time began his close association of a quarter of a century with John Bright in the advocacy of some political and economic principles then strange to British thought. In 1837 he was defeated as candidate for Parliament from Stockport, but was elected in 1841. Cobden was the animating genius of the Anti-corn-law League, which for seven years, till the final triumph of free-trade in 1846, agitated for abolition of the protective duties on grain imports, and against the principle of protection as at once ethically unjust and particularly unprofitable. His energy as organizer, writer, and orator in this warfare was tireless. It is universally conceded that

RICHARD COBDEN.

the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846 was due more to him than to any other man.

In view of his sacrifice of business and health to his cherished reform, there was gathered from all quarters a subscription for a public testimonial to him amounting to £80,000. In 1847 he was chosen to Parliament from the West Riding of Yorkshire — declining about this time Lord John Russell's invitation to enter his cabinet. The same year he visited the chief capitals of Europe as an advocate of free-trade. In 1857 he illustrated another of his chief principles by leading the opposition in Parliament to Lord Palmerston's policy of military coercion in China, and succeeded in carrying a motion condemning it; but the result was his own defeat at the next election for Parliament. The British people were not then favorable to the peace with either China or Russia which Cobden earnestly advocated. In 1859 he again visited the United States; and the same year he was returned to Parliament. Palmerston, seeing reason to conciliate this strong opponent, offered him a seat in his cabinet; but Cobden, always uncompromising, declined on the ground that he could in nowise agree to Palmerston's foreign policy with its military pressure and menace. In 1860 he visited France and succeeded in bringing that empire into a commercial treaty with Great Britain on the basis of free-trade. This treaty, however, France declined to renew when its ten years' term had expired.

Cobden, whose mind was as straightforward as his purpose was sincere, seems to have been incapable of thinking or feeling except in straight logical lines. He framed his free-trade dogma into a large and self-

consistent platform of economics and politics. He advocated removal of all restrictions on commerce among nations; he opposed great armaments, military or naval; he denounced war and the threat of war, declaring war justifiable on only the rarest occasions. He favored systematic arbitration of all international disputes. At the time of the war of secession in the United States, he was one of the few men prominent in Great Britain that favored the Union and protested against British furtherance of privateers that in the interest of a pro-slavery rebellion were destroying American commerce; this gives his name a place in the grateful remembrance of the citizens of this country.

As a writer, reasoner, and orator, he had unusual gifts. Even those who must dissent from his conclusions and refuse his logic, concede the instinctive skill with which he marshals his arguments and his facts, and the force of his direct and unadorned diction.

FREE TRADE INCOMPATIBLE WITH BLOCKADES.

Speaking abstractedly, and not in reference to the present blockade — for we are precluded from pleading our sufferings as a ground of grievance against a people whose proposals for the mitigation of the barbarous maritime code we have rejected — I do not hesitate to denounce, as opposed to the principles of natural justice, a system of warfare which inflicts greater injuries on an unoffending neutral community than on a belligerent. And, however sincere the governments of the great maritime powers may be, during a period of general peace, in their professions of adhesion to this system, should any of them as neutrals be subjected to severe sufferings from the maintenance of a blockade, the irritation and sense of injustice which it will occasion to

great masses of population, coupled with the consciousness that it is an evil remediable by an appeal to force, will always present a most dangerous incentive to war. Certain I am that such a system is incompatible with the new commercial policy to which we have unreservedly committed ourselves. Free trade, in the widest definition of the term, means only the division of labor, by which the productive powers of the whole earth are brought into mutual co-operation. If this scheme of universal dependence is to be liable to sudden dislocation, whenever two governments choose to go to war, it converts a manufacturing industry, such as ours, into a lottery, in which the lives and fortunes of multitudes of men are at stake. I do not comprehend how any British statesman who consults the interests of his country, and understands the revolution which free-trade is effecting in the relations of the world, can advocate the maintenance of commercial blockades. If I shared their view, I should shrink from promoting the infinite growth of a population whose means of subsistence would be liable to be cut off at any moment by a belligerent power, against whom we should have no right of resistance, or even of complaint.

It must be in mere irony that the advocates of such a policy as this ask — of what use would our navy be in case of war if commercial blockades were abolished? Surely, (for a nation that has no access to the rest of the world but by sea, and a large part of whose population is dependent for food on foreign countries, the chief use of a navy should be to keep open its communications, not to close them! — *Political Writings.*

NON-INTERVENTION IN FOREIGN WARS.

Our object, however, in vindicating Russia from the attacks of prejudice and ignorance, has not been to transfer the national hatred to Turkey, but to neutralize public feeling, by showing that our only wise policy — nay, the only course consistent with the instinct of self-preservation — is to hold ourselves altogether independent of and aloof from the political relations of both these

remote and comparatively barbarous nations. England, with her insular territory, her consolidated and free institutions, and her civilized and artificial condition of society, ought not to be, and cannot be, dependent for safety or prosperity upon the conduct of Russia or Turkey; and she will not, provided wisdom governs her counsels, enter into any engagements so obviously to the disadvantage of her people, as to place the peace and happiness of this empire at the mercy of the violence or wickedness of two despotic rulers over savage tribes more than a thousand miles distant from our shores.

"While the Government of England takes 'peace' for its motto, it is idle to think of supporting Turkey," says one of the most influential and active *agitators* in favor of the policy of going to war with Russia. In the name of every artisan in the kingdom, to whom war would bring the tidings, once more, of suffering and despair; in behalf of the peasantry of these islands, to whom the first cannon would sound the knell of privation and death; on the part of the capitalists, merchants, manufacturers, and traders, who can reap no other fruits from hostilities but bankruptcy and ruin; in a word, for the sake of the vital interests of these and all other classes of the community, we solemnly protest against Great Britain being plunged into war with Russia, or any other country, in defence of Turkey — a war which, whilst it would inflict disasters upon every portion of the community, could not bestow a permanent benefit upon any class of it; and one upon our success in which, no part of the civilized world would have cause to rejoice. Having the *interests* of all orders of society to support our argument in favor of peace, we need not dread war. *These,* and not the piques of diplomatists, the whims of crowned heads, the intrigues of ambassadresses, or schoolboy rhetoric upon the balance of power, will henceforth determine the foreign policy of our government. That policy will be based upon the *bona fide* principle (not Lord Palmerston's principle) of *non-intervention in the political affairs of other nations;* and from the moment this maxim becomes the loadstar by which our

government shall steer the vessel of the state — from that moment the good old ship Britannia will float triumphantly in smooth and deep water, and the rocks, shoals, and hurricanes of foreign war are escaped forever.— *Political Writings.*

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

Washington (who could remember when the national debt of England was under fifty-five millions; who saw it augmented, by the Austrian War of Succession, to seventy-eight millions; and again increased, by the seven years' war, to one hundred and forty-six millions; and who lived to behold the first-fruits of the French revolutionary wars, with probably a presentiment of the harvest of debt and oppression that was to follow — whose paternal eye looked abroad only with the patriotic hope of finding, in the conduct of other nations, example or warning for the instruction of his countrymen) seeing the chimerical objects for which England, *although an island,* plunged into the contentions of the Continent, with no other result to her suffering people but an enduring and increasing debt — bequeathed, as a legacy to his fellow-citizens, the injunction, that they should never be tempted, by any inducements or provocations, to become parties to the States' system of Europe. And faithfully, zealously, and happily has that testament been obeyed! Down even to our day, the feeling and conviction of the people, and consequently of the Government and the authors of the United States, have constantly increased in favor of a policy from which so much wealth, prosperity, and moral greatness have sprung. America, for fifty years at peace, with the exception of two years of defensive war, is a spectacle of the beneficent effects of that policy which may be comprised in the maxim — As little intercourse as possible betwixt the *Governments,* as much connection as possible between the *nations,* of the world. And when England (*without being a republic*) shall be governed upon the same principles of regard for the interests of the people, and a like common-sense view of the advantages

of its position, we shall adopt a similar motto for our policy; and then we shall hear no more mention of that costly chimera, the balance of power. — *Political Writings.*

ORDINATION OF JUDSON AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

On the 6th of February, 1812, the five missionary brethren, being assembled at Salem, were solemnly ordained, and set apart to the work of preaching the gospel to the heathen. In expectation of the immediate sailing of The Caravan, Mr. Judson had, on the third of that month, taken a final leave of his parents, and the beloved Plymouth home, and, on the 5th, had been united in marriage with Miss Hasseltine.

The ordination of these young men excited the liveliest interest, not in Salem alone, but in the whole vicinity. On the appointed day, throngs from all the neighboring places mingled, at an early hour, with the streams which poured from every quarter of the town toward the Tabernacle Church. Many, doubtless, were brought thither merely by curiosity, to witness so novel a spectacle; and many, whose hearts thrilled and whose eyes overflowed with Christian sympathy at the affecting scene, as yet doubted the wisdom of the undertaking, and trembled for the issue. The services of the day were most happily adapted to strengthen the faith of such, as well as to convince the mere curious spectator of the divine reality of a religion which could produce practical results like these. Even to worldly men, it must have been a scene of moral sublimity, when these five noble youths kneeled to receive, "by the laying on of hands," the solemn consecration to their work of self-denying love; and not less so, when they stood, each with a hand clasped by that of a father in the ministry, and received, through the lips of Dr. Worcester, the eloquent expression of fellowship as preachers and missionaries of the cross. "The irrepressible sighing and weeping," which rose at times over the silence of the house, attested how deeply the heart of that vast assemblage was moved. It was, indeed, a day long to be remembered; — an epoch

day in the history of American missions. Through its influence, a new impulse was given to the missionary spirit in the churches; and the sentiment, so beautifully expressed by Dr. Spring, in his charge, became more and more the feeling of the Christian public: "No enterprise comparable to this has been embraced by the American Church. All others retire before it, like the stars before the rising sun."—*The Earnest Man: Life of Adoniram Judson.*

COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON, an American novelist and journalist; born at Boscawen, N. H., July 26, 1823; died at Brookline, Mass., March 2, 1896. Until he was twenty-one years of age, he lived upon his father's farm, and endeavored to make up for lack of educational advantages by studying at night. He studied civil engineering, but finally entered journalism. In 1851 he began writing for the Boston press. During the Civil War he was a correspondent for The Boston *Journal,* and was a spectator of many battles. In 1866 he was sent to Europe as war correspondent for the same paper. At the close of the war he travelled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, returning home across the continent by way of San Francisco. Among his works are *Days and Nights on the Battle Field* (1864); *Following the Flag* (1863); *Winning His Way* (1864); *Four Years of Fighting* (1866); *Caleb Krinkle* (1875); *The Story of Liberty* (1878); *Old Times in the Colonies* (1881); *The Boys of '76* (1882); *The Boys of '61* (1882); *Life of Garfield* (1883); *Building the Nation* (1883); *Abraham Lincoln* (1884); *Our New*

Way Round the World (1885); *The Drum Beat of the Nation* (1887); *Marching to Victory* (1888); and *Freedom Triumphant* (1891).

"THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."

The people of Concord know nothing of the slaughter at Lexington. Fifty or more minute-men have gathered under Major Buttrick, ready to defend their homes and fight for their rights, if need be. Oh, if they only knew what had been done at Lexington! But no word has reached them. What can fifty farmers do against eight hundred disciplined troops? Not much. They have succeeded in secreting most of the cannon and nearly all of the powder, and some other things. They have done what they could. The flag that waves above them is not so gorgeous as the banner of the King; it is only a piece of cloth with a pine-tree painted upon it, but brave men are marshalled around it. The minister of Concord, Rev. Mr. Emerson, is there, with his gun on his shoulder.

"Let us stand our ground," he says.

"We are too few; we had better retreat to the other side of the river," says Major Buttrick. He is no coward, but is cool-headed, and gives wise counsel. The minute-men march up the street, cross the bridge, and come to a halt by Mr. Hunt's house.

The British troops halt in the road by the meeting-house. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn dismount, leave their horses, go into the burial ground, and with a spy-glass look across the river to see what the minute-men are doing. Some of the troops — about two hundred — cross the river to Colonel Barrett's, and set the gun-carriages on fire. Other squads are sent to search the houses and barns of the people. They find a barrel of musket-balls and throw them into a well, break off the trunnions of the cannon which the people had not time to bury, and stave in the heads of fifty barrels of flour. The troops have marched all night, are weary,

hungry, and thirsty. They call for breakfast, which the people give them — bread and milk, or bacon and eggs.

The minute-men are all west of the river. From the west come men from Acton, the next town, under Captain Isaac Davis. He has kissed his wife Hannah good-by, saying to her, "Take good care of the children, Hannah," and here he is, wiping the sweat from his brow, for he and his men have come upon the run. The Sudbury men are coming from the south, and the Bedford men from the west. They meet near the north bridge, in front of Major Buttrick's house. They can see smoke ascending from the town and from Colonel Barrett's, where the gun-carriages are burning, but think that the British have applied the torch to their houses. The party of British which have been to Colonel Barrett's house have returned to the bridge, and are taking up the planks.

"They are burning the town. Shall we stand here and permit it?" says Adjutant Hosmer.

"Let us march and defend our houses. I haven't a man that is afraid to go," says Major Buttrick.

"Neither have I. Let us go," says Captain Davis.

They are five hundred now, Colonel Barrett is commander. "File right; march to the bridge. Don't fire unless you are fired upon," is his order.

John Buttrick and Luther Blanchard, fifers, strike up the "White Cockade," the drums beat, and the men move on in double files, Captain Davis and the Acton men leading; the Sudbury, Concord, Lincoln, and Bedford men following. The British one hundred and fifty, are on the east side, and the Americans on the west side, of the river. They are not ten rods apart. A British soldier raises his gun. There is a flash, and the fifer, Luther Blanchard, feels a prick in his side. A dozen British fire. Captain Davis leaps into the air and falls with a ball through his heart. Nevermore will Hannah, the beloved wife minding the children at home, feel the lips of the brave man upon her cheek. Abner Hosmer also falls dead.

"Fire! for God's sake, fire!" Major Buttrick shouts

it. He raises his gun, takes quick aim, and fires the shot which Rev. Mr. Emerson's grandson says "is heard around the world."

Captain Brown is a Christian. He never swore an oath in his life, but his blood is up, and he utters a curse —"God damn them, they are firing balls! Fire, fire!" he shouts, takes aim, and a British soldier falls, the first in the affray. "Fire! fire! fire!"

The shout runs along the line. Two or more of the British fall killed or wounded and the others flee toward the village. "The war has begun; and no one knows when it will end," says Noah Parkhurst, one of the Lincoln men.— *The Boys of '76.*

COKE, SIR EDWARD, an English jurist; born at Mileham, Norfolk, February 1, 1552, died at Stoke Poges, September 3, 1634. He was of a good family, his father having been a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He was educated at the Norwich Grammar School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He studied law at the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar in 1578. He very soon acquired a large practice and rose rapidly from one high office to another. In 1592 he was made Solicitor-General, and in 1593 was returned as a member of Parliament from of the House of Commons. In 1594 he was appointed Attorney-General, though Lord Bacon was his rival for the office, and was strongly supported by the Earl of Essex. He was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1606, Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Privy-councillor in 1613, and High Steward of the University of Cambridge in 1614. In 1616 he was

removed from the office of Chief Justice because of some offence he had given the King, and in 1622 was imprisoned in the Tower for several months because of his opposition to the court party, and was released only upon conditions as to the limits within which he should live. But this seems not to have prevented his again entering public life, for in 1624 he sat in Parliament for Coventry, and in 1625 for Norfolk. In 1628 he was returned to Parliament both for Buckinghamshire and for Suffolk, but as he resided in Buckinghamshire he decided to sit for that county.

The first and mose celebrated of his *Institutes, Coke upon Littleton,* was published in 1628, and in 1832 had reached a nineteenth edition. The remaining three were published between 1628 and 1644. Eleven of the thirteen parts of his *Law Reports,* usually termed *The Reports,* were published between 1600 and 1615, the remaining parts not until after his death.

The last years of Coke's life were spent at Stoke Poges, but he was buried at Tittleshall in Norfolk, where there is an epitaph in English, reciting the principal events of his life, and one in Latin recording his genius and virtues. It has been said of Coke that he was a great lawyer, and a lover of justice, but too bitter and narrow-minded to be really a great man.

UPON HIS OWN WRITINGS.

Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the *Institutes,* we, often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics; for the one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but

he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intentive to that which he collecteth, without an expression of joy or of cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work.

Throughout all this treatise, we have dealt clearly and plainly concerning some pretended courts, which either are no courts warrantable by law, as we conceive them, or which, without warrant, have encroached upon more jurisdiction than they ought. *Qui non liberè veritatem, pronuntiat, proditor veritatis est.* Wherein, if any of our honorable friends shall take offence, our apology shall be, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas.* Having ever in memory that saying of the kingly prophet, *Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, and that will bring a man peace at the last.*

And honorable and reverend judges and justices, that do or shall sit in the high tribunals and courts or seat of justice, as aforesaid, fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your opinions justly, according to the laws; for fear is nothing but a betraying of the succors that reason should afford. And if you shall sincerely execute justice be assured of three things: — *First,* though some may malign you, yet God will give you His blessing. *Secondly,* that though thereby you may offend great men and favorites, yet you shall have the favorable kindness of the Almighty, and be His favorites. And *lastly,* that in so doing, against all scandalous complaints and pragmatical devices against you, God will defend you as with a shield: "For thou, Lord, wilt give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favorable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield."

And for that we have broken the ice, and out of our own industry and observation framed this high and honorable building of the jurisdiction of courts, without the help or furtherance of any that hath written of this argument before, I shall heartily desire the wise-hearted and expert builders — (justice being *architectonica virtus*), to amend both the method or uniformity, and the

structure itself, wherein they shall find either want of windows, or sufficient lights, or other deficiency in the architecture whatsoever. And we will conclude with the aphorism of that great lawyer and sage of the law, Master Plowden (which we have heard him often say). — BLESSED BE THE AMENDING HAND.

COLENSO, JOHN WILLIAM, a British clergyman; born at St. Austell, Cornwall, January 24, 1814; died at Durban, Natal, June 20, 1883. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1836 with high honors, and became a fellow of his college. Two years afterward he was appointed Assistant Master of Harrow School, a position which he held until 1842. During this time he prepared a series of works on arithmetic and algebra, which were widely adopted as text-books. After that he became Rector of Forncett, Norfolk. In 1853 he was made Bishop of the newly erected See of Natal, in South Africa.

In 1861 appeared the first of his works which indicated a departure from the views held by the Anglican Church. This was a *Translation of the Epistle to the Romans, commented on from a Missionary Point of View.* Next year appeared a work which had apparently been long meditated, in which his wide departure from the views generally accepted as "orthodox" was clearly marked. This was the first part of his treatise on *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua, Critically Examined.* This work, impugning the authenticity of the books in question, was formally

brought before the highest English ecclesiastical courts, by whom it was condemned as "containing errors of the gravest and most dangerous character." Thereafter ensued an ecclesiastical warfare, the reading of which is more exciting than profitable. Colenso was formally deposed by his metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town. He appealed from this decision; his appeal was sustained by the Privy Council, in 1865, and he was secured in the revenues attached to his See. But the Church in South Africa still maintained that Colenso was legally deposed, and would have nothing to do with him in his Episcopal capacity.

The later years of Colenso's life (1865–1883) were passed in quiet in Natal, where he was noted for the kindly interest which he manifested toward the natives — Boers and Zulus. He published from time to time several new works, among which are a volume of *Natal Sermons;* a *Zulu Grammar;* a *Zulu Dictionary;* a *Zulu Translation of the New Testament;* the sixth and concluding part of *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua, Critically Examined* (1872); and *Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone* (1873).

THE DELUGE.

While translating the story of the Flood, I have had a simple-minded, but intelligent native — one with the docility of a child, but the reasoning powers of mature age — look up and ask, "Is it all true? Do you really believe that all this happened thus — that all the beasts, and birds, and creeping things upon the earth, large and small, from hot countries and cold, came thus by pairs, and entered into the ark with Noah? And did Noah gather food for them *all*, for the beasts and birds of prey, as well as the rest?" My heart answered in

the words of the Prophet, "Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?"—Zech. xiii. 3. I dared not do so. My own knowledge of some branches of science, of Geology in particular, had been much increased since I left England; and I now knew for certain, on geological grounds, a fact, of which I had only had misgivings before, viz., that a *Universal* Deluge, such as the Bible manifestly speaks of, could not possibly have taken place in the way described in the Book of Genesis, not to mention other difficulties which the story contains. I refer especially to the circumstance, well known to all geologists (see LYELL'S *Elementary Geology, pp.* 197, 198), that volcanic hills exist of immense extent in Auvergne and Languedoc, which must have been formed ages before the Noachian Deluge, and which are covered with light and loose substances, pumice-stone, etc., that must have been swept away by a flood, but do not exhibit the slightest sign of having ever been so disturbed. Of course, I am well aware that some have attempted to show that Noah's Deluge was only a *partial* one. But such attempts have ever seemed to be made in the very teeth of the Scripture statements, which are as plain and explicit as words can possibly be. Nor is anything really gained by supposing the Deluge to have been partial. For, as waters must find their own level on the Earth's surface, without a special miracle, of which the Bible says nothing, a Flood, which should begin by covering the top of Ararat (if that were conceivable), or a much lower mountain, must necessarily become universal, and in due time sweep over the hills of Auvergne. Knowing this, I felt that I dared not, as a servant of the God of Truth, urge my brother man to believe that which I did not myself believe, which I knew to be untrue as a matter-of-fact historical narrative.—*From The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua.*

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, an English poet, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; born at Clevedon, Somersetshire, September 19, 1796; died at Rydal, Westmoreland, January 6, 1849. He was a child of uncommon promise; but owing to the unfortunate habits of his father at the time when his children were growing up, he, like the other children of Coleridge, was left to the care of Southey, whose wife was a sister of their mother. In 1815 Hartley Coleridge was entered as a student of Merton College, Oxford; and three years afterward he gained a fellowship in Oriel College. But he had in the meanwhile contracted the habit of intemperance, which he was never afterward able to conquer. Before his probationary year for the fellowship had expired he forfeited the position. The authorities would not rescind their decision of forfeiture, but made him a present of £300, with which he went to London, hoping to enter upon a literary career, in which he had every essential to success. But his habits of intemperance still clung to him. He afterward went to Ambleside and opened a school there which proved unsuccessful. In this region he passed the remainder of his life, pitied for his besetting weakness, which he vainly strove to overcome; but loved for his amiable character. He wrote much prose and more verse worthy of a place in the records of literature. His most important prose work is the *Lives of Northern Worthies,* from which we make a single extract.

THE OPPOSING ARMIES ON MARSTON MOOR.

Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor, July 2, 1644. The numbers on each side were not far from equal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honor and their love; their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle birth, as though they would make a jest of death while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears. The Roundheads, arranged in thick, dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips their inly working rage which was blown up to furnace-heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies.

The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage: and swords, pikes, and pistols of the Royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy fire-arms of the Parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and do execution upon a broken enemy. The Royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise or sour-mannered. The soldiers of the Covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the Elect and Chosen People — a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together.

It would be hard to say whether there was more praying on the one side or more swearing on the other, or which to a Christian ear had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the Church.

There was bravery and virtue in both: but with this high advantage on the Parliamentary side, that while the aristocratic honor of the Royalists could only inspire a certain number of "gentlemen," and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the Puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon.—*Lives of Northern Worthies.*

The poems of Coleridge make a couple of small volumes. A volume of them was published as early as 1833. A new edition was published in 1850, with a *Memoir* by his brother, Derwent Coleridge (1800–83). One of the pleasantest of these poems is the following:

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLDFISHES.

Restless forms of living light
  Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
  With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale.
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing;
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley,
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the Sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
  Or of the shade of golden flowers,
  Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,

To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were as happy as ye seem;
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart:
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, drivings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labor dull and vain;
And while your forms are gayly shining,
Your little lives are inly pining! —
Nay: but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

Many of the poems of Coleridge are in the form of sonnets, not a few of them being mournful representations of his own sad and wasted life. Some of these sonnets are among the best in our language.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky;
Deeper than ocean or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,

So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whatever love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

TO WORDSWORTH.

There have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been to whom the fickle fashions,
And all the wilful humors of the day,
Have furnished matters for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue portray
Of restless Nature. But thou mighty Seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the Priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

STILL A CHILD.

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek was I,
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep; and, waking,
I waked to sleep no more; at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child nor man,
Nor youth nor sage, I find my head is gray,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May,

And still I am a child, though I be old;
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

GRAY HAIRS AND WISDOM.

'I thank my God because my hairs are gray!"
But have gray hairs brought wisdom? doth the flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so gay,
Dim and unlovely as a dead man's shroud?
Or is my heart — that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve — at peace?
It is no longer wrathful, vain and proud?
Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost,
That makes the labor of the soul to cease?

TO A NEWLY MARRIED FRIEND.

How shall a man foredoomed to lone estate,
Untimely old, irreverently gray,
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead-sleeping in a hollow — all too late —
How shall so poor a thing congratulate
The blest completion of a patient wooing?
Or how commend a younger man for doing
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate? —
There is a fable that I once did read,
Of a bad angel that was someway good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood —
Looking each way, and no way could proceed;
Till at last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within

THE WAIF OF NATURE.

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,
The waif of Nature — like uprooted weed

Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,
A frail dependent of the fickle sky;
Far, far away, are all my natural kin:
The mother that erewhile hath hushed my cry
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.
Where is my sister's smile? my brother's boisterous din?
Ah! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage,
A holy mother, is that sister sweet.*
And that bold brother † is a pastor, meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age.
Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet;
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

* Sara Coleridge. † Derwent Coleridge.

COLERIDGE, HENRY NELSON, an English lawyer and author, nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; born at Ottery St. Mary, September 19, 1796; died at London, January 26, 1834. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow. He studied law and was called to the bar in 1826, and soon acquired a large practice. In 1829 he was married to his cousin, Sara Coleridge, daughter of the poet. His first literary effort was a book, published anonymously, entitled *Six Months in the West Indies in 1825,* in which he describes a trip made to the West Indies in that year, he having accompanied his uncle, William Hart Coleridge, to his bishopric at Barbados. He had in view an entended work, *Study of the Great Classic Poets,* and in 1830 published the first volume, *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets,* but the work was

never continued. On the death of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in 1834, he became his literary executor. He edited Coleridge's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit; Literary Remains;* and *Aids to Reflection,* and in 1835 published a portion of Coleridge's *Table Talk,* from notes which he had himself taken. He was lecturer on equity to the Incorporated Law Society and wrote for the *Quarterly Review.*

BARBADOS.

How a man's heart swells within him, when, after sea and sky, and sky and sea for nearly a month, he first sees the kindly land beckon to him over the salt waves! And that land tropical! Carlisle Bay, sleeping like an infant, and countenanced like the sky on a June morning, the warrior pendants, the merchant signals, the graceful gleaming boats, the dark sailors, the circling town, the silver strand, and the long shrouding avenues of immortal palms greenly fringing the blue ocean! It is a beautiful scene in itself, but thrice beautiful is it to the weary mariner who deeply feels that land was made for him.

I was present when the first Protestant bishop arrived in the bay, and the landing was a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The ships of war were dressed and their yards manned, and salutes fired; this was pretty and common; but such a sight as the Carenage presented very few have ever witnessed. On the quay, on the mole, on boats, on posts, on house-tops, through doors and windows, wherever a human foot could stand, was one appalling mass of black faces. As the barge passed slowly along, the emotions of the multitude were absolutely tremendous; they threw up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs, they danced and jumped and rolled on the ground, they sung and screamed and shouted and roared till the whole surface of the place seemed to be one huge grin of delight. Then they broke out into a

thousand wild exclamations of joy and passionate congratulations.— *Six Months in the West Indies in 1825.*

HOMER.

Tragedy, on the contrary, having a different object, brings upon the stage the hatred, the fury, the resentment, and the vengeance of heroes — all of them passions of sublime natures. The sentiments, the language, the actions which are appropriate to such passions, have something of their very violence and atrocity; and all these circumstances are in the highest degree consistent with each other, and uniform in their subjects. Now, these passionate pictures were never realized with more effect than by and in the Greeks of the heroic age, at the end of which Homer came: and Aristotle says with reason, in his *Poetics,* that Homer is a unique poet in respect of his invention. The reason is, that these poetic characters, the incomparable truth of which was so much admired by Horace, were representations of certain fixed classes of the imagination. To each of these characters, the Greeks attached all the qualities which could belong to the genius of which it was considered the representative. With the character of Achilles — the principal subject of the Iliad — they associated all the qualities peculiar to heroic virtue; the feelings, the manners, the irritability, the implacable resentment, and the violence which "nihil non arrogat armis." In the character of Ulysses — the principal subject of the Odyssey — they found all the distinguishing traits of the heroic wisdom, the prudence, the patience, the dissimulation, the duplicity, the chicanery, the verbal truth, and the matter of fact lie. They attributed to these two cardinal characters all the particular actions, the celebrity of which was sufficient to induce a still uncultivated people to range them under one class or the other. These two great characters, the creations of an entire nation, could not but present in their conception a happy uniformity; it is in this intrinsic uniformity, harmonizing with the common feeling of a whole nation, that the grace and

beauty of a fable consists. Conceived by such powerful imaginations, these heroic characters could not but be sublime. Hence we may deduce two eternal laws in poetry — according to the first, the sublime ought always to have something of the popular in it; by the second, the people who first themselves created these heroic characters could not help transferring to their civilized contemporaries, the qualities which had already been associated with their own standard of excellence.— *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets.*

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, an English poet and philosopher; born at Ottery St. Mary, October 21, 1772; died at Highgate, July 25, 1834. He was the youngest of the ten children of the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. A scholarship at Christ Hospital, London, was obtained for the boy, who, at the age of fourteen, had acquired a reputation for extraordinary genius and erudition. In 1791, being head-scholar of the school, he obtained a presentation to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he studied for three years. Worried by some debts, not amounting in all to £100, and by other annoyances, he went to London, where in a fit of desperation he enlisted as a dragoon, under an assumed name. His friends learned of his whereabouts, and with some difficulty obtained his discharge. He returned to the college, where he remained only a short time, and left without taking his degree. He visited Oxford, where he became acquainted with Robert Southey, two years his junior, who was a student at Balliol College. The young men were deeply tinctured with the democratic

theories of the French Revolution, and with Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker, and several other collegians, they formed a scheme for emigrating to the banks of the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, there to establish a " Pantisocracy," or community in which all the members were to be on a perfect equality; all were to work with their hands; their wives — for all were to be married — to perform the domestic duties, and the men were to cultivate literature in their leisure hours, " with neither king nor lord nor priest to mar their felicity." To raise the necessary funds for the enterprise Coleridge and Southey each delivered a course of lectures, and in conjunction wrote a drama, *The Fall of Robespierre,* of which Southey composed two-thirds.

They went together to Bristol, the native place of Southey. Here Joseph Cottle, a thriving bookseller, himself the author of some indifferent poems, was so charmed with the conversation and verses of Coleridge that he offered to publish what had been written, and as many more as he should write, at a certain sum per line. Some disputes sprang up among the Pantisocrats, and the scheme was abandoned, much to the chagrin of Coleridge. At Bristol were three sisters — Sara Fricker, the eldest of these, was married to Coleridge in October, 1795; a few months later Edith became the wife of Southey; another sister was already married to Lovell, who died not long after. Coleridge took up his residence in a pretty cottage at Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, where he remained two years. Here was written not a little of the best of the poetry of Coleridge: The *Ode on the Departing Year; Fears in Solitude; France — an Ode; The*

Ancient Mariner; the first part of *Christabel,* and the tragedy of *Remorse.* At this time Coleridge was a Unitarian in religion, and was accustomed to preach for congregations of that faith. One Sabbath morning William Hazlitt walked ten miles to hear Coleridge, whose preaching is thus described by him:

THE PREACHING OF COLERIDGE.

"When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: 'He departed again into a mountain Himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced deep, loud and distinct, it seemed to me who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind — of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.' The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon Peace and War — upon Church and State — not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the World and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the Cross of Christ upon banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion; and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long queue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.—'Such were the notes our once-

loved poet sung;' and for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres." —*Hazlitt's Essays.*

At this period Coleridge became acquainted with Wordsworth, and a friendship sprang up between them which was never broken, though interrupted for a time. A few years later Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were living for a while near each other in the Lake region, and, though differing greatly in all personal and literary characteristics, were popularly grouped together as "The Lake Poets," under which designation they were made the butts of the critical reviewers of the day. In the meanwhile, in 1798, Coleridge went to Germany, the requisite funds being furnished by his warm admirers, Josiah and Thomas Wedgewood, the great Staffordshire potters. He resided in Germany for more than a year, plunged into the ocean of German metaphysics, acquired at least a reading knowledge of the language, and made his great translation of Schiller's dramas, *The Piccolomini* and *The Death of Wallenstein.* He returned to England, and for a time made his home with Southey, who was by this time settled at Keswick. From this period is to be dated the entire change in his political and religious views. From a Radical he became a Conservative; from a Dissenter a High Churchman.

Shortly after his return from Germany Coleridge became connected as an editorial writer with the *Morning Post.* But his contributions, upon current topics, though able, were never to be confidently looked for. In 1804 he went to Malta as Assistant Secretary to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He retained this position only nine months, then returned home, making a

brief residence in Italy by the way. Returning to England, he again took up a precarious literary life, the most notable production of which was *The Friend,* a periodical, which was continued somewhat irregularly from June, 1809, to March, 1810, and then died out, notwithstanding some aid from others, notable among whom was Wordsworth, (who furnished for it almost the only one of his writings in prose.

In 1810, or thereabouts, Coleridge fairly broke off connections with his wife, who had for years been an inmate of the home of Southey. He left their three children to the care of Southey, who was to them all that a father could be. Coleridge had by this time come to be a victim to the use of opium. He had begun years before to use the drug as a palliative against severe physical pain. He became a complete victim to the habit, notwithstanding the most earnest endeavors to break away from it.

In 1815 he was, to all appearances, a complete wreck, physically and mentally. At this time he was induced to place himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, an excellent physician of Highgate, then a quiet suburb of London, in whose family he resided, an honored guest, during the remaining nineteen years of his life. The "opium habit" appears to have been speedily overcome; and within the next ten years he produced the most notable of his prose works, with the exception of *The Friend,* which belongs to the preceding years. These prose works, such as the *Lay Sermons,* the *Biographia Literaria,* and the *Aids to Reflection,* belong most properly to an earlier period, though now for the first time written out. During a great part of these nineteen years with Dr. Gillman, Coleridge lived al-

most the life of a recluse, rarely leaving his comfortable lodgings, which came to be a kind of resort of cultivated people who were wont to go thither to hear Coleridge talk. If we may place reliance upon what they have left upon record, no such talk was ever before heard, and never since until a quarter of a century after, when Thomas Carlyle came to be accepted as the great talker of his time.

During these years Coleridge was in the habit of speaking of the great works which he had in mind — all complete except the mere writing of them. There was an epic poem on *The Fall of Jerusalem,* a poem which he had meditated, he said, since his twenty-fifth year; one which, "like Milton's *Paradise Lost,* should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War interested all Greece. Here there would be the completion of the Prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assaults of Paganism — itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness of the justice." But no line of this grand epic was ever written. And then there was another great work — his *Magnum Opus,* which was "to set forth Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity;" which was to reduce all knowledge into harmony, "and to unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror." Of this work, also, nothing was ever written, unless we may consider the essay upon "Method" prefixed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana,* as an instalment of this. Thus in large promises to himself and others,

and in comparatively few actual performances, passed the last half-score years of the life of Coleridge. He failed from year to year not in the actual power of doing, but rather in the power of willing to do. Not many months before his death he composed this epitaph for himself:

COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read, with gentle breath. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he: —
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.—
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy, for praise — to be forgiven, for fame —
He asked and hoped through Christ: — Do thou the same.

The career of Coleridge as a poet really closed at about the age of twenty-eight. He lived, indeed, thirty-four years more, during which time he wrote much noble prose; but in an introductory note to *Christabel,* written in 1816, he says: "The second part of this poem was written in the year 1800; since that date my poetic powers have been, till lately, in a state of suspended animation." From this they never fairly recovered. A few short poems and fragments make up all the verse written thereafter by Coleridge. Among these is to be placed the following magnificent poem, the general idea of which is borrowed from the German of Frederika Brun:

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!

The Arvé and Arveiron, at thy base,
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's our secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down these precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let your billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full-moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,

To rise before me — rise, O ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR — 1796.

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of Time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark, inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness and a bowèd mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing Year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

* * * * * * * * *

IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone,
Then his eye wild ardors glancing,
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

v.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were the harp and song.
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven —
The mystic Words of Heaven —
Permissive signal make.
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread its wings and spake!
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might!
By peace with offered insult scared,
Masked hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs
Strange, horrible and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By wealth's insensate laugh! by torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
Forever shall the thankless Island scowl
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven, O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!
Hark, how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature, rise!" . .

VIII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my Mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks —

Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks; —
And Ocean, mid his uproar wild;
Speaks safety to his Island child.
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers or stained thy fields with gore

TO LIBERTY.

I.

Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control?
Ye Ocean waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music in the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild, unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue, rejoicing Sky!
Ye everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty! . . .

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain!

O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power;
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee —
Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee —
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed with temples bare
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love!
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

— *Ode to France* — 1797.

PRAYER FOR BRITAIN.

But O dear Britain; O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, they quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country. O divine
And beauteous Island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which

I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs.
Loving the God that made me! — May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menaces of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust that roared and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard,
In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass. . .
— *Fears in Solitude* — 1798.

THE ADIEU OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghostly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there,
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk
And altogether pray,
While each to his Great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

— *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

WE MAKE OUR OWN WORLD.

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud,

Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart, thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be;
What, and wherein it doth exist;
This light, this glory, this fair, luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power! —
Joy, virtuous lady! joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour;
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower;
Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower;
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamed of by the sensual and the proud: —
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud;
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

— *From "Dejection" — an Ode.*

THE GREAT GOOD MAN.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."—
For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain:
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain —
Or throne of crosses which his sword hath slain? —
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? — Three treasures, Love and Light,
And calm Thoughts regular as infant's breath; —
And three firm friends more sure than day and night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death

ON THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.

"No more 'twixt Conscience staggering and the Pope,
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear."

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
"Be of good cheer, meek soul!" I would have said:
"I see a hope spring from that humble fear;
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What though dread of threatened death
And dungeon tortures made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?—
That truth, from which through fear thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life;
And myriads had reached heaven who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!"—
Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of "recreant Berengare"—
Oh first the age and then the man compare!
That age how dark, congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circle of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?—
The ascending Day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn,
Lest so we tempt the approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapors of our Morn.

TO WORDSWORTH.

(Composed on the night after his recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind.)

Friend of the wise and teacher of the good!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic — that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundation and the building up
Of a human spirit thou hast dared to tell
What may be told — to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
By vital breathings secret as the soul,
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words! —
Theme hard as high;
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth);
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner power; of moments awful,
Now in the inner life, and now abroad,
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as light bestowed;
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth;
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens,
Native or outland; lakes and famous hills;
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars
Were rising; or by mountain streams,
The guides and the companions of thy way.—
Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide. . . . Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling Choice,
Action, and joy! An Orphic song indeed;
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted!
O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,

With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
Of ever-during men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it. . . .
  Ah! as I listen, with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains:
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe,
Turbulent with an outcry in the heart;
And Fears, self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope;
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain.
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out — but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave.
  That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in a herald's guise,
Singing of glory and futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strewed before thy advancing.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE. (1827.)

All nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair,
  The bees are stirring, birds are on the wing,
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
  Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring;
  And I the while, the sole unbusy thing
  Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, or sing.
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the founts whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not. Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:

And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

The Friend, begun in June, 1809, and continued until March, 1810, embodies some of the most notable of Coleridge's prose writing.

OBSCURITY OF AUTHORS *vs.* INATTENTION OF READERS.

It has been remarked by the celebrated Haller that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our mouths closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A lazy half-attention amounts to a mental yawn. Where, then, a subject that demands attentive thought has been thoughtfully treated, and with an exact and patient derivation from its principles, we must be willing to exert a portion of the same effort, and to think *with* the author, or the author will have thought in vain *for* us. It makes little difference, for the time being, whether there be an *hiatus oscitans* in the reader's attention or an *hiatus lacrymabilis* in the author's manuscript. When this occurs during the perusal of a work of known authority and established fame, we honestly lay the fault on our own deficiency, or on the unfitness of our present mood; but when it is a contemporary production over which we have been nodding, it is far more pleasant to pronounce it insufferably dull and obscure. Indeed, as "charity begins at home," it would be unreasonable to expect that a reader should charge himself with lack of intellect, when the effect may be equally well accounted for by declaring the author unintelligible; or that he should accuse his own inattention, when by half a dozen phrases of abuse, as "heavy stuff," metaphysical jargon," etc., he can at once excuse his laziness, and gratify his pride, scorn, and envy.—*The Friend, Essay IV.*

THE WORTH AND PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE.

It is not true that ignorant persons have no notion of the advantages of truth and knowledge. They see and confess those advantages in the conduct, the immunities, and the superior powers of the possessors. Were these attainable by pilgrimages the most toilsome, or penances the most painful, we should assuredly have as many pilgrims and self-tormentors in the service of true religion and virtue as now exist under the tyranny of Papal and Brahman superstition. This inefficacy of legitimate reason, from the want of fit objects — this its relative weakness, and how narrow at all times its immediate sphere of action must be — is proved to us by the impostors of all professions. What, I pray you, is their fortress, the rock which is both their quarry and their foundation, from which and on which they are built? — the desire of arriving at the end without the effort of thought and will which are the appointed means.

Let us look back three or four centuries. Then, as now, the great mass of mankind were governed by the three main wishes: the wish for vigor of body, including the absence of painful feelings; for wealth, or the power of procuring the external conditions of bodily enjoyment — these during life; and security from pain and continuance of happiness hereafter. Then, as now, men were desirous to attain them by some easier means than those of temperance, industry, and strict justice. They gladly therefore applied to the Priest, who could ensure them happiness hereafter without the performance of their duties here; to the Lawyer, who could make money a substitute for a right cause; to the Physician, whose medicines promised to take the sting out of the tail of their sensual indulgences, and let them fondle and play with vice, as with a charmed serpent; to the Alchemist, whose gold-tincture would enrich them without toil or economy; and to the Astrologer, from whom they could purchase foresight without knowledge or reflection.— *The Friend, Essay VII.*

WEIGHING AND VALUING TRUTH AND ERROR.

Luther felt and preached and wrote and acted as beseemed a Luther to feel and utter and act. The truths which had been outraged he reproclaimed in the spirit of outraged truth, at the behest of his conscience, and in the service of the God of Truth. He did his duty, come good, come evil! and made no question on which side the preponderance would be. In the one scale there was gold, and impressed thereon the image and superscription of the Universal Sovereign. In all the wide and ever-widening commerce of mind with mind throughout the world, it is treason to refuse it. Can this have a counterweight?

The other scale might have seemed full up to the very balance-yard; but of what worth and substance were its contents? Were they capable of being counted or weighed against the former? The conscience is, indeed, already violated when to moral good or evil we oppose things possessing no moral interest. Even if the conscience dared waive this her preventive *veto,* yet before we could consider the twofold results in the relation of loss and gain, it must be known whether their *kind* is the same or equivalent. They must first be valued, and then they may be weighed or counted, if they are worth it. —*The Friend, Essay VIII.*

TRUTH PERMANENT, ERROR TRANSIENT.

But in the particular case before us the loss is contingent and alien; the gain essential and the tree's own natural produce. The gain is permanent, and spreads through all times and places, the loss is but temporary, and, owing its very being to vice and ignorance, vanishes at the approach of knowledge and moral improvement. The gain reaches all good men, belongs to all that love light and desire an increase of light; to all, and of all times, who thank heaven for the gracious dawn, and expect the noon-day; who welcome the first gleams of Spring, and sow their fields in confident faith of the

ripening Summer and rewarding Harvest-tide. But the loss is confined to the unenlightened and the prejudiced: say, rather, to the weak and prejudiced of a single generation. The prejudices of one age are condemned even by the prejudiced of the succeeding ages, for endless are the modes of folly, and the fools join with the wise in passing sentence on all modes but their own. The truth-haters of every future generation will call the truth-haters of another generation by their true names;— for even these the stream of time carries onward.

In fine, Truth, considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be considered as a gentle spring or water-course, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow-drift that is piled up and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken again and roll onward. —*The Friend, Essay VII.*

THE GROWTH OF CIVIL ORDER.

In quiet times and prosperous circumstances a nation presents an aggregate of individuals, a busy ant-hill in calm and sunshine. By the happy organization of a well-governed society the contradictory interests of ten millions of such individuals may neutralize each other, and be reconciled in the results of a national interest. Whence did this happy organization first come? Was it a tree transplanted from Paradise, with all its branches in full fruitage? Or was it sowed in sunshine? Was it in vernal breezes and gentle rains that it fixed its roots, and grew and strengthened? Let history answer these questions. With blood was it planted; it was rocked in tempests; the goat, the ass, and the stag gnawed it; the wild-boar has whetted its tusks on its bark. The deep scars are still extant on its trunk, and the path of the lightning may be traced among its higher branches. And even after its full growth, in the season of its strength, when "its height reached to the heaven, and

the sight thereof to all the earth," the whirlwind has more than once forced its stately top to touch the ground: it has been bent like a bow, and sprung back like the shaft. Mightier powers were at work than expediency ever yet called up; yea, mightier than the mere understanding can comprehend.— *The Statesman's Manual.*

The *Aids to Reflection* is the only considerable prose work of Coleridge which can be regarded as a complete production. It consists mainly of "Aphorisms" or selections from the works of Robert Leighton, the Episcopal Archbishop of Glasgow (1611–84), with elaborate comments and amplifications by Coleridge. In an introductory "Address to the Reader," he sets forth the aim which he had in view in preparing this work:

AIM OF THE AIDS TO REFLECTION.

Fellow Christians! the wish to be admired as a fine writer held a very subordinate place in my thoughts and feelings in the composition of this volume. Let, then, its comparative merits and demerits, in respect of style and stimulancy, possess a proportional weight in determining your judgment for or against its contents. Read it through; then compare the state in which your mind was when you first opened the book. Has it led you to reflect? Has it supplied or suggested fresh subjects for reflection? Has it given you any new information? Has it removed any obstacle to a lively conviction of your own responsibility as a moral agent? Has it solved any difficulties which had impeded your faith as a Christian? Lastly, has it increased your power of thinking connectedly, especially on the scheme and purpose of the Redemption by Christ. If it have done none of these things, condemn it aloud as worthless; and strive to compensate for your own loss of time by preventing others from wasting theirs. But if your conscience dictates an affirmative answer to all or any of the preceding questions,

declare this, too, aloud, and endeavor to extend my utility.— *Introduction to Aids to Reflection.*

FOR WHOM THE AIDS WERE WRITTEN.

Generally, for as many in all classes as wish for aid in disciplining their minds to habits of reflection; for all who, desirous of building up a manly character in the light of distinct consciousness, are content to study the principles of moral architecture on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion. And lastly for all who feel an interest in the position which I have undertaken to defend; this, namely, that the Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence — an interest sufficiently strong to insure a patient attention to the arguments brought in its support.— *Preface to Aids to Reflection.*

The work begins with a series of about thirty "Introductory Aphorisms," some of which here follow:

INTRODUCTORY APHORISMS.

Aphorism I.— In philosophy, equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission. Extremes meet. Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.

Aphorism V.— As a fruit-tree is more valuable than any one of its fruits singly, or even than all its fruits of a single season, so the noblest object of reflection is the mind itself, by which we reflect. And as the blossoms, the green and ripe fruit of an orange-tree are more beautiful to behold when on the tree, and seen as one with it, than the same growth detached and seen suc-

cessively, after their importation into another country and different clime; so it is with the manifold objects of reflection, when they are considered principally in reference to the reflective power, and as part and parcel of the same. No object, of whatsoever value our passions may represent it, but becomes foreign to us as soon as it is altogether unconnected with our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. To be ours, it must be referred to the mind, either as a motive, or consequence, or symptom.

Aphorism IX.— Life is the one universal soul, which, by virtue of the enlivening Breath and the informing Word, all organised bodies have in common, each after its kind. This, therefore, all animals possess — and Man, as an animal. But, in addition to this, God transfused into man a higher gift, and specially imbreathed: — even a Living (that is, self-subsisting) Soul; a Soul having its life in itself: —"And Man became a Living Soul." He did not merely possess it — he *became* it. It was his proper being, his truest self — the Man in the man. None, then, not one of human kind, so poor and destitute but there is provided for him, even in his present state, "a house not built with hands;" aye, and in spite of the philosophy (falsely so-called) which mistakes the causes, the conditions, and the occasions of our becoming conscious of certain truths and realities for the truths and realities themselves — a house gloriously furnished. Nothing is wanted but the eye, which is the light of this house, the light which is the eye of the soul. This very light, this enlightening eye, is Reflection. It is more, indeed, than is ordinarily meant by that word; but it is what a Christian ought to mean by it, and to know, too, whence it first came, and still continues to come: — of what Light even this light is but a reflection. This, too, is Thought; and all thought is but unthinking that does not flow out of this or tend toward it.

Aphorism XVII.— A reflective mind is not a flower which grows wild, or comes up of its own accord. The difficulty is, indeed, greater than many — who mistake quick recollection for thought — are disposed to admit;

but how much less than it would be had we not been born and bred in a Christian and Protestant land few of us are sufficiently aware. Truly may we, and thankfully ought we, to exclaim with the Psalmist, "The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple!"

Aphorism XVIII.— Examine the journals of our zealous missionaries — I will not say among the Hottentots or Esquimaux — but in the highly civilized, though fearfully uncultivated, inhabitants of ancient India. How often and how feelingly do not they describe the difficulty of rendering the simplest chain of thought intelligible to the ordinary natives; the rapid exhaustion of their whole power of attention; and with what distressful effort it is exerted while it lasts! Yet it is among these that the hideous practices of self-torture chiefly prevail. Oh, if folly were no easier than wisdom — it being often so very much more grievous — how certainly might these unhappy slaves of superstition be converted to Christianity! But alas! to swing by hooks passed through the back, or to walk in shoes with nails of iron pointed upward through the soles — all this is so much less difficult, demands so much less exertion of the will, than to reflect, and by reflection to gain knowledge and tranquillity.

Aphorism XXII.— The rules of Prudence, in general — like the laws of the Stone Tables — are for the most part prohibitive. "Thou shalt *not*" is their characteristic formula: and it is an especial part of Christian Prudence that it should be so. Nor would it be difficult to bring under this head all the social obligations that arise out of the relations of this present life, which the sensual understanding ("The mind of the flesh," *Rom.* viii. 6), is of itself able to discover; and the performance of which, under favorable circumstances, the merest worldly self-interest, without love or faith, is sufficient to enforce; but which Christian Prudence enlivens by a higher principle, and renders symbolic and sacramental (*Eph.* v. 32).

Aphorism XXIV.— Morality is the body of which

faith in Christ is the soul: — so far, indeed, its earthly body as it is adapted to its state of warfare on earth, and the appointed form and instrument of its present communion with the present world; yet not "terrestrial," nor of the world, but a celestial body, and capable of being transfigured from glory to glory, in accordance with the varying circumstances and outward relations of its moving and informing spirit.

Aphorism XXX.— What the duties of Morality are the Apostle instructs the believer in full; comprising them under the two heads of negative and positive: Negative — to keep himself pure from the world: and Positive — beneficence, from loving-kindness; that is, love of his fellow-men (his kind) as himself.

Aphorism XXXI.— Last and highest, come the spiritual, comprising all the truths, acts, and duties that have an especial reference to the timeless, the permanent, the eternal; to the sincere love of the true as Truth, of the good as Good, and of God as both in one. It comprehends the whole ascent from Uprightness (morality, virtue, inward rectitude) to Godliness, with all the acts, exercises and discipline of mind, will, and affection that are requisite or conducive to the great design of redemption from the form of the Evil One, and of our second creation, or birth, in the Divine Image.

Aphorism XXXII.— It may be an additional aid to reflection to distinguish the three kinds severally, according to the faculty to which each corresponds — the part of our human nature which is more particularly its organ. Thus: the *prudential* corresponds to the sense and the understanding; the *moral* to the heart and conscience; the *spiritual* to the will and the reason; that is, to the finite will reduced to harmony with, and in subordination to the reason, as a ray from that true light which is both reason and will absolute.

In the *Biographia Literaria* Coleridge gives a somewhat desultory record of his literary life and opinions; thus concluding:

GENERAL OBJECT OF ALL HIS WORKS.

This has been my object, and this alone my defense; and Oh! that with this my personal as well as my Literary Life might conclude! The unquenched desire, I mean, not without the consciousness of having earnestly endeavored to kindle young minds, and to guard them against the temptations of scorners, by showing that the scheme of Christianity, as taught in the liturgies and homilies of our Church, though not discoverable by human reason, is yet in accordance with it; that link follows link by necessary consequence; that Religion passes out of the ken of Reason only when the eye of Reason has reached its own horizon; and that Faith is then but its continuation; even as the day softens away into sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night — sacred night! the upraised eye views only the starry heaven, which manifests itself alone: and the outward beholding is fixed on the sparks twinkling in the awful depths — though suns of other worlds — only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure *act* of inward adoration to the great I AM, and to the filial WORD that reaffirms it from eternity to eternity.—ΘΕΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

COLERIDGE, SARA, an English poet, daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; born at Keswick, December 22, 1802; died at London, May 3, 1852. While she was an infant Coleridge virtually abandoned his family, leaving them to the care of Southey, who had married the sister of his wife. Guided by Southey, and with his ample library at her command, she read the principal Greek and Latin

classics, and at the age of twenty published a translation, in three different volumes, of Dobrizhoffer's *Account of the Abipones,* which had suggested to Southey his *Tale of Paraguay.* She was also acquainted with French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Wordsworth's fine poem, *The Triad,* is a poetical glorification of his own daughter, Dora Wordsworth, of Edith Southey, and of Sara Coleridge, who is thus described:

SARA COLERIDGE AT TWENTY-SIX.

Last of Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself like pensive Morn,
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn — or Eve, fair vision of the west —
Come, with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief through meekness settling into rest.—

Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in the hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age.
Her brow hath opened on me — see it there,
Brightening beneath the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.—
What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e'er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?

Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops — soon to melt
On the flower's breast, as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening;
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true
Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly sprung from turf the mourner weeps on —
And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to strew.

— WORDSWORTH: *The Triad.*

In 1829 Sara Coleridge was married to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge. Shortly after the death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, he commenced the collection and editing of the works of the poet, in which he was aided by Sara Coleridge, who completed the work after the death of her husband, in 1843. To this collected edition she furnished some important contributions. Sara Coleridge also wrote several works of her own. Among these are *Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children* (1834), originally written for her own children, which became popular when published. Her longest work is *Phantasmion, a Fairy Tale* (1837; republished in 1874, with a Preface by Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge). *Phantasmion* is not only a prose-poem, but it contains several exquisite lyrics, and the whole tale is noticeable for the beauty of its story and the richness of its language. During the later years of her life Sara Coleridge was a confirmed invalid. Not long before her death she began an *Autobiography,* which she brought down only to her ninth year. This was continued by her daughter, and published in

1873 under the title of *Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge.*

ON THE DEATH OF BLANCO WHITE, 1841.

Couldst thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath
  Without the Christian's sure and certain hope?
  Didst thou to earth confine our being's scope,
Yet fixed on One Supreme with fervent faith,
Prompt to obey what conscience witnesseth,
  As one intent to fly the eternal wrath
Decline the ways of sin that downward slope?
O thou light-searching spirit! that didst grope
  In such bleak shadows here, 'twixt life and death:—
To thee dare I bear witness, though in ruth
  (Brave witness like thine own!) — dare hope and pray
  That thou, set free from this imprisoning clay,
Now clad in raiment of perpetual youth,
  May find that bliss untold, 'mid endless day,
Awaits each earnest soul that lives for Truth.

COLLIER, JEREMY, an English clergyman; born at Stow-cum-Qui, Cambridgeshire, September 23, 1650; died at London, April 26, 1726. He was educated at Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and in 1685 was appointed lecturer at Gray's Inn, London. At the Revolution of 1688 he relinquished his office rather than take the oath of allegiance to William III. He also incurred several months' imprisonment in Newgate by the publication of a pamphlet, *The Desertion Discussed.* His whole life was one of literary warfare, in which he delighted. Among his works are an *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain,*

and a volume of *Essays* on moral subjects. He is best known by his *Short Views of the Profaneness and Immorality of the Stage,* published in 1698, and called forth by the shameful license of the English drama after the Restoration. His attack was the beginning of a ten years' battle, in which Congreve, Farquhar, and other dramatists were his antagonists, which left Collier triumphant, and which resulted in the gradual purification of the stage. Of the *Short Views* Macaulay says: "There is hardly any book of the time from which it would be possible to select specimens of writing so excellent and so various. He was complete master of the rhetoric of honest indignation. The spirit of the book is truly heroic."

THE COMIC DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION.

Being convinced that nothing has gone further in debauching the age than the Stage-Poets and Play-House, I thought I could not employ my time better than in writing against them. These men, sure, take Virtue and Regularity for great enemies; why else is their disaffection so very remarkable? It must be said, they have made their attack with great courage, and gained no very inconsiderable advantage. But it seems Lewdness without Atheism is but half their business. Conscience might possibly recover, and revenge be thought on; and therefore, like footpads, they must not only rob, but murther. . . . I confess I have no ceremony for debauchery. For to compliment vice is but one remove from worshipping the Devil.— *Preface to the Short View.*

FEMALE MODESTY.

Modesty is the distinguishing Virtue of that Sex, and serves both for Ornament and Defence: Modesty was design'd by Providence as a Guard to Virtue; And, that it might be always at Hand, 'tis wrought into the Mechan-

ism of the Body. 'Tis likewise proportion'd to the occasions of Life, and strongest in Youth when Passion is so, too. 'Tis a Quality as true to Innocence as the Senses are to Health; whatever is ungrateful to the first is prejudicial to the latter. The Enemy no sooner approaches, but the Blood rises in Opposition, and looks Defiance to an Indecency. It supplies the Room of Reason, and Collection: Intuitive Knowledge can scarcely make a quicker Impression; And what then can be a surer Guide to the Unexperienc'd? It teaches by sudden Instinct and Aversion; This is both a ready and a powerful Method of Instruction. The Tumult of the Blood and Spirits, and the Uneasiness of the Sensation, are of singular Use. They serve to awaken Reason, and prevent surprise. Thus the Distinctions of Good and Evil are refresh'd, and the Temptation kept at a proper Distance.—*From the Short View.*

THE STAGE DILATES TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

This Subject is generally treated Home, and in the most tender and passionate manner imaginable. 'Tis often the governing Concern: The Incidents make way, and the Plot turns upon't. As matters go, the Company expect it: And it may be the Poets can neither Write, nor Live without it. This is a cunning way enough of stealing up on the Blind Side, and Practising upon the Weakness of humane Nature. People Love to see their Passions painted, no less than their Persons: And, like Narcissus, are apt to dote on their own Image. This Bent of self-Admiration recommends the Business of Amours, and engages the Inclination. And, which is more, these Love-representations oftentimes call up the Spirits, and set them on work. The Play is acted over again in the scene of Fancy, and the first Imitation becomes a Model. Love has generally a Party Within; And when the Wax is prepared, the Impression is easily made. Thus the Disease of the Stage grows Catching: It throws its own Amours among the Company, and forms these Passions when it does not find them. And when they are born before, they thrive extremely in this

Nursery. Here they seldom fail either of Growth, or Complexion. They grow strong, and they grow Charming, too. This is the best Place to recover a Languishing Amour, to rouse it from sleep, and retrieve it from Indifference. And thus Desire becomes Absolute, and forces the Oppositions of Decency and Shame. And if the Misfortune does not go thus far, the consequences are none of the best. The Passions are up in Arms, and there's a mighty Contest between Duty and Inclination. The Mind is over-run with Amusements, and commonly good for nothing some time after.

And then as for the General Strains of Courtship, there can be nothing more Profane and extravagant. The Hero's Mistress is no less than his Deity. She disposes of his Reason, prescribes his Motions, and Commands his Interest. What Sovereign Respect, what Religious Address, what Idolizing Raptures are we pester'd with? Shrines and Offerings, and Adorations, are nothing upon such solemn Occasions. Thus Love and Devotion, Ceremony and Worship, are Confounded; and God and his Creatures treated both alike! These Shreds of Distraction are often brought from the Play-House into Conversation: And thus the Sparks are taught to Court their Mistresses, in the same Language they say their Prayers.—*From the Short View.*

COLLIER, JOHN PAYNE, an English critic; born at London, January 11, 1789; died at Maidenhead, September 17, 1883. He began the study of law, which he soon relinquished for that of literature. In 1820 he published *The Poetical Decameron,* consisting of ten conversations on English poets and poetry. His *History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare,* and *Annals of the Stage to the Restoration,* appeared in 1831, and *New*

Facts Regarding the Life and Works of Shakespeare in 1835–39. He also published a new edition of Shakespeare's *Works,* and *Shakespeare's Library,* a collection of ancient romances, legends, and poems upon which the great poet's works were in a measure founded. In 1852 he published a volume entitled *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays from Early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio of 1632, in the Possession of J. P. Collier.* This copy of the plays, purchased by him at a bookstall, contained many marginal notes which Collier supposed to have been written soon after the date of publication, and which he gave to the world. It excited great interest among literary men, many of whom regarded the *Emendations* as a valuable addition to Shakespearian literature, while others assailed them as spurious, even accusing Collier himself of being their author. *A Bibliographical Account of Rare Books* was published by him in 1865.

THE AUDIENCE IN AN OLD THEATRE.

The vistors of our old theatres used to amuse themselves with reading, playing at cards, drinking, and smoking before or during the performance. It has already been shown that pamphlets were sold at the doors of playhouses to attract purchasers as they went in, and Fitzgeoffrey, H. Parrot, and other authors allude to this custom, in passages I have extracted or mentioned. Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book* (1609), tells his hero, whom he supposes to be sitting on the stage, "before the play begins fall to cards;" and, whether he win or lose, he is directed to tear some of the cards and throw them about just before the entrance of the Prologue. Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse* (1579), informs us that the young men of his day treated the ladies with apples,

and Fitzgeoffrey mentions that they were cried in the theatres. . . . Nut-cracking was also a favorite amusement of the lower class of spectators, to the great annoyance of poets and players; and in the prologue "for the Court" before his *Staple of News,* Ben Jonson speaks of —

—"the vulgar sort
Of nut-crackers, who only come for sight."

It is of course unnecessary to establish that other fruits were sold in playhouses at the respective seasons. The consumption of tobacco in theatres is mentioned by innumerable authorities, but it should seem from a line in the epigrams of Sir J. Davies and Christopher Marlowe, printed about 1598, that at that period it was a service of some danger, and generally objected to:

"He *dares to take Tobacco* on the stage;"

but the practice very soon became common, for two years afterward, one of the boy-actors in the induction to *Cynthia's Revels,* imitating a gallant supposed to be sitting on the stage, speaks of having his "three sorts of tobacco in his pocket, and his light by him." Dekker, in 1609, tells his gallant to "get his match lighted;" and in *The Scornful Lady* (1616), Captains of Gallyfoists are ridiculed, "who only wear swords to reach fire at a play," for the purpose of lighting their pipes. Tobacco was even sold at the playhouse, and in *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Ben Jonson talks of those who "accommodate gentlemen with tobacco at our theatres." In 1602, when Dekker printed his *Satiromastix,* ladies sometimes smoked. Asinius Bubo, offering his pipe, observes: "'Tis at your service, gallants, and the tobacco, too; 'tis right pudding, I can tell you: a lady or two took a pipeful or two at my hands, and praised it 'fore the heavens." Prynne states that in his time, instead of apples, ladies were sometimes offered the tobacco-pipe at plays.

Ben Jonson, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Nabbes,

and various other dramatists allude to memorandum-books, then called writing-tables or table-books, used by auditors to note down jests in plays, for retail or passages for malicious criticism. It is needless to go into proof that audiences in our old theatres expressed their approbation or disapprobation in much the same manner as at present, by the clapping of hands, exclamations, hisses, groans, and the imitation of the mewing of cats. "Signor Snuff," says Marston in the induction to his *What You Will* (1607), "Monsieur Mew, the Cavaliero Blirt, are three of the most to be feared auditors," and farther on he asks if the poet's resolve shall be —

> "Struck through with the blirt
> Of a *goose* breath?"

so that even the technical phrase of "treating an actor with goose" was understood then as well as at present.— *History of English Dramatic Poetry.*

COLLINS, MORTIMER, an English poet and novelist; born at Plymouth, June 29, 1827; died at Knowl Hill, Berkshire, July 28, 1876. He was educated at a private school, and began life in London, devoting himself to journalism in the Conservative interest. His first volume of poems was published in 1855, and his first novel, *Who is the Heir?* in 1865. Among his other works are *Sweet Anne Page* (1868); *The Ivory Gate* (1869); *The Vivian Romance* (1870); *The Inn of Strange Meetings* and *Marquis and Merchant* (1871); *The British Birds,* his longest and best sustained poem; *A Communication from the Ghost of Aristophanes* (1872); *The Summerfield Imbroglio; Two Plunges for a*

Pearl; A Fight with Fortune; and, in conjunction with his wife, Frances Collins, *Sweet and Twenty* and *Frances.* In all he wrote fourteen novels, which were fairly successful. He was also a prolific contributor, in prose and verse, to periodicals. He is best known by his lyric verses, some of which possess great merit, and on account of their light grace, sparkling wit, and airy philosophy, are equal to anything of their kind in modern English.

THE LONDONER.

To be a true Londoner is to know the highest sublimity and the deepest abasement possible to mankind. Your cool citizen of the world's chief city, amazed at nothing, amused by everything, analyzes or appraises a speech by Disraeli or Kenealy, a poem by Browning or Gibbs, even as the citizens of Athens judged Aristophanes and Alcibiades. Your true Londoner is a man of infinite possibilities, who carefully avoids performance. He is a man who *could* do anything he pleased to absolute perfection; but he does not choose to do anything. His mission is to criticise those who do imperfectly what he could do perfectly were it only worth his while. It is not. London is to him a theatre; he takes a perpetual stall, and calmly watches the gradual development of the marvellous drama of life, in which every scene is a surprise, in which nothing is certain but the unforeseen.

The City crucible condenses intellect; and the man who knows his London knows a good deal of humanity. It is a curiously special art. . . . No Englishman is educated who has not known London. It is the only absolute university. We all graduate there, from statesman to burglar, from poet to penny-a-liner. But London should be strictly regarded as a University. No man should remain in it regularly after the time when his intellect comes of age, which is somewhere about forty.—*A Fight with Fortune.*

ON EYES.

There's the eye that simply reflects — a mere retina, a mirror, and no more. People with that sort of optical instrument go through the world without a suspicion of its mystery and its magic. They look with equal interest on an oak and an omnibus, unaware that the oak has its Dryad, and the Dryad, perchance, her Rhaicos. They see no Dryads, bless your heart! nor any Naiads, with soft, soluble limbs in wandering waters, nor any ghosts in grim old houses, though ancient, unholy murders be photographed on their walls. Worse than that, they never see their wives and children. They perceive fine, well-dressed female animals, and jolly young cubs of their own race, but the divinity of womanhood and the mystery of childhood are alike beyond their ken.

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.

This great utterance of Wordsworth would sound like sheer nonsense to men with what may be called looking-glass eyes.

Nor are the fellows much better who possess eyes that pierce. They can tell a rogue from a fool — that is all; a good, useful quality in a world like this. They are like men who have always lived in broad day; who have never seen even-gloam or moonlight. But a man whose eyes are of the highest service to him is he who can see beyond the mere outer husk of things; who can discover the nymph in the oak, and catch the fairies dancing in the moonlit woods, and look beyond the region of hard fact into the realm of dreams.— *The Vivian Romance.*

MY THRUSH.

> All through the sultry hours of June,
> From morning blithe to golden noon,

And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I;
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Through silent æther's sunnier climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

"A MOUNTAIN APART."

Who that has seen a mountain peak,
With pines upon it, and a pure, clear air
Surrounding, would not think that Christ might seek
Such place of prayer!

O purple heather! furze of gold!
Long slopes of soft, green grass, cool to the feet!
Chapels of living rock that wise men hold
For worship meet.

God built them high in upper air
That those who loved Him might come close to Him
And you may know the wings and voices there
Of Seraphim.

Is it not beautiful to see
Christ praying on the mountain quite alone,
From the mad whirlpool of the world set free
To help His own?

No soft, green hill do I behold,
No keen, blue summit, kissed by sunsets rare,
But that its multitudinous mists enfold
The Christ in prayer.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

No: I shall pass into the Morning Land
As now from sleep into the life of morn;
Live the new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand;
See the dense darkness suddenly withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes discerned the dawn

I shall behold it: I shall see the utter
Glory of sunrise, heretofore unseen,
Freshening the woodlawn ways with brighter green,
And calling into life all things that flutter,
All throats of music, and all eyes of light,
And driving o'er the verge the intolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far days!
No more with dreams of grief doth love grow bitter,
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to glitter
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:
A moment — death's dull sleep is o'er; and we
Drink the immortal morning air Eäriné.

LAST VERSES.

I have been sitting alone
All day while the clouds went by,
While moved the strength of the se
While a wind with a will of his own,
A Poet out of the sky,
Smote the green harp of the trees.

Alone, yet not alone,
For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,
As the cloudy sky grew clear,
The touch of our Father, half-known,

Who dwells at the heart of the world,
Yet Who is always here.

COLLINS, WILLIAM, an English poet; born at Chichester, December 25, 1721; died there, June 12, 1759. He was educated at Winchester College and at Oxford. His poetic talent was early developed. His first verses, on *The Royal Nuptials,* no copy of which is, however, extant, are supposed to have been published in 1734. Another poem, *The Battle of the Schoolbooks,* supposed to have been written about this time, has also been lost. The *Persian Eclogues* were written in his seventeenth year, and his *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer* in his twenty-second. He left Oxford abruptly in 1744, presumably to be present at his mother's death-bed, and did not return. He went to London full of plans for literary work which he could not carry out. He formed dissolute habits, and squandered his means. It was at this time that he composed his matchless odes, which appeared in 1746, but attracted little notice. The original plan was to combine these with those of Joseph Wharton, the latter of which, however, now forgotten, proved more successful from a marketable stand-point at that time. A small fortune inherited from an uncle relieved him from want. The *Elegy on Thomson* was written in 1749, and the *Ode on Popular Superstitions in the Highlands* in 1750. Symptoms of insanity had already appeared in the poet, and the disease rapidly developed. His madness became occasionally violent, and he was removed to Chichester, where he spent

his last years. Music, his early delight, affected him so painfully that he would wander up and down the cathedral, howling an accompaniment to the organ. His *Odes,* unappreciated at first, are now regarded as among the finest in the language.

No English poet so great as Collins has given us so little of his writings, but of the 1,500 lines left us, all are well done. A prominent critic says, in speaking of his work: "His odes are the most sculpturesque and faultless in the language. They lack fire, but in charm and precision of diction, exquisite propriety of form, and lofty poetic suggestion, they stand unrivalled. The one *To Evening* is the greatest favorite with imaginative persons. *The Passions* is the most popular." His life was written by Dr. Johnson, and more recently by Moy Thomas.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales:

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun,
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail,
Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet — at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nympth who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual, dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With awful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but, with a frown,
Revenge, impatient, rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down.
And, with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever, and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat:
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed —
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole;
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with foul delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest.
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing.
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou my ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all commanding power.
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native, simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age,

WILKIE COLLINS.

Fill thy recording Sister's page,
'Tis said — and I believe the tale —
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
O bid our vain endeavors cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS, WILLIAM WILKIE, an English novelist; born at London, January 8, 1824; died there, September 23, 1889. He was the son of William Collins, an artist, and was educated for the bar. His earliest literary performance was a biography of his father, published in 1848. His best work is *The Woman in White*. The reputation made for him by this masterpiece of fiction rapidly spread throughout England and the Continent, and extended to America and Australia until his readers could be found in every civilized country of the globe. The powerful interest of his novels lies in the mystery which is maintained to the end, and the art by which the reader's attention is fixed and maintained through the successive chapters. Saintsbury says of him: "The strictly literary merit of none of his works can be placed high, and the method — that of forwarding the result by a complicated intertwist of letters and narratives — though it took the public fancy for a time, was clumsy; while the author followed his master (Dickens) in more than

one aberration of taste and sentiment." The following are his principal works: *Antonina* (1850); *Rambles Beyond Railways* (1851); *Basil* (1852); *Mr. Wray's Cash Box* (1852); *Hide and Seek* (1854); *After Dark* (1856); *The Dead Secret* (1857); *The Queen of Hearts* (1859); *The Woman in White* (1860); *No Name* (1862); *My Miscellanies* (1863); *Armadale* (1866); *No Thoroughfare* (in collaboration with Charles Dickens, 1867); *The Moonstone* (1868); *Man and Wife* (1870); *Poor Miss Finch* (1872); *Miss or Mrs.?* (1873); *The New Magdalen* (1873); *The Law and the Lady* (1875); *Two Destinies* (1876); *The Haunted Hotel* (1878); *The Fallen Leaves* (1879); *A Rogue's Life from his Birth to his Marriage* (1879); *Heart and Science* (1883); *I Say No* (1884); *The Evil Genius* (1886) His unfinished novel *Blind Love* was completed by Walter Besant. In 1873 Collins visited the United States, and was received everywhere with marked consideration.

THE COUNT AND COUNTESS FOSCO.

Never before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco. As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always talking pretentious nonsense, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small exaction which a vain and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, frozen up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which used to hang on either side of her face are now replaced by stiff little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain, matronly cap covers her head, and makes her look, for the first time in her life, since I remember her, like a decent woman. . . .

Clad in quiet black or gray gowns, made high round the throat, dresses that she would have laughed at, or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days — she sits speechless in corners; her dry white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged, either in monotonous embroidery work, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking.

On the few occasions when her cold blue eyes are off her work, they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we are all familiar with in the eyes of a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward thaw which I have yet detected under her outer covering of icy constraint, has betrayed itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed tigerish jealousy of any woman in the house (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks with anything approaching to special interest or attention. Except in this one particular, she is always — morning, noon, and night, indoors and out, fair weather or foul — as cold as a statue, and as impenetrable as the stone out of which it is cut.

For the common purposes of society the extraordinary change thus produced in her, is beyond all doubt, a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, unobtrusive woman, who is never in the way. How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self, is another question. I have once or twice seen sudden changes of expression on her pinched lips, and heard sudden inflections of tone in her calm voice, which have led me to suspect that her present state of suppression may have sealed up something dangerous in her nature, which used to evaporate harmlessly in the freedom of her former life. And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation — the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again — the Count himself! What of the Count?

This, in two words: He looks like a man who could tame anything. If he had married a tigress instead of

a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. . . . How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements, which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in them, or to ridicule them in *him?*

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time I have always especially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and excessive good-humor as inseparable allies, was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever get fat, or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favorable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel as the leanest and the worst of their neighbors. . . . Here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favor, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence. Marvellous indeed!

Is it his face that has recommended him? It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity; his expression recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance, which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to find is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable gray eyes I ever saw: and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them, which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. . . . The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity, lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women; and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday, when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility, by comparison with the Count. The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned — his extraordinary fondness for pet animals. Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favorites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him, and familiar with him. . . . This same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when anything happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. . . . His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her; he habitually addresses her as "my angel;" he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her! he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums, in return, which he puts into her mouth, playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company — it is a private rod, and is always kept upstairs.— *The Woman in White.*

THE WRECK OF THE TIMBER-SHIP.

As I had surmised, we were in pursuit of the vessel

in which Ingleby and his wife had left the island that afternoon. The ship was French, and was employed in the timber-trade; her name was *La Grace de Dieu.* Nothing more was known of her than that she was bound for Lisbon; that she had been driven out of her course; and that she had touched at Madeira, short of men and short of provisions. The last want had been supplied, but not the first. Sailors distrusted the seaworthiness of the ship, and disliked the look of the vagabond crew. When those two serious facts had been communicated to Mr. Blanchard, the hard words he had spoken to his child in the first shock of discovering that she had helped to deceive him, smote him to the heart. He instantly determined to give his daughter a refuge on board his own vessel, and to quiet her by keeping her villain of a husband out of the way of all harm at my hands. The yacht sailed three feet and more to the ship's one. There was no doubt of our overtaking *La Grace de Dieu;* the only fear was that we might pass her in the darkness.

After we had been some little time out the wind suddenly dropped, and there fell on us an airless, sultry calm. When the order came to get the topmasts on deck, and to shift the large sails, we all knew what to expect. In little better than an hour more the storm was upon us, the thunder was pealing over our heads, and the yacht was running for it. She was a powerful schooner-rigged vessel of three hundred tons, as strong as wood and iron could make her; she was handled by a sailing-master who thoroughly understood his work, and she behaved nobly. As the new morning came, the fury of the wind, blowing still from the southwest quarter, subsided a little, and the sea was less heavy. Just before daybreak we heard faintly, through the howling of the gale, the report of a gun. The men, collected anxiously on deck, looked at each other and said, "There she is!"

With the daybreak we saw the vessel, and the timber-ship it was. She lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, her foremast and her mainmast both gone — a waterlogged wreck. The yacht carried three boats; one amid-

ships, and two slung to davits on the quarters; and the sailing-master seeing signs of the storm renewing its fury before long, determined on lowering the quarter-boats while the lull lasted. Few as the people were on board the wreck, they were too many for one boat, and the risk of trying two boats at once was thought less, in the critical state of the weather, than the risk of making two separate trips from the yacht to the ship. There might be time to make one trip in safety, but no man could look at the heavens and say there would be time enough for two.

The boats were manned by volunteers from the crew, I being in the second of the two. When the first boat was got alongside of the timber-ship — a service of difficulty and danger which no words can describe — all the men on board made a rush to leave the wreck together. If the boat had not been pulled off again before the whole of them had crowded in, the lives of all must have been sacrificed. As our boat approached the vessel in its turn, we arranged that four of us should get on board — two (I being one of them) to see to the safety of Mr. Blanchard's daughter, and two to beat back the cowardly remnant of the crew, if they tried to crowd in first. The other three — the coxswain and two oarsmen — were left in the boat to keep her from being crushed by the ship. What the others saw when they first boarded *La Grace de Dieu,* I don't know: what *I* saw was the woman whom I had lost, the woman vilely stolen from me, lying in a swoon on the deck. We lowered her insensible into the boat. The remnant of the crew — five in number — were compelled by main force to follow her in an orderly manner, one by one, and minute by minute, as the chance offered for safely taking them in. I was the last who left; and, at the next roll of the ship toward us, the empty length of the deck, without a living creature on it from stem to stern, told the boat's crew that their work was done. With the louder and louder howling of the fast-rising tempest to warn them, they rowed for their lives back to the yacht.

A succession of heavy squalls had brought round the course of the new storm that was coming from the south to the north; and the sailing-master, watching his opportunity, had wore the yacht, to be ready for it. Before the last of our men had got on board again it burst on us with the fury of a hurricane. One boat was swamped, but not a life was lost. Once more, we ran before it, due south, at the mercy of the wind. I was on deck with the rest, watching the one rag of a sail we could venture to set, and waiting to supply its place with another, if it blew out of the bolt ropes, when the mate came close to me, and shouted in my ear through the thunder of the storm, "She has come to her senses in the cabin, and has asked for her husband. Where is he?" Not a man on board knew. The yacht was searched from one end to another without finding him. The men were mustered in defiance of the weather — he was not among them. The crews of the two boats were questioned. All the first crew could say was, that they had pulled away from the wreck when the rush into their boat took place, and that they knew nothing of who they let in or who they kept out. All the second crew could say was, that they had brought back to the yacht every living soul left by the first boat on the deck of the timber-ship. There was no blaming anybody; but at the same time were was no resisting the fact that the man was missing.

All through the day the storm, raging unabatedly, never gave us even the shadow of a chance of returning and searching the wreck. The one hope for the yacht was to scud. Toward evening the gale, after having carried us to the southward of Maderia, began at last to break: the wind shifted again, and allowed us to bear up for the island. Early the next morning we got back into port. Mr. Blanchard and his daughter were taken ashore, the sailing-master accompanying them, and warning us that he should have something to say on his return which would nearly concern the whole crew. We were mustered on deck and addressed by the sailing-master as soon as he came on board again. He had Mr. Blanchard's orders to go back at once to the tim-

ber-ship and to search for the missing man. We were bound to do this for his sake and for the sake of his wife, whose reason was despaired of by the doctors if something was not done to quiet her. We might be almost sure of finding the vessel still afloat, for her lading of timber would keep her above water as long as her hull held together. If the man was on board — living or dead — he must be found and brought back. And if the weather continued to moderate there was no reason why the men, with proper assistance, should not bring the ship back too, and (their master being quite willing) earn their share of the salvage with the officers of the yacht. Upon this the crew gave three cheers, and set to work forthwith to get the schooner to sea again. I was the only one of them who drew back from the enterprise. I told them the storm had upset me — I was ill, and wanted rest. They all looked me in the face as I passed through them on my way out of the yacht, but not a man of them spoke to me. I waited through that day at a tavern on the port for the first news from the wreck. It was brought toward nightfall by one of the pilot boats which had taken part in the enterprise for saving the abandoned ship. *La Grace de Dieu* had been discovered still floating, and the body of Ingleby had been found on board drowned in the cabin. At dawn the next morning the dead man was brought back by the yacht; and on the same day the funeral took place in the Protestant cemetery. . . . There is more to tell before I can leave the dead man to his rest. I have described the finding of his body, but I have not described the circumstances under which he met his death. He was known to have been on deck when the yacht's boats were seen approaching the wreck, and he was afterward missed in the confusion caused by the panic of the crew. At that time the water was five feet in the cabin, and was rising fast. There was little doubt of his having gone down into that water of his own accord. The discovery of his wife's jewel-box close under him on the floor explained his presence in the cabin. He was known to have seen help approaching, and it was

quite likely that he had thereupon gone below to make an effort at saving the box. It was less probable — though it might still have been inferred — that his death was the result of some accident in diving, which had for the moment deprived him of his senses. But a discovery made by the yacht's crew pointed straight at a conclusion which struck the men, one and all, with the same horror. When the course of their search brought them to the cabin, they found the scuttle bolted, and the door locked on the outside. Had some one closed the cabin, not knowing he was there? Setting the panic-stricken condition of the crew out of the question, there was no motive for closing the cabin before leaving the wreck. But one other conclusion remained. Had some murderous hand purposely locked the man in, and left him to drown as the water rose over him? Yes. A murderous hand had locked him in, and left him to drown. That hand was mine.— *Armadale.*

COLLYER, Robert, an Anglo-American clergyman; born at Keighley, Yorkshire, England, December 8, 1823. He was the son of a blacksmith and at the age of seven years was taken from school to learn his father's trade, which he practised until after he removed to America, about 1850. He had been a Wesleyan local preacher in England, and he continued to preach at Shoemakertown, Pa. Soon after removing to America, he adopted Unitarian views. In 1859 he removed to Chicago, where he founded and became pastor of a Unitarian church, and one of the most popular preachers of that denomination. In 1879 he was called to the Church of the Messiah, in New York City. In 1896 he was made pastor emeritus. His chief publications are *Nature and Life,*

ROBERT COLLYER.

a collection of sermons (1864); *The Life That Now Is* (1871); *The Simple Truth* (1878); *Lectures to Young Men and Women* (1888); *A Man in Earnest* (1889); and *Things New and Old* (1893).

A LESSON FROM A LEAF.

"All leaves are builders," says Ruskin; "but they are to be divided into two orders — those that build by the sword, and those that build by the shield." I would see every life as that most perfect of all seers into leaf-life sees every leaf. It may be that our lives are the most obscure and powerless for good this earth ever bore on her breast: I tell you, if we are trying to be what we can be, then the life of every one of us casts its speck of grateful shadow somewhere, holds itself somehow up to the sun and rain, fights its way with some poor success against storm and fire and foe and parasite; or it stands sternly, in these great days, shoulder to shoulder with its comrades, a strong tower of defence, to guard what we have won in our war for humanity, resolute not to fall into that trap the devil always sets for generous people, of giving up in the treaty what they won in the fight. For it is true, and truest of all, that not the things which satisfy the world's heart easily; not purple grape, and golden apple, and ripe grain, and brown seed, and roses and asters; not the noble and beautiful, over which men rejoice and are glad — are alone the fruit on the tree of life; but the leaf, faded, ragged, and unnoticed, is fruit, too; falling, when its day is done, it falls honorably; dying, it dies well; its work well done, and the world is better by the measure of what one poor leaf may do for its life. . . .

All honor to the common soldier, the common laborer, the poor teacher, the man and woman everywhere, unknown and yet well known — with no name to live, but bearing, in all they are and all they do, the assurance of the life everlasting! For as every leaf on every tree is, by the tenure of its life, a mediator and saviour, standing between the hard rock and living man, the bridge between

life and death — so this unknown man or woman, this common soldier or common worker, is fruit, in being leaf and falling, scorched by battle-fires or chilled by night-damps; or dying, worn out by toiling in the field of the world. Not one such man or woman has lived and striven and died in vain. There may be no monument to tell how they died or where they rest; but what they have done is their monument. The leaves of their tree are for the healing of the nation. — *Nature and Life.*

COLMAN, GEORGE ("THE ELDER"), an English dramatist; born at Florence, Italy, April 28, 1732; died at Paddington, August 14, 1794. His father, Francis Colman, envoy at the Court of Tuscany, died in April, 1733; and his mother, a sister of the Countess of Bath, took him to England, and being assigned a house in St. James's Park, London, she resided there till her death, in 1767. William Pulteney, afterward Earl of Bath, assumed charge of the son and sent him to Westminster School. In 1751 he left Westminster for Oxford, and studied at Christ Church College. He was graduated in 1755, and was entered by his benefactor at Lincoln's Inn. His position at this time, with his uncle urgently persuading him to aim at legal distinction, his aunt recommending him to become a clergyman, and his own inclinations drawing him to literature, is depicted in his own works, which contain many interesting autobiographical particulars. While at Oxford he contributed his first published production, *A Vision,* to *The Adventurer;* and also began the issue of *The Connoisseur,* which lasted till 1756. His first dramatic attempt was *Polly*

Honeycombe, produced with great success at Drury Lane in 1760. The following year he produced *The Jealous Wife,* which has kept the stage ever since. His fame was much increased by *The Clandestine Marriage, The English Merchant,* and a number of other pieces; and having come into possession of large legacies by the death of Lord Bath and General Pulteney, he bought an interest in Covent Garden. This he disposed of, on account of some disputes with the other proprietors, and bought the theatre in the Haymarket, which he conducted until he was obliged to retire from active life. An attack of paralysis reduced him to a condition of mental imbecility, from which he but partially recovered, and was put under restraint at Paddington, where he died. His remains are in the vaults under Kensington Church. His principal plays, besides those mentioned above, include *The Oxonian in Town* (1767); *Man and Wife* (1769); *The Portrait* (1770); *The Fairy Prince* (1771); after Ben Jonson's *Oberon; Achilles in Petticoats* (1773); *Comus* (1773); *The Man of Business* (1774); *The Spleen* (1776), from Jonson's *Silent Woman; The Female Chevalier* (1778); *The Suicide* (1778); *The Manager in Distress* (1780); *The Genius of Nonsense* (1780); *The Election of the Managers* (1784); *Tit for Tat* (1786); and his last dramatic production, *Ut Pictura Poesis,* from Hogarth's *Enraged Musician.* This was produced at the Haymarket, May 18, 1789. Besides these — many of which were adaptations — his biographers mention many lighter pieces for the stage. He also published excellent translations of the *Comedies of Terence* (1764), and of Horace's *Art of Poetry,* with a commentary (1783); three volumes of *Prose*

and Verse (1787); and wrote a partial account of his *Life,* which was published after his death.

"Colman," says Joseph Knight, "was a man of tact, enterprise, and taste; his plays are ingenious and occasionally brilliant, and more than one of them remain on the acting list. The characters are, as a rule, well drawn, and types of living eccentricity are well hit off. He was extravagant and ostentatious, but preserved during his life the esteem and affection of the best men of his day. His prologues, epilogues, and occasional pieces are often very happy."

Byron contrasted Colman favorably with Sheridan, saying in a well-known passage in his *Memoirs;* "Let me begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it with Colman; Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper!"

Colman's translations have been highly extolled by the best judges. Adam Clarke said of the Terence: "A better translation cannot be expected; it is such as Terence deserved, and done by a man of almost equal comic powers with himself." And of the Horace: "As a scholar he holds a very respectable rank, as may be seen by his translation of the *Art of Poetry.*"

THE BLESSEDNESS OF NOVEL-READING.

Polly Honeycombe (*with a book*).— Well said, George! O, the dear man! But so — (*reading*) "With these words, the enraptur'd baronet concluded his declaration of love."— So!—"But what heart can imagine, what tongue describe, or what pen delineate, the amiable confusion of Emilia?"— Well, now for it!—"Reader, if thou art a courtly reader, thou hast seen, at polite tables, iced cream crimsoned with raspberries; or, if thou art an uncourtly reader, thou hast seen the rosy-finger'd morning dawning in the golden east;"— Dawning in the golden east; very pretty—"Thou hast seen perhaps, the

artificial vermilion on the cheeks of Cleora, or the vermilion of nature on those of Sylvia; thou hast seen — in a word, the lovely face of Emilia was overspread with blushes." This is a most beautiful passage, I protest; well, a novel for my money; lord, lord, my stupid papa has no taste. He has no notion of humor, and character, and the sensibility of delicate feeling. (*Affectedly.*) And then mamma — but where was I? — Oh, here — "overspread with blushes. Sir George, touched at her confusion, gently seized her hand, and softly pressing it to his bosom — (*acting it as she reads*) —where the pulses of his heart beat quick, throbbing with tumultuous passion, in a plaintive tone of voice breathed out: Will you not answer me, Emilia?"— tender creature! "She, half rising — (*acting it*) — her downcast eyes, and half inclining her averted head, said, in faltering accents — Yes, sir!" Well, now! —"Then gradually recovering, with ineffable sweetness she prepared to address him, when Mrs. Jenkinson bounced into the room, threw down a set of China in a hurry, and strewed the floor with porcelain fragments; then turning Emilia round and round, whirled her out of the apartment in an instant, and struck Sir George dumb with astonishment at her appearance. She raved; but the baronet resuming his accustomed effrontery ——"

Enter Nurse.

Oh, nurse, I am glad to see you. Well, and how ——

Nurse.—Well, chicken.

Polly.— Tell me, tell me all this instant. Did you see him? Did you give him my letter? Did he write? Will he come? Shall I see him? Have you got the answer in your pocket? Have you ——

Nurse.—Blessings on her, how her tongue runs!

Polly.—Nay, but come, dear nursee, tell me, what did he say?

Nurse.— Say? why, he took the letter.

Polly.—Well?

Nurse.— And kiss'd it a thousand times, and read it a thousand times, and ——

Polly.—Oh, charming!

Nurse.—And ran about the room, and blest himself, and — heaven preserve us! —**curst** himself, and ——

Polly.—Very fine! very fine!

Nurse.—And vowed he was the most miserable creature on earth, and the happiest man in the world, and ——

Polly.—Prodigiously fine! excellent; My dear, dear nursee! (*Kisses her.*) Come, give me the letter.

Nurse.—Letter, chicken! What letter?

Polly.—The answer to mine. Come then!

Nurse.—I have no letter. He had such a preamble to write, by my troth I could not stay for it.

Polly.—Psha!

Nurse.—How soon you're affronted now; he said he'd send it some time to-day.

Polly.—Send it some time to-day! I wonder, now—(*as if musing*)—how he will convey it. Will he squeeze it, as he did the last, into the chicken-house in the garden? Or will he write it in lemon-juice, and send it in a book, like blank paper? Or will he throw it into the house enclosed in an orange? Or will he ——

Nurse.—Heavens bless her, what a sharp wit she has.

Polly.—I have not read so many books for nothing. Novels, nursee, novels! A novel is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.

Nurse.—Yes, yes, you are always reading your simple story-books. The Ventures of Jack this, and the History of Betsy t'other, and Sir Humphrys, and women with hard Christian names. You had better read your prayer-book, chicken.

Polly.—Why so I do; but I am reading this now—(*looking into the book*)—"She raved, but the Baronet"—I really think I love Mr. Scribble as well as Emilia did Sir George. Do you think, nursee, I should have had such a good notion of love so early, if I had not read novels? Didn't I make a conquest of Mr. Scribble in a single night at dancing? But my cross papa will hardly ever let me go out. And then, I know life as well as if I had been in the *beau monde* all my days. I can tell the

nature of a masquerade as well as if I had been at twenty. I long for a mobbing scheme with Mr. Scribble in the two-shilling gallery, or a snug party a little way out of town in a post-chaise; and then, I have such a head full of intrigues and contrivances. Oh, nursee, a novel is the only thing.— *From Polly Honeycombe — Scene I.*

PAMPHYLUS AND GLYCERIUM.

Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
Come to the sepulchre; the body's placed
Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon
This sister I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
There! there! the frighted Pamphylus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;
Runs up and takes her round the waist, and cries,
Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavor to destroy yourself?
Then she, in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
Oh! how familiarly!

— *From Andria, in the Terence.*

COLMAN, GEORGE ("THE YOUNGER"), an English dramatist and poet; born at London, October 21, 1762; died there, October 26, 1836. He was educated, like his father, at Westminster and Christ Church, and entered, like him, at Lincoln's Inn. He began as a dramatist with great success in 1784, and was specially successful in 1787 with the opera *Incle and Yarico,* founded upon Steele's pathetic tale. He succeeded his father in the management of the Haymarket. His first dramatic essay was *The Female*

Dramatist, written while he was "piecing out" a somewhat irregular course of study at Aberdeen, and produced by his father in London in 1782. His most successful plays were *The Iron Chest,* a drama in three acts, brought out in 1796, in which John Kemble played the part of Sir Edward Mortimer; and the comedy of *John Bull,* produced in 1805. The latter of these two, which is considered to be his masterpiece, and for which he received about $6,000, was written under pressure for money and extracted from him act by act for Covent Garden Theatre; the manager of which, Harris, refusing supplies till it was finished, "Colman wrote the fifth act in one night on separate bits of paper, throwing them on the floor as he finished, whence they were picked up by Fawcett after Colman had gone to bed." The list of the younger Colman's plays is a long one, some of which have never been printed, while of others the songs only exist. Other noted works of his are *My Nightgown and Slippers* (1797), afterward, with additions, entitled *Broad Grins* (1802); *Poetical Vagaries* (1812); *Vagaries Vindicated* (1814); *Eccentricities for Edinburgh* (1820); *Random Records* (1830). Colman's life was irregular, and he was always in difficulty of one kind or another. For a time he lived in an obscure chamber at the back of his theatre, and another while some few miles out of town under the name of Campbell. The King gave him a post under government, and he sold it. Then he was appointed examiner of plays, and in his character of censor he became tyrannical, futile, and rapacious. Though he was the author of some of the least decent publications of his day, he was squeamish beyond precedent in his judgment of the

writings of others. "Not only" — we quote from Leslie Stephen's article — "not only did he cut out all reference to the deity, every form of prayer or hymn, but he objected to the use of such words as Heaven and Providence, and would not even allow a lover to address his mistress as an angel."

The works in which he permitted himself the greatest license were his comic poems. "Few books," says the London *Literary Chronicle,* "have caused more loud laughs than his *Broad Grins;* it is a happy union of mirth and the muse, and good jokes are related in so agreeable and facetious a manner that they can scarcely be forgotten." And the *Westminster Review,* speaking of the same book, said: "What antic have we here, in motley livery of red and yellow, with cap on head, and dagger of lath in hand? It is the King's jester, a professed droll, strangely gifted in all grimace, who pulls faces, and sells grins by the yard. For the impudent joke he has scarcely an equal." "No modern dramatist," says another writer, "has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humor to a playgoer."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

On the day of my introduction Doctor Johnson was asked to dinner at my father's house in Soho Square, and the erudite savage came a full hour before his time. My father, having dressed himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room.

On our entrance we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-colored satin. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown, cloth *dittos,* with black worsted stockings: his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in

a seemingly paralytic motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder.

He deigned not to rise at our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said: "Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman." The doctor bestowed a slight, ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renewed the previous conversation. Again there was a pause; — again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with — "This is my son, Doctor Johnson." The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "*I see* him, sir!' He then fell back in his rose-colored satin *fauteuil,* as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool or a young one.

After this rude rebuff from the doctor, I had the additional felicity to be placed next to him at dinner; he was silent over his meal; but I observed that he was, as Shylock says of Lancelot Gobbo, "a huge feeder;" and during the display of his voracity (which was worthy of *Bolt* Court) the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table-cloth.— *From Random Records.*

GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how "doctors differ." I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee, one evening, with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice; and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably; which was no bad step toward liberation,

since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery; it was the tender-hearted doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed; till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who, in regard to children, was like the village preacher he has so beautifully described, — for

"Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."—

seized the propitious moment of returning good-humor; so he put down the candle, and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each: the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. "Hey, presto, cockolorum!" cried the doctor, — and lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and, therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as I was also no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appeared to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician; but, from that time, whenever the doctor came to visit my father,

"I plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;"

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry play-fellows. — *From Colman's Random Records; abridged by* THEODORE HOOK.

COLONNA, VITTORIA, an Italian poet; born in Marino in 1490; died at Rome, February 25, 1547. She was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples. She was betrothed in childhood to Francisco d'Avilos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, and was married to him at the age of seventeen. Having joined the Holy League, her husband was taken prisoner at Ravenna, and carried to France. From this time they seldom saw each other, but carried on a close correspondence in prose and verse. After his death, in 1525, Vittoria sought consolation in poetry. She resided at Naples, Ischia, Orvieto, Viterbo, and Rome. She was famous throughout Italy as the most eminent of her sex for beauty, virtue, and talent, and was the centre of a group of brilliant littérateurs and artists. In Rome she formed a lasting friendship with Michelangelo, who dedicated to her some of his sonnets. She is said to be the only woman who was able to reach the heart of the great sculptor. Most of her poems were devoted to the memory of her husband. Among them the best known are her *Rime Spirituali,* published in 1548. Hallam says (Introduction to the *Literature of Europe*): "The rare virtues and consummate talents of this lady were the theme of all Italy in that brilliant age of her literature."

A PRAYER.

Father of heaven! if by thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true vine
Which spreads o'er all — and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace! —

In me much drooping, Lord, thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due thou dost refine
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace,
So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er with thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.
Thou saidst, and thou art truth, thou 'dst with me be;
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

HOLY HARMONY.

Deaf would I be to earthly sounds, to greet,
With thoughts intent and fixed on things above,
The high angelic strains, the accents sweet,
In which true peace accords with perfect love;
Each living instrument the breath that plays
Upon its strings from chord to chord conveys,
And to one end so perfectly they move
That nothing jars the eternal harmony.
Love melts each voice, Love lifts its accents high,
Love beats the time, presides o'er ev'ry string;
Th' angelic chorister one signal sways.
The sound becomes more sweet the more it strays
Through varying changes, in harmonious maze;
He who the song inspired prompts all who sing.

— *Translation of* JOHN S. HARFORD.

THE LIFE WITHIN.

Would that a voice impressive might repeat,
In holiest accents to my inmost soul,
The name of Jesus; and my words and works
Attest true faith in him, and ardent hope;
The soul elect, which feels within itself
The seeds divine of this celestial love,
Hears, sees, attends on Jesus; grace from him
Illumes, expands, fires, purifies the mind;
The habit bright of thus invoking him
Exalts our nature so that it appeals

Daily to him for its immortal food.
On the last conflict with our ancient foe,
So dire to nature, armed with faith alone,
The heart, from usage long, on him will call.
—HARTFORD'S *Translation.*

THE VEIL OF SORROW.

Methinks the sun his wonted beams denies,
Nor lends so fair light to his sister car;
Methinks each planet mild, and lovely star,
Has left its sweet course in the spangled skies:
Fallen is the heart of noble enterprise,
True glory perished, and the pride of war;
All grace and every virtue faded are;
The leaf is withered, and the flow'ret dies;
Unmoved I am, though earth and heaven invite,
Warmed by no ray, nor fanned if zephyr blow;
All offices of nature are deranged,
Since the *bright Sun* that cheered me vanished so.
The courses of the world have quite been changed;
Ah! no, but sorrow veils them from my sight.
—*Translation of* JAMES GLASSFORD.

COLTON, CALEB CHARLES, an English clergyman and poet; born at Salisbury, about 1780; died at Fontainebleau, France, April 28, 1832. He was graduated from Cambridge, was chosen a Fellow of King's College, and in 1818 obtained the vicarage of Kew and Petersham. He contracted extravagant habits, gave himself up to gambling, and in 1828 was obliged to flee from his country. He went first to America, and soon afterward to Paris, where he is said to have won £25,000 in two years at the gaming-table. He committed suicide through apprehension of

a painful surgical operation which had become necessary. He wrote *Hypocrisy, a Satirical Poem* (1812); *Napoleon, a Poem* (1812); *Lines on the Conflagration of Moscow* (1816). After his death appeared a volume, *Modern Antiquity, and other Lyrical Pieces,* among which is the following:

HUMAN LIFE.

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twix doubt of Heaven and deep disgust of Earth!
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age —
Joys framed to stifle *thoughts,* and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
and lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is — how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board;
Prefer the eternal but oblivious fast,
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel planned,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed —
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of Heaven or Hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led?

Or, he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night, her rich star-studded page to read —
Could he point out, 'mid all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thraldom freed?

Minds that have scanned Creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages sealed,
While Nature owned their intellectual reign,
Extinct, have *nothing* known, or nothing have revealed.

Devouring Grave! we might the less deplore
The extinguished lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Would'st thou, from that lost zodiac, *one* restore,
That might the enigma solve, and Doubt — man's tyrant — quell.

To live in darkness — in despair to die —
Is this, indeed, the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port — no rock of refuge nigh?
There is — to those who fix their anchor-hope in Heaven.

Turn then, O Man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above;
Low at the Cross bow down: in *that* confide.
Till Doubt be lost in Faith, and Bliss secured in Love.

Colton, however, will be best remembered by a work produced while he was yet an honored member of the Anglican Church, and before the shadows had begun to gather which darkened his later years. This work was entitled *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words* (1820–22). It is a series of apothegms and moral reflections, gathered and condensed from a great variety of sources. One of these Laconics reads almost prophetically of his own future fate: "The gamester," he says, "if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and by the act of suicide renounces Earth to forfeit Heaven." Among the many wise and pregnant sayings of *Lacon* are the following:

TRUE GENIUS ALWAYS UNITED TO REASON.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united their extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason: it is from such a combination like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that, so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course, instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.— *Lacon.*

MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE.

There are minds so habitated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that

they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their highbred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he could wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbor of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armor happened to be very heavy — the night to be very dark — the water to be very deep — and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.— *Lacon.*

MAGNANIMITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of Niagara in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract,

doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.— *Lacon.*

AVARICE.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a means to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power — Wealth, Strength, and Talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys, the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse. — *Lacon.*

COLTON, CALVIN, an American clergyman and biographer; born at Long Meadow, Mass., in 1789; died at Savannah, Ga., in 1857. He was graduated from Yale College in 1812, studied afterward at Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1815 was ordained as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and became pastor at Batavia, N. Y. Having partially lost the use of his voice, he resigned the pastorate in 1826, and thereafter devoted himself mainly to literary labor. In 1831 he went to London as correspondent for the New York *Observer;* and after his return published several works, among which were *Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country;* and *Reasons for Preferring Episcopacy,* setting forth the considerations which had led him to leave the Presbyterian, and attach himself to the Episcopalian, communion. In 1838 he made his appearance as a political writer by the publication of a pamphlet in which he maintained that "Abolition is Sedition." In succeeding years he published a series of political pamphlets entitled the *Junius Tracts,* which led to an intimate acquaintance with Henry Clay, whose biographer he became. His *Life, Speeches, and Correspondence of Henry Clay,* ultimately extended to six large volumes. At the close of his *Life and Speeches of Clay,* Mr. Colton thus speaks of the closing political labors of that statesman:

HENRY CLAY IN 1850.

Many of Mr. Clay's most brilliant displays of intellect and power were occasioned by momentary excitement; and he never, in his long-protracted career of public life, shone brighter, and never was more powerful in debate, than in the long contest of 1850. He was then an old

man, and in feeble health; but his solicitude for the country, in that crisis of its affairs, brought out all the wealth of his experience, and roused all the fervor of his patriotism. He earnestly hoped, and strenuously endeavored, by his last great effort, to leave the country in peace on the slavery question; and he left the world feeling that the object had been accomplished. Happy for him that he died at such a time.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Once a month a steam-packet leaves Buffalo for the far-off regions of the Northwest, beyond the city of Detroit, through the upper Lakes, to answer the purposes of government, in keeping up a communication with the garrisons of those frontiers and to accommodate the few travellers who may have business in those quarters, or who are bold and romantic enough to push their excursions of pleasure so far. As a commission from the Government of the United States had been ordered to the Northwest Territory for August, 1830, to kindle a Council-fire, as it is called, and to smoke the pipe, with a public assembly of the Chiefs of the numerous tribes of Indians in that quarter, for the purpose of settling certain disputes among themselves, in their relations to each other, and also some misunderstandings between sundry of their tribes and the general government, the Author having leisure, and being a little curious to know more of this race than he had ever yet seen, conceived that this extraordinary occasion for the convention of the chiefs and representatives of the wilder and more remote tribes would afford a good opportunity for the knowledge and observation he so much coveted. He had seen not a little of the Indians in their semi-civilized conditions, as they are found isolated here and there in the midst of the white population of the States; and of course where their manners, habits, character, and very nature have been much modified by their intercourse and intimacies with civilized society. The Indian of North America, in such circumstances, is quite another being from the Indian in his wild and untutored condition; and as the advocates for

the resolving of society into its original elements would say — he is there in his unsophisticated nature.

No one can pretend to understand the character of the aboriginal tenants of America, who has seen them only as *vitiated* by contact with Europeans. I say *vitiated.* For, if they are not made better by proper protection and cultivation, they become much worse, as human nature, left to itself, is more susceptible of the contagion of vice, than of improvement in virtue. The Indian thrown into temptation, easily takes the vices of the white man; and his race in such exposures melts away, like the snow before a summer's sun. Such has been the unhappy fate of the aborigines of America, ever since the discovery of that continent by Columbus. They have melted away — and they are still melting away. They have been cut off by wars, which the provocations of the whites have driven them to wage,— and the remnants, depressed, unprotected — and in their own estimation humbled and degraded, their spirit broken within them, — have sunk down discouraged, and abandoned themselves to the fate of those who have lost all ambition for a political existence, and who covet death rather than life.

The *wild* Indian, however, whose contact with the European race has not been enough to vitiate his habits, or subdue his self-importance — who still prowls the forest in the pride of his independence — who looks upon all nations and tribes, but his own, as unworthy of the contemptuous glance of his eye — dreams of importance become to him a constant reality, and actually have the same influence in the formation of his character, as if they were all that they seem to him; he regards himself as the centre of a world, made especially for him. Such a being, and much more than this, who is not a creature of the imagination, but a living actor in the scenes of earth, becomes at least an interesting object, if he does not make a problem, yet to be solved, in moral philosophy, in politics, in the nature and character of man, as a social being.— *From Tour of the American Lakes.*

COMBE, ANDREW, a Scottish physiologist; born at Edinburgh, October 27, 1797; died there, August 9, 1847. After passing his examination at Surgeons' Hall, he completed his medical studies at Paris, and while there became interested in phrenology, which he investigated on anatomical principles. On his return to England he was attacked with symptoms of pulmonary disease, which obliged him to spend two winters in the south of Europe, and it was not until 1823 that he was able to begin the practice of his profession. He adopted a system of hygiene which sought to prevent disease instead of waiting for its development. Acting upon his great faith in phrenology he became quite skilful in dissecting the brain and afterward added much to the interest of his brother George's lectures by his practical demonstrations of the convolutions. He defended the science of phrenology before the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. In 1823, in conjunction with his brother George, he founded and assisted in editing *The Phrenological Journal.* In 1831 he published *Observations on Mental Derangement,* and in 1834 *The Principles of Physiology Applied to Health.* He was appointed physician to the King of Belgium in 1836; but his failing health soon obliged him to resign the position. In 1838 he was made one of the physicians in ordinary to the Queen of England. His work on the *Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy* appeared in 1840; and *The Physiology of Digestion* in 1842.

EFFECTS OF A MONOTONOUS LIFE.

When a person of some mental capacity is confined for a length of time to an unvarying round of employment, which affords neither scope nor stimulus for one-half of his faculties, and from want of education or society has no external resources, his mental powers, for want of exercise to keep up due vitality in their cerebral organs, become blunted; his perceptions slow and dull, and he feels any unusual subjects of thought as disagreeable and painful intrusions. The intellect and feelings not being provided with interests external to themselves, must either become inactive and weak, or work upon themselves and become diseased. In the former case the mind becomes apathetic, and possesses no ground of sympathy with its fellow-creatures; in the latter, it becomes unduly sensitive, and shrinks within itself and its own limited circle, as its only protection against every trifling occurrence or mode of action which has not relation to itself. A desire to continue an unvaried round of life takes strong possession of the mind, because, to come forth into society requires an exertion of faculties which have been long dormant, which cannot awaken without pain, and which are felt to be feeble when called into action. In such a state, home and its immediate interests become not only the centre which they ought to be, but also the boundary of life; and the mind being originally constituted to embrace a much wider space, is thus shorn of its powers, deprived of numerous pleasures attending their exercise, the whole tone of mental and bodily health is lowered, and a total inaptitude for the business of life and the ordinary intercourse of society comes on, and often increases till it becomes a positive malady. But let the situation of such a person be changed; give him a variety of imperative employments, and place him in society so as to supply to his cerebral organs that extent of exercise which gives them health and vivacity of action, and in a few months the change produced will be surprising. Health, animation, and acuteness will take the place of former insipidity and dulness.—*Observations on Mental Derangement.*

COMBE, GEORGE, a Scottish phrenologist; born at Edinburgh, October 21, 1788; died at Moor Park, England, August 14, 1858. He studied law, and gained a large professional practice. Having seen Spurzheim dissect the brain, he began to investigate phrenology and became a zealous supporter of its theories. In 1819 a series of papers contributed by him to the *Literary and Statistical Magazine* were published together under the title *Essays on Phrenology.* As the earliest English advocate of the phrenological doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, and as the author of *The Constitution of Man Considered in Relation to External Objects* he attracted much attention in Great Britain, on the Continent, and in America. The science of phrenology was at this time the laughing-stock of the public, and Combe was warned by his friends that his advocacy of the ridiculous system would injure his legal practice, but the reverse seems to have been the fact. His later work, *The Constitution of Man,* was also condemned by his friends as irreligious and atheistical. He held that his book supplied a philosophical basis for religion. The principle on which he based his argument was, that all the laws of nature were in harmony, and that Man would best fulfil God's will and attain the greatest happiness for himself by discovering and obeying those laws. *The Phrenological Journal* was established, a volume of *Phrenological Transactions* was issued, and a *System of Phrenology* published by Combe in 1824. In 1839–40 he visited the United States, and gave an account of his travels in *Notes on the United States of North America* (1841). His

Moral Philosophy had been published in the preceding year. The next year he delivered a course of lectures in the German University of Heidelberg. A pamphlet on *The Currency Question* (1855), and one on *The Relation between Science and Religion* (1857), are among his works. He published *The Life and Letters of Andrew Combe,* and contributed many articles to magazines.

He was deeply interested in the reform as well as punishment of the criminal classes, and this, as well as phrenology and education, furnished the subjects of his lectures while in America.

LARGE AND SMALL BRAINS.

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we should prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises — to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot — to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad — to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation — to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age — in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakespeare, Milton, or Cromwell — a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life — to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy — to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression — to acquire extensive erudition and re-

fined manners — a brain of moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feeble minds would sink in despair.—*System of Phrenology.*

RELATION OF NATURAL LAWS TO MAN.

The natural laws are in harmony with the whole constitution of man, the moral and intellectual powers holding the supremacy. If ships in general had sunk when they were stanch, strong, and skilfully managed, this would have outraged the perceptions of reason; but as they float, the physical law is, in this instance, in harmony with the moral and intellectual law. If men who rioted in drunkenness and debauchery had thereby established health and increased their happiness, this, again, would have been at variance with our intellectual and moral perceptions; but the opposite and actual result is in harmony with them.

It will be subsequently shown, that our moral sentiments desire universal happiness. If the physical and organic laws are constituted in harmony with them, it ought to follow that the natural laws, when obeyed, will conduce to the happiness of the moral and intelligent beings who are called on to observe them; and that the evil conse-

quences, or punishments resulting from infringement of them, will be calculated to enforce stricter obedience, for the advantage of those creatures themselves. According to this view, when a ship sinks, in consequence of a plank starting, the punishment is intended to impress upon the spectators the absolute necessity of having every plank secure and strong before going to sea, this being a condition indispensable to their safety. When sickness and pain follow a debauch, the object of the suffering is to urge a more scrupulous obedience to the organic laws, that the individual may escape premature death, which is the inevitable consequence of too great and continued disobedience to these laws — and enjoy health, which is the reward of the opposite conduct. When discontent, irritation, hatred, and other mental annoyances, arise out of infringement of the moral law, this punishment is calculated to induce the offender to return to obedience, that he may enjoy the rewards attached to it.

When the transgression of any natural law is excessive, and so great that return to obedience is impossible, one purpose of death, which then ensues, may be to deliver the individual from a continuation of the punishment which could then do him no good. . . . If a man in the vigor of life so far infringe any organic law as to destroy the function of a vital organ — the heart, for instance, or the lungs, or the brain — it is better for him to have his life cut short, and his pain put an end to, than to have it protracted under all the tortures of an organic existence, without lungs, without a heart, or without a brain, if such a state were possible, which, for this wise reason, it is not.—*The Constitution of Man.*

COMBE, WILLIAM, an English satirist; born at Bristol, in 1741; died at Lambeth, June 19, 1823. It is questioned whether his father was a wealthy Bristol merchant or a London alderman named William Alexander. It is certain, however, that the latter at his death bequeathed to Combe £2,000, which was squandered in riotous living. He was educated at Oxford and Eton, but did not take a degree, and entered the law. For some years he led the life of an adventurer, having been successively a soldier, a waiter, a lieutenant, and a cook. In 1780 he became an inmate of the King's Bench debtor's prison, and most of the remainder of his life was spent within its rules, though he contributed liberally to the periodical press of London. His writings at this time comprised pamphlets, satires, burlesques, 2,000 columns for the papers, 200 biographies, *The Origin of Commerce,* and the text for Boydell's *History of the River Thames. All the Talents,* a satire which appeared in 1807, and ran through twenty editions, was attributed to him. He also did considerable work for the magazines and the London *Times.* He was the author of a satirical work, *The Diaboliad,* and an imitation of LeSage entitled *The Devil on Two Sticks in England* (1790). His most popular work was *The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,* published first in the *Poetical Magazine,* and printed in book form in 1812. A collection of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton,* a brilliant and profligate nobleman whom Combe had known at school, were at first supposed to be genuine, but there seems no doubt that Combe was the author of them, as he was of a series

of *Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza.*

THE SMOKING SOLILOQUY.

That man, I trow, is doubly curst,
Who of the best doth make the worst;
And he, I'm sure, is doubly blest,
Who of the worst can make the best.
To sit in sorrow and complain,
Is adding folly to our pain.
In adverse state there is no vice,
More mischievous than cowardice;
'Tis by resistance that we claim
The Christian's venerable name.
If you resist him, e'en Old Nick
Gives up his meditated trick. . . .
Learning I thank thee; — though by toil
And the pale lamp of midnight oil
I gain'd thy smiles; though many a year
Fortune refus'd my heart to cheer;
By th' inspiring laurels crown'd,
I oft could smile when fortune frown'd
Beguil'd by thee, I oft forgot
My uncomb'd wig and rusty coat:
When coals were dear, and low my fire,
I warm'd myself with Homer's lyre:
Or, in a dearth of ale benign,
I eager quaff'd the stream divine,
Which flows in Virgil's every line.
To save me from domestic brawls,
I thunder'd Tully to the walls;
When nought I did could Dolly please,
I laugh'd with Aristophanes;
And oft has Grizzle, on our way,
Heard me from Horace smart and gay.
But while I trod Life's rugged road,
While troubles haunted my abode,
With not an omen to portend
That toil would cease, that things would mend,
I did to my allotment bow,

And smok'd my pipe as I do now.
Hail, social tube! thou foe to Care!
Companion of my easy chair!
Form'd not, with cold and Stoic art,
To harden, but to soothe the heart!
For Bacon, a much wiser man
Than any of the Stoic clan,
Declares thy power to control
Each fretful impulse of the soul;
And Swift has said (a splendid name
On the large sphere of mortal fame),
That he who daily smokes two pipes
The tooth-ache never has — nor gripes.
With these, in silence calm and still,
My Dolly's tones no longer shrill,
Though meant to speak reproach and sneer,
Pass'd in soft cadence to my ear.
Calm Contemplation comes with thee,
And the mild maid — Philosophy!
Lost in the thoughts which you suggest
To the full counsel of my breast,
My books all slumb'ring on the shelf
I thus can commune with myself;
Thus to myself my thoughts repeat;
Thus moralize on what is great,
And, every selfish wish subdued,
Cherish the sense of what is good.
Thus, cheer'd with hopes of happier days,
My grateful lips declare thy praise.
How oft I've felt, in adverse hour,
The comforts of thy soothing power!
Nor will I now forget my friend,
When my foul fortune seems to mend,
Yes; I would smoke as I do now,
Though a proud mitre deck'd my brow.
Hail, social tube! thou foe to care!
Companion of my easy chair!

— *Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Dr. Goldsmith was neglected? As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them. If he died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture demand of "Take no thought for to-morrow," with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life and the insolvency of its end. He might have blessed himself with a happy independence, and secured an ample provision for his old age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament; and all this without rising up early or sitting up late, if common-sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification. Nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labor will wait for the necessity of to-morrow; and if death should overtake him in the interval, it must find him a beggar, and the age is to be accused of obduracy in suffering genius to die for want! If Pope had been a debauchee he would have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed the Attic elegance of his villa on the banks of the Thames. If Sir Joshua Reynolds had been idle and drunken, he might at this hour have been acquiring a scanty maintenance by painting coach-panels and Birmingham tea-boards. Had not David Hume possessed the invariable temper of his country, he might have been the actual master of a school in the Hebrides; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end. . . . Rest, then, assured, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find protection, encouragement, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render his labors

obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.— *The Lyttleton Letters.*

COMENIUS, JOHANN AMOS, a Moravian educational reformer; born at Ungarisch-Brod, March 28, 1592; died at Amsterdam, November 15, 1670. He was of poor parents, who were members of the sect of the Moravian Brethren. He was educated at Herborn and Heidelberg. He travelled in Holland and England; and in 1618, having taught school for a time at Prerau, he took charge of the school and congregation of the Brethren at Fulnek. In 1621, upon the Spanish invasion and persecution, he fled to Poland, where he taught school at Lissa. Here he was made a bishop; and here, in 1630, he issued his educational work *Pansophiæ Prodromus,* and in 1631 his *Janua Linguarum Reserata;* the latter of which, with other works of a like character on the teaching of languages, gained him a great and widespread reputation. In 1638 he assisted the Swedes in the establishment of a reformed system of teaching. He also went to England for the same purpose. He lived for a while in Hungary; and upon the burning of Lissa by the Poles in 1657, having lost many of his manuscripts, he fled to Amsterdam, where it is supposed he died.

As a theologian, Comenius was visionary and perhaps in some respects unreliable. He published a number of exegetical works, in one of which he gave voice to the visions of certain ecstatics; and in another he set a date for the millennium. His fame rests upon

his pedagogical writings. The *Orbis Sensualium Pictus,* issued in 1656, is adorned with pictures, and is the earliest picture-book for children. Other works on education were *Physicæ ad Lumen Divinum Reformatæ Synopsis* (1633); *Opera Didactica Omnia* (1657), containing his famous *Didactica Magna* and thirty-eight other treatises. In the *Didactica Magna* he strikes the keynote of his ceaseless activity in the cause of education in these remarkable words: "The best years of my own youth were wasted in useless school exercises. How often, since I have learned to know better, have I shed tears at the remembrance of lost hours! How often have I cried out in my grief, *O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!* But grief is vain, and past days will not return. Only one thing remains, only one thing is possible; to leave to posterity what advice I can, by showing the way in which our teachers have led us into errors, and the method of remedying those errors. May I do this in the name and under the guidance of Him who alone can number all our faults and make our crooked things straight."

"Comenius," says Raumer, "is a grand and venerable figure of sorrow. Wandering, persecuted and homeless, during the terrible and desolating Thirty Years' War, he never despaired; but with enduring and faithful truth, labored unweariedly to prepare youth, by a better education, for a better future. His undespairing aspirations seem to have lifted up, in a large part of Europe, many good men, prostrated by the terrors of the times, and to have inspired them with the hope that, by a pious and wise system of edu-

cation, there would be reared up a race of men more pleasing to God."

In his seventy-seventh year he wrote his *Confession;* from which we may become acquainted with his piety, his deep love, and his unwearied aspirations to do good. The original title of this singular work, if translated out of the original Latin, would run thus: *The One Thing Needful to Know; Needful in Life, in Death, and After Death; Which the Old Man, Amos Comenius, Weary with the Uselessness of This World, and Turning to the One Thing Needful for Himself, in his 77th Year, Gives to the World to Consider.*

HIS LAST DECLARATION.

Where shall I now begin, after so many labyrinths and Sisyphian stones, with which I have been played all my life? Shall I say with Elias: "Now, O Lord, take away my life from me, since I am no better than my fathers;" or with David: "Forsake me not, O Lord, in my age, until I have prophesied all that thine arm shall bring to pass." Neither; that I may not be unhappy with painful longing for the one or the other; but I will have my life and death, my rest and my labor, according to the will of God; and with closed eyes will follow wherever He leads me, full of confidence and humility, praying, with David: "Lead me in thy wisdom, and at last receive me into glory." And what I shall do hereafter, shall happen no otherwise than as if directed by Christ, so that the longer I live the more I may be contented with what is needful for me, and may burn up or cast away all that is unnecessary. Would that I were soon to depart to the heavenly country, and leave behind me all earthly things! Yea, I will cast away all the earthly cares which I yet have, and will rather burn them in the fire, than to encumber myself further with them.

To explain this, my last declaration, more clearly, I say that a little hut, wherever it be, shall serve me in-

stead of a palace; or if I have no place whereto lay my head, I will be contented after the example of my Master, though none receive me under his roof. Or I will remain under the roof of the sky, as did He during that last night upon the Mount of Olives, until, like the beggar Lazarus, the angels shall receive me into their company. Instead of a costly robe, I will be contented, like John, with a coarse garment. Bread and water shall be to me instead of a costly table, and if I have therewith a few vegetables, I will thank God for them. My library shall consist of the threefold book of God; my philosophy shall be, with David, to consider the heavens and the works of God, and to wonder that He, the Lord of so great a kingdom, should condescend to look upon a poor worm like me. My medicine shall be, a little eating and frequent fasting. My jurisprudence, to do unto others as I would that they should do unto me. If any ask after my theology, I will, like the dying Thomas Aquinas — for I, too, shall die soon — take my Bible, and say with tongue and heart, "I believe what is written in this book." If he ask further about my creed, I will repeat to him the apostolic one, for I know none shorter, simpler, or more expressive, or that cuts off all controversy. If he ask for my form of prayer, I will show him the Lord's Prayer; since no one can give a better key to open the heart of the father than the son, his own offspring. If any ask after my rule of life, there are the ten commandments; for I believe no one can better tell what will please God than God Himself. If any seek to know my system of casuistry, I will answer, everything pertaining to myself is suspicious to me; therefore I fear even when I do well, and say humbly, "I am an unprofitable servant, have patience with me!"— *The Confession; from* RAUMER'S *German translation.*

COMINES, Philippe de, a French historian and statesman; born at Comines, near Lille, in 1445; died at Argenton, October 18, 1509. So great was his assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge, especially of historical information, that he is often spoken of as the father of modern history. He was the confidential adviser of Charles the Bold; and afterward, in 1472, he entered the service of Louis XI. of France, by whom he was made Seneschal of Poitou. In 1488 he was banished for favoring the party of the Duke of Orleans. In 1494 he assisted Charles VIII. in a diplomatic capacity, and accompanied him when he invaded Italy. His reputation as a writer is founded upon his famous *Memoirs,* narrating the history of the period from 1464 to 1498. The work was begun shortly after the invasion of Italy, and was printed fourteen years after the author's death. Hallam says that these memoirs "almost make an epoch in historical literature," and Macaulay speaks of them as the work of "one of the most enlightened men of his time." Saint-Beuve says that Comines was the earliest truly modern writer, and that from his *Memoirs,* "the definitive history of his time," all political history took its rise. The pages of Comines abound with excellencies. He analyzes motives, pictures manners, describes events, delineates men; and his reflections are pregnant with suggestiveness, his conclusions strong with the logic of facts.

THE BURGUNDIANS.

The subjects of the house of Burgundy were at that time very wealthy, by reason of the long peace they had enjoyed, and the goodness of their prince, who

laid but few taxes upon them; so that in my judgment, if any country might then be called the land of promise, it was his country, which enjoyed great wealth and repose; more than ever it has since; and it is now probably three and twenty years since their miseries began. The expenses and dresses both of women and men were great and extravagant; and their entertainments and banquets more profuse and splendid than in any other place that I ever saw. Their baths and other amusements with women, were lavish and disorderly, and many times immodest: I speak of women of inferior degree. In short, the subjects of that house were then of opinion that no prince was able to cope with them, at least to impoverish them. But now, in the whole world I do not know any people so desolate and miserable as they are: and I question not but the sins they committed in their prosperity are, in some measure, the occasion of their present adversity, and have brought down this heavy judgment upon them; especially since they did not own and acknowledge that all good things proceed from God, who distributes and disposes of them according to his pleasure.—*From The Memoirs; edited by* ANDREW SCOBLE.

THE SALIC LAW.

It seems to me, that upon good and solid advice, and not without the particular grace of God, that law was made in France, whereby women are excluded from the succession, and no daughter suffered to inherit the crown, to prevent its falling into the hands of a foreign nation or prince; which the French would hardly endure, nor, indeed, any other nation; for there is no sovereignty whatever, but at length revolves upon the natives. This may be seen in France, where the English had great possessions for forty years together, and at this present time have nothing left of all their conquests but Calais and two little castles, which cost them a great deal to keep; the rest they lost much more easily than they conquered it; for they lost more in one day than they had gained in a year. The same thing is observable in the

AUGUSTE COMTE.

kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and other provinces, of which the French had possession for many years together; in all which there is now no monument of their power remaining but the sepulchres of their fathers.—*From The Memoirs.*

COMTE, Isidore - Auguste - Marie - François-Xavier, a French philosopher; born at Montpellier, January 19, 1798; died at Paris, September 5, 1857. In 1814 he entered the Polytechnic School at Paris; but two years afterward took part in a demonstration against one of the masters, and was sent home. Soon, against the wishes of his parents, he went back to Paris, with the intention of perfecting his own intellectual development; hoping to support himself in the meantime by giving instruction in mathematics. He had set up Benjamin Franklin as the ideal upon which his own life should be modelled. To a school friend he thus wrote:

COMTE'S PLANS AT TWENTY.

I seek to imitate the modern Socrates; not in talents, but in way of living. You know that at five-and-twenty he formed the design of becoming perfectly wise, and that he fulfilled his design. I have dared to undertake the same thing, though I am not yet twenty.

At Paris he lived for some years upon an allowance of about $400 a year made to him by his father. He fell for a time under the influence of Saint-Simon, with whom, and whose school of philosophy, he after awhile quarrelled. Yet he frankly acknowledged his

obligations to Saint-Simon: "I certainly," he wrote to a friend, "am under great personal obligations to Saint-Simon; that is to say, he helped in a powerful degree to launch me in the philosophical direction that I have now definitely marked out for myself, and that I shall follow without looking back for the rest of my life." The personal life of Comte was far from a happy one, especially in his domestic relations. In 1826 he had what he styles a "cerebral crisis," which resulted in a period of insanity, which lasted for several months. Recovering from this he devoted the remainder of his life to the elaboration of his new science of thought, which has come to be designated as the "Positive Philosophy," earning his livelihood in the meanwhile as a teacher of mathematics; but receiving also from time to time much sorely needed pecuniary aid from some of his wealthy English admirers. Comte's method of composition is thus described by John Morley in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:*

COMTE AS A WRITER.

If you seek to place yourself in sympathy with Comte, it is best to think of him only as the intellectual worker pursuing in uncomforted obscurity the laborious and absorbing task to which he had given up his whole life. His singularly conscientious fashion of elaborating his ideas made the mental strain more intense than even so exhausting a work as the abstract exposition of the principles of positive science need have been, if he had followed a more self-indulgent plan. He did not write a word until he had first composed the matter in his mind. When he had thoroughly meditated every sentence, he sat down to write, and then, such was the grip of his memory, the exact order of his thoughts came back to him as if without an effort, and he wrote down precisely what he had intended to write, without the

aid of a note or a memorandum, and without check or pause. For example, he began and completed in about six weeks a chapter of the *Positive Philosophy* which would fill at least one hundred and fifty large closely printed octavo pages. Even if his subject had been merely narrative or descriptive, this would be a very satisfactory piece of continuous production. When we reflect that the chapter in question is not narrative, but an abstract exposition of the guiding principles of the movements of several centuries, with many threads of complex thought running along side by side through the speculation, then the circumstances under which it was reduced to literary form are really astonishing. It is hardly possible for a critic to share the admiration expressed by some of Comte's disciples for his style. We are not so unreasonable as to blame him for failing to make his pages picturesque; but there is a certain standard for the most serious and abstract subjects. When compared with such philosophic writing as Hume's, Diderot's, Berkeley's, then Comte's manner is heavy, labored, monotonous, without relief, and without light. There is now and then an energetic phrase; but, as a whole, the vocabulary is jejune; the sentences are overloaded, the pitch is flat. The general effect is impressive, not by any virtues of style, for we do not discover one, but by reason of the magnitude and importance of the undertaking and the visible conscientiousness and the grasp with which it is executed. It is by sheer strength of thought, by the vigorous perspicacity with which he strikes the lines of cleavage of his subject, that he makes his way into the mind of the reader. In the presence of gifts of this power we need not quarrel with an ungainly style.

The following are the principal works of Comte: In 1830 he began the publication of the *Cours de Philosophie positive,* which extended to six large volumes, the last appearing in 1842. In 1843 he published the *Traité élémentaire de Gêométrie analytique;* in 1848

the *Discours sur l' Ensemble du Positivisme;* and in 1851–54 the *Système de Politique positive* (4 vols.), in which he presented the final view of his system. Among the most notable passages in his writings is the following:

THE GREAT BEING.

A deeper study of the great universal order reveals to us at length the ruling power within it of the true Great Being, whose destiny it is to bring that order continually to perfection by constantly conforming to its laws, and which thus represents to us that system as a whole. This undeniable Providence, the supreme dispenser of our destinies, becomes in the natural course the common centre of our affections, our thoughts, and our actions. Although this Great Being evidently exceeds the utmost strength of any, even of any collective, human force, its necessary constitution and peculiar function endow it with the truest sympathy toward all its servants. The least among us can and ought constantly to aspire to maintain and even to improve this Being. This natural object of all our activity, both public and private, determines the true general character of the rest of our existence, whether in feeling or in thought; which must be devoted to love, and to know, in order rightly to serve, one Providence, by a wise use of all the means which it furnishes to us. Reciprocally this continued service, while strengthening our true unity, renders us at once both happier and better.

Mr. Morley thus summarizes what he conceives to be the scope of the philosophy developed by Comte:

COMTE'S PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY.

The exaltation of Humanity into the throne occupied by the Supreme Being under the monotheistic systems, made all the rest of Comte's construction easy enough. Utility remains the test of every institution, impulse,

act; his fabric becomes substantially an arch of utilitarian principles, with an artificial Great Being inserted at the top to keep them in their place. The Comtist system is utilitarianism crowned by a fantastic decoration. Translated into the plainest English, the position is as follows: "Society can only be regenerated by the greater subordination of politics to morals, by the moralization of capital, by the renovation of the family, by a higher conception of marriage, and so on. These ends can only be reached by a heartier development of the sympathetic instincts. The sympathetic instincts can only be developed by the Religion of Humanity." . . . The whole contest as to the legitimateness of Comtism as a religion turns upon this erection of Humanity into a Being. The various hypotheses, dogmas, proposals, as to the family, to capital, etc., are merely propositions measurable by considerations of utility and a balance of expediencies. Many of these proposals are of the highest interest, and many of them are actually available, but there does not seem to be one of them of an available kind which could not equally well be approached from other sides, and even incorporated in some radically antagonistic system. . . . The singularity of Comte's construction, and the test by which it must be tried is the transfer of the worship and discipline of Catholicism to a system in which "the conception of God is superseded" by the abstract idea of Humanity, conceived as a kind of Personality. . . . Perhaps we have said enough to show that after performing a great and real service to thought, Comte almost sacrificed his claims to gratitude by the invention of a system that, as such, and independently of detached suggestions, is markedly retrograde. But the world has strong, self-protecting qualities. It will take what is available in Comte, while forgetting that in his work which is as irrational in one way as Hegel is in another.

CONANT, Helen Peters Stevens, an American poet and translator; born at Methuen, Mass., October 9, 1839; died at New York in 1899. She was married in 1863 to Samuel Stillman Conant. In 1868 she published *The Butterfly-Hunters;* and subsequently *A Primer of German Literature,* and *A Primer of Spanish Literature,* both of which contain many original translations:

A GERMAN LOVE SONG.

Thou art the rest, the languor sweet!
Thou my desire! Thou my retreat!
I consecrate my heart to thee,
Thy home through all eternity!
Come in to me, and shut the door
So fast that none shall enter more!
Fill all my soul with dear delight;
Oh, tarry with me day and night.

A SPANISH SONG.

On lips of blooming youth,
There trembles many a sigh,
Which lives to breathe a truth,
Then silently to die.
Thou, who art my desire,
Thy languishing sweet love
In sighs upon thy lips shall oft expire.

I love the sapphire glory
Of those starry depths above,
Where I read the old, old story
Of human hope and love.
I love the shining star,
But when I gaze on thee,
The fire of thine eyes is brighter far.

The fleeting, fleeting hours,
  Which ne'er return again,
Leave only faded flowers,
  And weary days of pain.
Delight recedes from view,
  And never more may pass
Sweet words of tenderness, between us two.

The gentle breeze which plays
  On the water murmuringly,
And the silvery, trembling rays
  Of the moon on the midnight sea —
Ay! all have passed away,
  Have faded far from me,
Like the love which lasted only one sweet day.

CONANT, SAMUEL STILLMAN, an American journalist; born at Waterville, Me., in 1831. After completing his collegiate education he spent several years in German universities. Upon his return to America he entered upon the profession of journalism, and in 1862 became the editor of *Harper's Weekly*. In January, 1885, after completing his regular week's work, he left the office, expecting to return in a day or two. At intervals, for about a week, he was casually seen in the vicinity of New York; after which he disappeared entirely. It is presumed that he had wandered away in a sudden fit of insanity. In 1870 he published a translation of *The Circassian Boy*, a metrical romance by the Russian poet Lermontoff. He also contributed both prose and verse to periodicals.

RELEASE.

As one who leaves a prison cell,
  And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,
  Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of nature thrill through every vein,
  I leave my former self behind,
  And, free once more in heart and mind,
Shake off the old corroding chain.

Free from the Past — a jailer dread —
  And with the Present clasping hands,
  Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
  May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
  But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

CONANT, THOMAS JEFFERSON, an American translator; born at Brandon, Vt., December 13, 1802; died at Brooklyn, N, Y., April 30, 1891. He was graduated from Middlebury College in 1823, and after devoting several years to philological study, became Professor of Languages in Waterville College, Me. He resigned this position in 1833, and devoted himself especially to the study of Oriental languages. In 1835 he became Professor of Biblical Literature in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Hamilton, N. Y., and in 1850 was called to a similar chair in the Uni-

versity of Rochester, N. Y., having in the meanwhile spent two years in the German universities of Halle and Berlin. In 1857 he took up his residence at Brooklyn, N. Y., in order to devote himself to Biblical revision, in the service of the American Bible Union (Baptist). At a later period he became a member of the Old Testament division of the American Committee co-operating with the English Committee for the revisal of the Authorized Version of the Bible. While Professor at Hamilton he translated the *Hebrew Grammar* of Gesenius and Rödiger. Besides his Biblical labors he has co-operated with others in the preparation of much other scholarly work: with his daughter, Blandina Conant, in making out a complete *Index to the American Cyclopædia,* and with Rev. Lyman Abbott in the preparation of his *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge.* In 1884 he published *Historical Books of the Old Testament.*

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND TEACHINGS OF THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

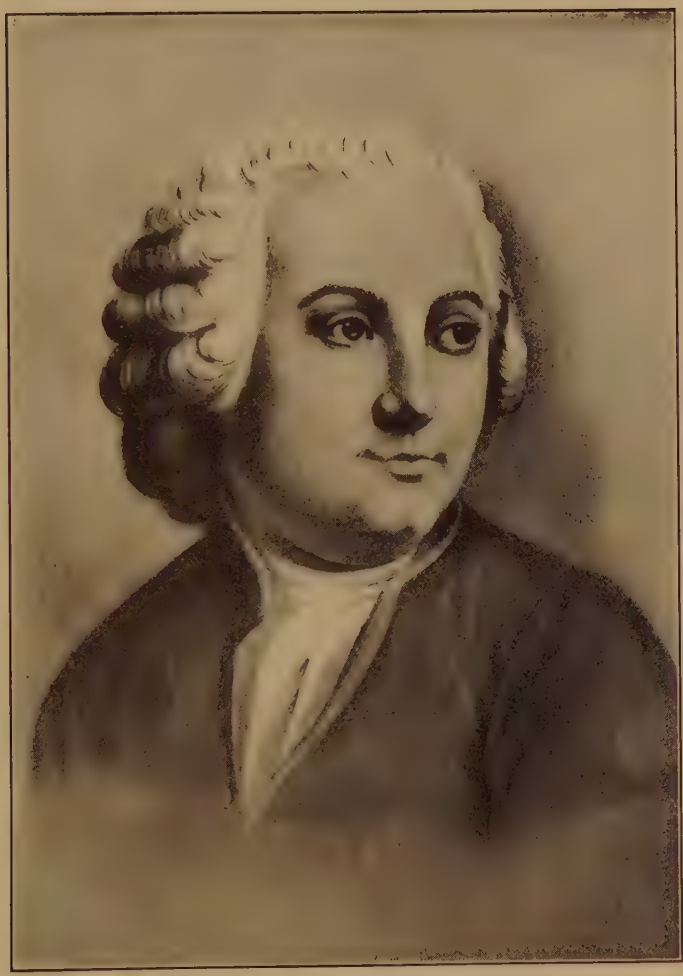
Practical precepts for regulating what may be called the secular concerns of life, are an essential part of a divine revelation. It would be incomplete without them. Men need to know what divine wisdom approves in the management of wordly affairs. They should not be left to guide themselves by the maxims of worldly policy, or even of worldly prudence. So divine wisdom has judged; and, accordingly, it has provided a code of practical economics more comprehensive and more minute in its moral and prudential elements and applications, than is to be found in any other literature. Whoever masters its principles and rules of life, and intelligently applies them, cannot fail to be a wise, a prosperous, and a happy man.

To treat such a book as intended for doctrinal re-

ligious instruction is to interpret it falsely, and to obscure its true aim and value. Every part of divine revelation has its appropriate object. It is no true conception of the divine word to regard it as setting no value on the present life, and as leaving it without proper guidance. God's wisdom and goodness are as apparent in needful directions for man's earthly and temporal welfare, as in the provisions for his higher spiritual life. It is not, therefore, wise to say, for example, as has often been done, and as though it were a commendation of the Divine Book, that "CHRIST may be found anywhere in it, if one will but look for Him." Wherever His wisdom and goodness are seen, in His word or in His works, there the devout spirit will find Him.—*Historical Books of the Old Testament.*

CONDILLAC, ETIENNE BONNOT DE, a French philosopher; born at Grenoble, September 30, 1715; died near Beaugency, August 3, 1780. His feebleness of constitution in childhood prevented his being kept at school. As his health improved, he devoted himself to study, and while still young he was appointed tutor to the Duke of Parma, the grandson of Louis XV. In 1768 he was chosen a member of the French Academy. After completing the young Duke's education, Condillac retired to an estate near Beaugency, where he spent the remainder of his life in the quiet pursuits of a scholar.

Condillac's works are: *Essai sur l'Origine des Connaissances Humaines,* published in 1746; *Traité des Systèmes* (1749); *Traité des Sensations* (1754); *Cours d'Etudes,* comprising *Grammaire, L'Art d'Écrire, L'Art de Penser, L'Art de Raisonner, L'His-*



E. B. DE CONDILLAC.

toire Ancienne, L'Histoire Moderne, and *L'Étude de l'Histoire* (1755), this *Cours* being written for the instruction of the Duke of Parma; *Traité des Animaux* (1775); *Le Commerce et le Gouvernement* (1776); *La Logique* (1780), and *La Langue des Calculs,* left incomplete by the author, and published in 1798.

Condillac criticises the philosophy which seeks to know the nature of the mind, and is not content with observing its operations. He rejects the theory of innate ideas, and maintains that "the sensations and the operations of the mind are the materials of all our knowledge;" that mental operations are transformations of sensations; that unaided by the senses, the mind is powerless; that thinking is nothing without language; that reasoning consists in detecting a judgment which is implicitly contained in another, proof being afforded by identity; that the analytic is the only method of acquiring a knowledge of the truth. In the *Traité des Sensations,* Condillac imagines a statue, like ourselves within, possessed of a mind destitute of all ideas, and acquiring the use of its senses at the pleasure of the experimenter. He begins with the sense of smell, as that which seems to contribute least to the development of the human mind, and endows his statue with hearing, taste, sight, and touch in succession. In his work *Le Commerce et le Gouvernement,* Condillac regards the wants and desires of the human mind as the source of value. He treats of economic science as the science of exchanges in which men give what is comparatively superfluous to them for what is necessary.

OF SENSATIONS.

It is evident that the ideas which we call sensations are of such a nature that if we had been deprived of our Senses, we should never have been able to have acquired them. Hence no philosopher ever asserted that they were innate; this would have been plainly contradicting experience. But it has been said that they were not ideas; just as if they were not in themselves as representative as any other thought of the soul. The sensations have therefore been considered only as something that comes after, and that modifies our ideas; an error on which several extravagant and unintelligible systems are founded. A very slight attention must convince us, that when we perceive light, colors, or solidity, these and the like sensations are more than sufficient to give us all the ideas which we generally have of bodies. For is there, in fact, any idea not included in those first perceptions? Do not we find in these the ideas of extension, figure, place, motion, rest, etc.?

Let us therefore reject the hypothesis of innate ideas, and suppose that God has given us only, for instance, the perceptions of light and color. Will not these represent, even to our eyes, the ideas of extension, of lines and figures? But it will be objected that we cannot be sure, by our senses, whether these things are really such as they appear: therefore we have not the ideas of them from the senses. How strange a consequence! Can we have any greater certainty from innate ideas? What does it signify whether the senses can give us any certain knowledge of the figure of a body or not? The question is, whether, even when they deceive us, they do not convey the idea of a figure. I see one, for instance, which I take to be a pentagon, though on one of its sides it forms an imperceptible angle. This is an error; but, for all that, does it not convey to my mind the idea of a pentagon?

And yet the followers of Des Cartes and Mallebranche make such a loud cry against the senses, and repeat to

us so often that they produce nothing but error and delusion; that a great many are apt to look upon them as an obstacle to knowledge, and, through a mistaken zeal for truth, would be glad, if possible, to be divested of them. Not that the complaints of those philosophers are absolutely without foundation: they have so ingeniously exposed a multitude of errors on this very subject, that we cannot, without injustice, deny the obligations we owe them. But is there no medium? Cannot we find in our senses a source of truth, as well as of error; and distinguish them so clearly, as to have always recourse to the former?

And, first of all, it is very certain, that nothing is more clear and distinct than our perception, when we feel some particular sensations. What can be more clear and distinct than the perceptions of form and of color? Do we ever confound these ideas? But if we are desirous to inquire into their nature, and to know in what manner they are produced within us, we must not begin by saying that our senses deceive us, or that they give us confused and obscure ideas: the least reflection is sufficient to refute such an assertion.

And yet, let the nature of these perceptions be what it will, and let them be produced as they will, if we look amongst them for the idea of extension, for instance, of a line, of an angle, and any other figure, we shall find it in that repository very clearly and distinctly. If we afterwards look for the thing to which we attribute this extension, and these figures, we shall perceive still as clearly and distinctly that it belongs not to us, nor to that which, within us, is the subject of thought, but to something without us. But if we want to find, in these perceptions, the idea of the absolute magnitude of certain bodies, or even of their relative magnitude, and proper figure, we shall have reason to suspect the information they give us. According as the object is more or less distant, the appearances of size and figure, in which it will show itself, shall be entirely different.

We must therefore distinguish three things in our

sensations: 1. The perception which we feel.—2. The application we make of it to something without us.—3. The judgment, that what we apply or attribute to those things, really belongs to them.— *Origin of Human Knowledge; translation of* NUGENT.

THE NECESSITY OF SIGNS.

The necessity of signs is still very obvious in those complex ideas which we form without patterns. When once we have combined such ideas as we see nowhere else united, which generally happens in archetypes; who is it that could fix their combinations, if we did not connect them with words, which are the chain, as it were, that hinders them from escaping our memory? If you imagine that the names of things are of no use, cancel them from your memory, and try to reflect on civil and moral laws, on virtues and vices, in short on all human actions, and you will soon perceive your mistake. You will acknowledge that at every combination you make, if you have no signs to determine the number of simple ideas which you wanted to combine, you can hardly advance one step without finding yourself in a labyrinth. You will be just in the same dilemma as a person that should want to calculate, by repeating several times one, one, one, and did not imagine signs for each combination. This man would never form to himself the idea of twenty, because he could not be assured that he had exactly repeated all the units. Let us conclude that in order to have ideas on which we may be capable of reflecting, we have need of imagining signs that may serve as chains to the different combinations of simple ideas; and that our notions are exact no farther than as we have invented regular signs to fix them.— *Origin of Human Knowledge; translation of* NUGENT.

CONDORCET, Marie Jean Antoine Nicolas Caritat, Marquis de, a French philosopher and mathematician; born at Ribemont, St.-Quentin, September 17, 1743; died at Bourg-la-Reine, March 28, 1794. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Rheims and at the College of Navarre, where he gave promise of distinction. At the age of twenty-two he wrote an *Essai sur le Calcul Integral,* which four years later gained him a seat in the Academy of Science. In 1777 he was elected Secretary of the Academy, and received from the Berlin Academy of Sciences a prize for his theory of Comets. His *Pensées de Pascal* were published in 1776. Turgot, with whom he was intimate, interested him in political economy, and induced him to become a contributor to the *Encyclopédie.* In 1782 he was elected a member of the Academy. His *Eloges des Académiciens de l' Académie Royale des Sciences morts depuis 1666 jusqu'en 1699* was published the next year. A work entitled *Eléments du Calcul des Probabilités* was written in 1785, *Vie de Turgot* in 1786, and *Vie de Voltaire* in 1787.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution Condorcet attached himself to the popular cause. His political speeches and pamphlets added to his fame. He was appointed one of the secretaries of the Legislative Assembly, and in 1792 became its President. He wrote the address of the French people to the nations of Europe on the abolition of monarchy, and was entrusted with the preparation of a new Constitution, which was rejected for another. His criticism of this document, and his denunciation of the arrest of the Girondists,

led to his own downfall. He was accused of being a conspirator, and was declared an outlaw. For some months he was sheltered by Madame Vernet, who, to divert his mind, induced him to begin his best-known work, *L' Esquisse d' un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l' Esprit Humaine,* in which he endeavors to set forth the origin of the ills of life, and to indicate the steps by which a perfect state of society may be attained. He also wrote while under the protection of Madame Vernet, *Epître d' un Polonnais Exile en Sibérie à sa Femme.* Learning that by sheltering him, Madame Vernet was endangering her own life, Condorcet fled from her house, and after wandering about until compelled by starvation to ask for food at an inn, was arrested and thrown into prison, where he was found dead on the following morning. His wife, Marie Louise Sophie de Condorcet, the sister of Marshal Grouchy and Madame Cabanis (1765–1822), had considerable literary talent. Besides her own compositions, not without merit, she is the author of a good translation of Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments.*

EQUALITY OF INSTRUCTION A MEANS OF PROGRESS.

The equality of instruction we can hope to attain, and with which we ought to be satisfied, is that which excludes every species of dependence, whether forced or voluntary. We may exhibit, in the actual state of human knowledge, the easy means by which this end may be attained even for those who can devote to study but a few years of infancy, and in subsequent life only some occasional hours of leisure. We might show, that by a happy choice of the subjects to be taught, and of the means of inculcating them, the entire mass of a people may be instructed in everything necessary for the pur-

poses of domestic economy; for the transaction of their affairs; for the free development of their industry and their faculties; for the knowledge, exercise and protection of their rights; for a sense of their duties, and the power of discharging them; for the capacity of judging both their own actions, and the actions of others, by their own understanding; for the acquisition of all the delicate or dignified sentiments that are an honor to humanity; for freeing themselves from a blind confidence in those to whom they may entrust the care of their interests and the security of their rights; for choosing and watching over them, so as no longer to be the dupes of those popular errors that torment and waylay the life of man with superstitious fears and chimerical hopes; for defending themselves against prejudices by the sole energy of reason; in fine, for escaping from the delusions of impostures, which would spread snares for their fortune, their health, their freedom of opinion and of conscience, under the pretext of enriching, of healing, and of saving them.

The inhabitants of the same country being then no longer distinguished among themselves by the alternate use of a refined or vulgar language; being equally governed by their own understandings; being no more confined to the mechanical knowledge of the processes of the arts, and the mere routine of a profession; no more dependent in the most trifling affairs, and for the slightest information, upon men of skill, who, by a necessary ascendancy, control and govern, a real equality must be the result, since the difference of talents and information can no longer place a barrier between men whose sentiments, ideas, and phraseology are capable of being mutually understood, of whom the one part may desire to be instructed but cannot need to be guided by the other; of whom the one part may delegate to the other the office of a rational government, but cannot be forced to regard them with blind and unlimited confidence. Then it is that this superiority will become an advantage even for those who do not partake of it, since it will exist not as their enemy, but as their friend. The natural

differences of faculties between men whose understandings have not been cultivated, produces, even among savages, empirics and dupes, the one skilled in delusion, the others easy to be deceived; the same difference will doubtless exist among a people where instruction shall be truly general; but it will be here between men of exalted understandings and men of sound minds, who can admire the radiance of knowledge, without suffering themselves to be dazzled by it; between talents and genius on the one hand, and on the other the good sense that knows how to appreciate and enjoy them: and should this difference be even greater in the latter case, comparing the force and extent of the faculties only, still would the effects of it not be the less imperceptible in the relations of men with each other, in whatever is interesting to their independence or their happiness.—*Outlines of a Historical View of the Progress of the Human Mind.*

CONFUCIUS (the Latinized transliteration of KUNG-FU-TZU, "Kong the Master"), a Chinese philosopher; born in 550 B.C.; died in 478 B.C. He was thus a contemporary of Pythagoras and the later Hebrew prophets. He died about twenty years before the battle of Lake Regillus, the first authentic date in Roman history. His father died when Confucius was only three years old; but the child was carefully brought up by his mother, and early displayed great love of learning and veneration for the ancient institutions of his country. At the age of seventeen he was made an inspector of the corn-markets; and a few years afterward was appointed inspector-general of pastures and flocks. His mother died when he was twenty-three, and he, in accordance with an

CONFUCIUS.

ancient, but almost obsolete law of China, resigned his public employment and went into mourning for three years, devoting himself to philosophical study. When the prescribed period of mourning had expired, he travelled through various parts of the empire, and became known as a reformer of morals. When he returned to his home his reputation was very great, and he soon had five hundred Mandarins among his disciples. His pupils were all full-grown men, whom he divided into four classes. To the first class he taught morals; to the second, rhetoric; to the third, politics; to the fourth, the perfection of their written style. He also devoted himself assiduously to the revision and abridgment of the ancient Chinese classics.

After awhile he was induced to resume his travels; being sometimes well received, and sometimes neglected. Returning to his native district, he was made "governor of the people." But in spite of his efforts a tide of immorality set in; and, being unable to stem it, he again set out upon a new reformatory mission, which proved a bootless one. He met with frequent persecutions; once he was imprisoned and nearly starved. Finally he returned to his native district in a destitute condition. He died in the seventieth year of his age. He was hardly in his grave when his countrymen began to show tokens of extraordinary veneration for his memory. The anniversary of his death is yet publicly commemorated; while in every considerable city there is a temple erected to his honor. His family has continued for some seventy generations down to the present time to reside in the district where he lived. Like the reputed descendants of Mohammed,

they constitute an especial class — the only hereditary aristocracy in the empire.

The actual writings of Confucius himself consist of two brief tracts, both of them making not more than three or four moderate pages. The first of these is entitled *The Great Learning*. This, we are told, "forms the gate by which first learners enter into virtue. Learners must commence their course with this, and then it may be hoped they will be kept from error."

THE GREAT LEARNING.

1. What the Great Learning teaches, is — To illustrate illustrious virtue; to renovate the people; and to rest in the highest excellence.— 2. The point where to rest being known, the object of pursuit is then determined; and, that being determined, a calm unperturbedness may be attained. To that calmness there will succeed a tranquil repose. In that repose there may be careful deliberation, and that deliberation will be followed by the attainment [of the desired end].— 3. Things have their root and their completion. Affairs have their end and their beginning. To know what is first and what is last will lead near to what is taught [in the Great Learning].— 4. The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own States. Wishing to order well their States, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.— 5. Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were then rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons

being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their States were rightly governed. Their States being rightly governed, the whole empire was made tranquil and happy.— 6. From the emperor down to the mass of the people, all must consider the cultivation of the person the root [of everything besides].— 7. It cannot be, when the root is neglected, that what should spring from it will be well ordered. It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for, and, at the same time, that what was of slight importance has been greatly cared for.

The second of the writings of Confucius is entitled *The Doctrine of the Mean.* Of this we are told: "This work contains the Law of the Mind, which was handed down from one to another in the Confucian School, till Tsze-sze, the grandson of Confucius, fearing lest in the course of time errors should arise about it, committed it to writing, and delivered it to Mencius (371–288 B.C.). The book first speaks of one principle; it next spreads this out, and embraces all things; finally, it returns and gathers them all up under the one principle. The whole of it is solid learning. When the skilful reader has explored it with delight till he has apprehended it, he may carry it into practice all his life, and will find that it cannot be exhausted."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN.

1. What heaven has conferred is called *The Nature;* an accordance with this nature is called *The Path* of duty; the regulation of this path is called *Instruction.* — 2. The path may not be left for an instant. If it could be left, it would not be the path. On this account, the superior man does not wait till he sees things, to be cautious, nor till he hears things, to be apprehensive.

— 3. There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore the superior man is watchful over himself, when he is alone.— 4. While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of *Equilibrium*. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of *Harmony*. This *Equilibrium* is the great root from which grow all the human actings in the world, and this Harmony is the universal path which they all should pursue.— 5. Let the states of Equilibrium and Harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish.

Both *The Great Learning* and *The Doctrine of the Mean* are accompanied by extended comments, which are regarded as authoritative — the one by Tsang, the other by Tsze-sze. But much more extensive, and to us more important, are what are styled *The Analects*, but which may properly be designated *The Table-Talk* of Confucius, apparently written down by several of his disciples. *The Analects* are divided into twenty Books, making in all, in the translation of Dr. Legge, a rather small volume. We present a few of the most striking passages of these talks:

THE ANALECTS.

The Master said: "Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application? Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?"— The philosopher Tsang said: "I daily examine myself on three points: Whether, in transacting business for others, I may have been not faithful; whether in intercourse with friends, I may have been not sincere; whether I may have not mastered and practised the instructions of my teacher." The Master

said· "To rule a country of a thousand chariots, there must be a reverent attention to business, and sincerity; economy in expenditure, and love for men; and the employment of the people at the proper seasons."— The Master said: "A youth, when at home, should be filial, and, abroad, respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all, and cultivate the friendship of the good. When he has time and opportunity, after the performance of these things, he should employ them in polite studies." The Master said: "Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them." Tsze-kung said: "What do you pronounce concerning the poor man, who yet does not flatter, and the rich man who is not proud?" The Master replied: "They will do; but they are not equal to him who, though poor, is yet cheerful, and to him who, though rich, loves the rules of propriety." Tsze-kung replied: "It is said in the book of Poetry, 'As you cut and then file, as you carve and then polish.' The meaning is the same, I apprehend, as that which you have just expressed." The Master said: "With one like Tsze I can begin to talk about the Odes. I told him one point, and he knew its proper sequence."— *Analects, Book I.*

The Master said: "He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north-polar star, which keeps its place, and all the stars turn toward it." "In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in one sentence, Have no depraved thoughts." "If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the *punishment*, but have no sense of *shame*."— Tsze-kung asked what constituted the superior man. The Master said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterward speaks according to his actions. The superior man is catholic, and no partisan; the mean man is a partisan, and not catholic." — The lord Gae asked, what should be done in order to secure the submission of the people. The Master replied:

"Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit; advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will not submit."—*Analects, Book II.*

The Master said: "It is only the truly virtuous man who can love or can hate others." "A scholar whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with." "The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors [which he may receive]." "The reason why the ancients did not readily give utterance to their words, was that they feared their actions should not come up to them." "Riches and honors are what men desire; if they cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be held. Poverty and meanness are what men dislike; if they can not be avoided in the proper way, they should not be avoided." "It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighborhood. If a man in selecting a residence does not fix on one where such prevail, how can he be wise?" "Those who are without virtue cannot abide long in a condition of poverty and hardship, or in a condition of enjoyment. The virtuous rest in virtue; the wise desire virtue."—*Analects, Book IV.*

Some one said: "Yang is truly virtuous; but he is not ready with his tongue." The Master said: "What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartness of speech, for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous; but why should he show readiness of the tongue?"—Tsze-kung said: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." The Master said: "Tsze, you have not attained to that."—Several persons had been telling the things which they wished to do, then Tsze-loo said: "I should like, sir, to hear your wishes." The Master said: "They are, in regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends, to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly."—*Analects, Book V.*

The Master said: "When the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments, we have rusticity; when the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities, we have the manners of a clerk. When the accomplishments and solid qualities are equally blended we then have the man of complete virtue."— Fan-che asked what constituted wisdom. The Master said: "To give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom." He asked about perfect virtue. The Master said: "The man of virtue makes the difficulty [to be overcome] his first business, and success only a subsequent consideration: this may be called perfect virtue."— The Master said: "They who know [the truth] are not equal to those who love it; and they who love it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it." "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." "To be able to judge [of others] by what is nigh [in ourselves], this may be called the art of virtue."— *Analects, Book VI.*

The master said: "When I walk along with two others, they may serve me as my teachers. I will notice their good qualities, and follow them; their bad qualities, and avoid them." Tsze-loo asked: "If you had the conduct of the armies of a great State, whom would you have to act with you?" The Master said: "I would not have him to act with me, who would unarmed attack a tiger, or cross a river without a boat, dying without any regret. My associate must be the man who proceeds to action full of solicitude; who is fond of adjusting his plans, and then carries them into execution."— The lord of She asked Tsze-loo about Confucius, and Tsze-loo did not answer him. The Master said: "Why did you not say to him, He is simply a man who in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgets his food; who in the joy [of its attainment] forgets his sorrows; and who does not perceive that old age is coming on?"—*Analects, Book VII.*

The Master said: "There are three principles of con-

duct which the man of high rank should consider specially important: That in his deportment and manner he keep from violence and heedlessness; that in regulating his countenance he keep close to sincerity; that in his words and tones he keep far from lowness and impropriety. As to such matters as attending to the sacrificial vessels, there are the proper officers for them."— The Master said: "When a country is well-governed, poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of; when a country is ill-governed, riches and honor are things to be ashamed of."— *Analects, Book VIII.*

Ke-loo asked about serving the spirits [of the dead]. The Master said: "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve [their] spirits?" Ke-loo continued: "I venture to ask about death." He was answered: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"— *Analects, Book XI.*

Tsze-kung asked about government. The Master said: "The requisites of government are, that there be sufficiency of food, sufficiency of military equipment, and confidence of the people in their ruler." Tsze-kung asked: "If it cannot be helped, and one of these must be dispensed with, which of the three should be foregone first?" "The military equipment," said the Master. Tsze-kung again asked: "If it cannot be helped, and one of the remaining two must be dispensed with, which of them should be foregone?" The Master answered: "Part with the food. From of old, death has been the lot of all men; but if the people have no faith [in their rulers], there is no standing [for the State]."— Tsze-kung asked about friendship. The Master said: "Faithfully admonish [your friend], and kindly try to lead him. If you find him impracticable, stop: do not disgrace yourself."— *Analects, Book XII.*

Tsze-loo said: "The prince of Wei has been waiting for you, in order with you to administer the government. What will you consider the first thing to be done?" The Master replied: "What is necessary to rectify the names [of things]." "Why must there be such rectification?" inquired Tsze-loo. The Master re-

plied: "If the names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language be not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on to success. Therefore a superior man considers it necessary that the words he uses may be spoken [appropriately], and also that what he speaks may be carried out [appropriately]. What the superior man requires is that in his words there may be nothing incorrect."— Tsze-hea, being governor of Keu-foo, asked about government. The Master said: "Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly; looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished." — Tsze-kung asked: "What do you say of a man who is loved by all the people in the village?" The Master replied: "We may not for that accord our approval of him." "And what do you say of him who is hated by all the people of his village?" The Master said: "We may not for that conclude that he is bad. It is better than either of these cases that the good in the village love him, and the bad hate him."— *Analects, Book XIII.*

Heen asked what was shameful. The Master said: "When good government prevails in a State, [to be thinking only of one's] salary; and when bad government prevails, [to be thinking only of one's] salary: this is shameful."— Some one asked: "What do you say of the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" The Master said: "With what, then, will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice; and recompense kindness with kindness."— The Kung-pih, Leaou, have slandered Tsze-loo to Kesun, Tsze-fu, Kung-pih informed Confucius of it, saying: "Our Master is certainly being led astray by Kung-pih, Leaou; but I have still power enough left to cut Leaou off, and expose his corpse in the market and in the court." The Master said: "If my principles are to advance, it is so ordered; if they are to fall to the ground, it is so ordered. What can the Kung-pih, Leaou, do where such ordering is concerned?"— *Analects, Book XIV.*

Tsze-kung asked: "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of justice for all one's life?" The Master said: "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."— The Master said: "Virtue is more to man than either fire or water. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire; but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue."— The Master said: "The superior man cannot be known in little matters; but he may be trusted in great concerns. The small man may not be intrusted with great concerns; but he may be known in little matters."—*Analects, Book XV.*

The Master said: "There are three things which the superior man guards against: In youth, when the physical powers are not yet settled, he guards against lust; when he is strong, and the physical powers are full of vigor, he guards against quarrelsomeness; when he is old, and the animal powers are decayed, he guards against covetousness."— The Master said: "There are three things of which the superior man stands in awe: He stands in awe of the ordinances of Heaven; he stands in awe of the great man; he stands in awe of the words of sages. The mean man does not know the ordinances of Heaven, and [consequently] does not stand in awe of them; he is disrespectful to great men; he makes sport of the words of sages." The Master said: "Those who are born with the possession of knowledge are the highest class of men. Those who learn, and so [readily] get possession of knowledge, are the next. Those who are dull and stupid, and yet compass learning, are another class next to these. As to those who are dull and stupid, and yet do not harm, they are the lowest of the people." —*Analects, Book XVI.*

The Master said to Yew: "Have you heard the six words to which are attached six becloudings?" Yew replied: "I have not." "Sit down, then, and I will tell them to you: There is the love of being *benevolent,* without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a foolish simplicity. There is the love of *knowing,* without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to

a dissipation of mind. There is the love of being *sincere,* without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard of consequences. There is the love of *straightforwardness,* without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to rudeness. There is the love of *boldness,* without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to insubordination. There is the love of *firmness,* without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct." The Master said: "Of all people girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility; if you maintain a reserve toward them, they are discontented."—*Analects, Book XVII.*

Tsze-chang asked Confucius, saying: "In what way should [a person in authority] act in order that he may conduct government properly?" The Master replied: "Let him honor the *five excellent,* and banish away the *four bad* things; then he may conduct government properly." Tsze-chang asked: "What are meant by the five excellent things?" The Master said: "When the person in authority is beneficent without great expenditure; when he lays tasks [on the people] without their repining; when he [pursues what he] desires without being covetous; when he maintains a dignified ease without being proud; when he is majestic without being fierce." Tsze-chang then asked: "What are meant by the four bad things?" The Master said: "To require from [the people] the full tale of work, without having given them warning; this is called oppression. To issue orders as if without urgency; and when the time comes [to insist on them with severity]; this is called injury. And, generally speaking, to give to men, and yet do it in a stingy way; this is called acting the part of a mere official." The Master said: "Without recognizing the Ordinances [of Heaven], it is impossible to be a superior man. Without an acquaintance with the Rules of Propriety, it is impossible for the character to be established. Without knowing Words, it is impossible to know Men." —*Analects, Book XX.*

The teachings of Confucius are a system of individual, social, and political *Ethics,* not of *Religion,* in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Five centuries before Jesus appeared upon earth, Confucius gave utterance to the precise thought of the Golden Rule, and in very nearly the same words. Having been asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" Confucius replied: "Is not Reciprocity such a word? *What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.*" (*Analects,* Book XV.) But there is nowhere any clear indication that he recognized the existence of a Supreme Being, the Ruler of all things. He indeed sometimes speaks of "Heaven" and the "Ordinances" (of Heaven) in a manner not inconsistent with the supposition that he believed in the existence of a superintending Deity; but his phrases do not of necessity imply such a belief. There is not anywhere the slightest reference to a future state of rewards and punishments; or, indeed, to any future life at all. His philosophy, whether found in his own writings, or in the records of his oral teachings, as handed down in the *Analects,* relate wholly to the life that now is. Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, from whose translation of Confucius our citations have been taken, indeed says: "Along with the worship of God there existed in China, from the earliest historical times, the worship of other spiritual beings — especially, and to every individual, the worship of departed ancestors." How far Confucius held to these beliefs may be a matter of question; but, as Dr. Legge says, "At any rate, by his frequent references to Heaven, instead of following the phraseology of the older sages, he gave occasion

to many of his followers to identify God with a Principle of Reason and the Course of Nature."

CONGREVE, WILLIAM, an English dramatist; born at Bardsey, near Leeds, in 1670; died at London, January 19, 1729. He was educated at the University of Dublin, where he became an excellent classical scholar. After graduating, he went to London, and was entered as a student of law in the Middle Temple. He wrote and published, under a pseudonym, a now forgotten novel entitled *The Incognita.* In 1693 his first comedy, *The Old Bachelor,* was brought out upon the stage. The author was only twenty-one, and, according to his own account, the comedy was written several years earlier. Its success was very great, and Congreve was rewarded with the post of commissioner for the licensing of coaches, the emoluments of which were sufficient to maintain him in comfort. He also received a promise of the reversion of the lucrative position of Secretary for Jamaica; but it was many years before the office became vacant. Next year he brought out a still finer comedy, *The Double Dealer,* which elicited the most extravagant eulogy of Dryden. Only once before had Heaven been so prodigal in its gifts to man; for he "to Shakespeare gave as much, he could not give him more." In 1695 appeared the comedy of *Love for Love;* in the next year the tragedy of *The Mourning Bride,* and in 1700 the comedy of *The Way of the World,* which Algernon Charles Swinburne pro-

nounces "the crowning work of his genius; the unequalled and unapproached masterpiece of English comedy; the one play in our language which may fairly claim a place beside, or just beneath, the mightiest work of Molière."

The Way of the World was coldly received by the public. Congreve was only twenty-eight when it was brought upon the stage. He lived twenty-eight years longer, but never thereafter wrote anything worth the reading. His way of life was that of a clever man-about-town; and he paid some of the penalties of it. He was hardly more than five-and-forty when the long-awaited secretaryship of Jamaica came into his hands, raising his income to some £1,200 a year — a sum fairly equivalent to $20,000, or $25,000 in our time. Toward the end of his life he was not only tormented by the gout, but became totally blind. He died at the age of fifty-six, in consequence of injuries received by the upsetting of his coach. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with unprecedented pomp. For nearly twenty years Congreve had not spent more than half his income. His savings amounted to £10,000. He left £200 to each of two elderly actresses, with whom he had formerly been intimate. The remainder was left to the Duchess of Marlborough, to whose immense fortune this bequest made scarcely a perceptible addition; and she laid out the money in purchasing a splendid diamond necklace, which she was wont to wear in honor of Congreve.

Congreve stands highest in that group of writers known as "The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration" — prominent among whom were Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Wycherley — whose cardi-

nal principle was that every man is either a libertine, a hypocrite, or a dolt; that every woman is either a wanton or a fool — perhaps both. No one of the comedies of Congreve can be pronounced decent, as a whole; though in all of them are scenes which are brilliant in execution and free from indecency. Among the cleverest of these is the following — the characters being Lord Froth, Lady Froth, Brisk, and Cynthia:

SCANDAL AND LITERATURE IN HIGH LIFE.

Lady Froth.— Then you think that episode between Susan, the dairy-maid, and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town as well as in the country.

Brisk.— Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face and your comparing him to the sun — and you know the sun is called "heaven's charioteer."

Lady F.— Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here: you know what goes before — the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

> For as the sun shines every day,
> So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk.— I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F.— No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk.— Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F.— Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk.— Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F.— Well, you shall hear. Let me see —

> For as the sun shines every day,
> So of our coachman I may say,
> He shows his drunken fiery face
> Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk.— That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F.— [*Reads.*]

> And when at night his labor's done,
> Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun —

Ay, charioteer does better —

> Into the dairy he descends,
> And there his whipping and his driving ends;
> There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
> His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so —

Brisk.— Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make; don't you think *bilk* — I know it's a good rhyme — but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F.— I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk.— Was he? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, "Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman."

Lady F.— I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk.— With all my heart and soul and proud of the vast honor, let me perish!

Lord F.— Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F.— Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F.— O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk.— Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Lord F.— Foh!

Lady F.— Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk.— Like an oyster at low-ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Cynth. [*Aside.*] — Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F.— Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit off her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk.— I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit off her name either. Paints d' ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

Lady F.— Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

Brisk.— Hey? egad, so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynth.— O good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk.— 'Tis not a song either. It's a sort of epigrammatic sonnet, I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings.*]—

Ancient Phyllis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,

And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk.— Short, but there's salt in 't. My way of writing, egad!

— *The Double Dealer.*

Congreve's only tragedy, *The Mourning Bride,* ranks high in all but the very highest rank of English tragedy. Dr. Johnson indeed says rather extravagantly: "If I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to the following:"

ALMERIA AND LEONORA IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Alm.— It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon.— It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm.— It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen.
Leon.— Hark!
Alm.— No; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon.— Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.
Alm.— It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth

Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

— *The Mourning Bride.*

CONRAD, JOSEPH, an English novelist; born in Poland in 1854. He was the son of a Polish revolutionist, living in Cracow, and at the age of thirteen, he ran away to sea. He subsequently became a British subject and was a captain in the merchant marine. After a long experience as a rover of the sea, he settled in England and began putting his varied experiences before the public in book form. His books include *Almayer's Folly* (1895); *An Outcast of the Islands* (1896); *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* issued in the United States as *The Children of the Sea* (1897); *Lord Jim* (1900); *The Inheritance* (1901); *Youth, and Other Tales* (1902); *Typhoon* (1902); *Falk* (1903); *Nostromo* (1904); *Romance* (1904); and *The Mirror of the Sea* (1905). In *Lord Jim* he struck a popular note in fiction, and became one of the leading writers of romance and adventure.

J. Stewart Doubleday, writing a review of *Youth,* says of Mr. Conrad's short stories:

The title-story of this volume is a masterpiece. The other tales contained in the volume, "*Heart of Darkness*" and "*The End of the Tether*" are good; they even in some qualities possibly surpass their predecessor, but they lack

that undefinable virtue of attainment, that completeness of conception and expression, which distinguish "*Youth.*" "*Youth*" is new; we are perhaps a bit disturbed by the glamor of its excellence; but at first guess (for criticism is after all like fortune-telling, a sort of experienced guess-work) it seems to supply something fresh yet essential to man, to give him a new harmonious arrangement, a pleasure as of spring or of ripeness or lucent streams, yet unexpected in a way. It bears the miracle-sign; it has intuition, inspiration.

The actual story — if one must in any way analyze a literary substance so perfect — is the same sea story we loved so ardently by candlelight long ago, when geography and arithmetic were put aside and the adventure book, the daring book, the book of the whole interesting unknown world was opened to our eyes, already dazzled with the expectation of sea enchantment. And herein lies the wonder of Mr. Conrad's achievement: he gives it all to us again; not the story alone, but the feeling, the growth, the unsayable desire, the youth, in a word, with which we read the old ones. Not with sadness does he bring the strong emotion back, nor with dry reminiscence and regret, but he flashes it into being with a certain freshness and glow that make us live that early time over again. When we read *Youth,* we are laughing at the follies of our morning, but we are made morning-hearted, too.

And this story, this wisdom of a mature man, this clearly individual secret of life drawn from the sky and the sea and the human soul just blossoming in the great garden of the world, is aptly and musically expressed in as grateful and mellow English as ever, for the bringing out of noble nature, was employed by the various prose masters of brief narrative literature. Mr. Conrad's masterpiece is alone of its kind.

Heart of Darkness tells of an Englishman who went out to the deadly West Coast of Africa to become the captain of a river steamboat. His experience is weird and interesting. Rascality, mismanagement, cruelty and pestilence make of the river settlements one of those hells which only a healthy-minded man like the writer

can profitably depict, and none can make real but one possessed of a striking imagination. Mystery is there in abundance, and something wholly regional of horror, which the reader who knows not the nightmare of the tropics must inadequately realize. The story is a very fine piece of impressionist's work, and throughout that impressionism, like the fever in the jungle-river mist, lurks something sinister and swift, which compels attention; yet which, when all is said, seems a thing of mood rather than a thing of truth.

Heart of Darkness is a very fine piece of descriptive and psychological fiction.

THE SHIP'S ANCHOR.

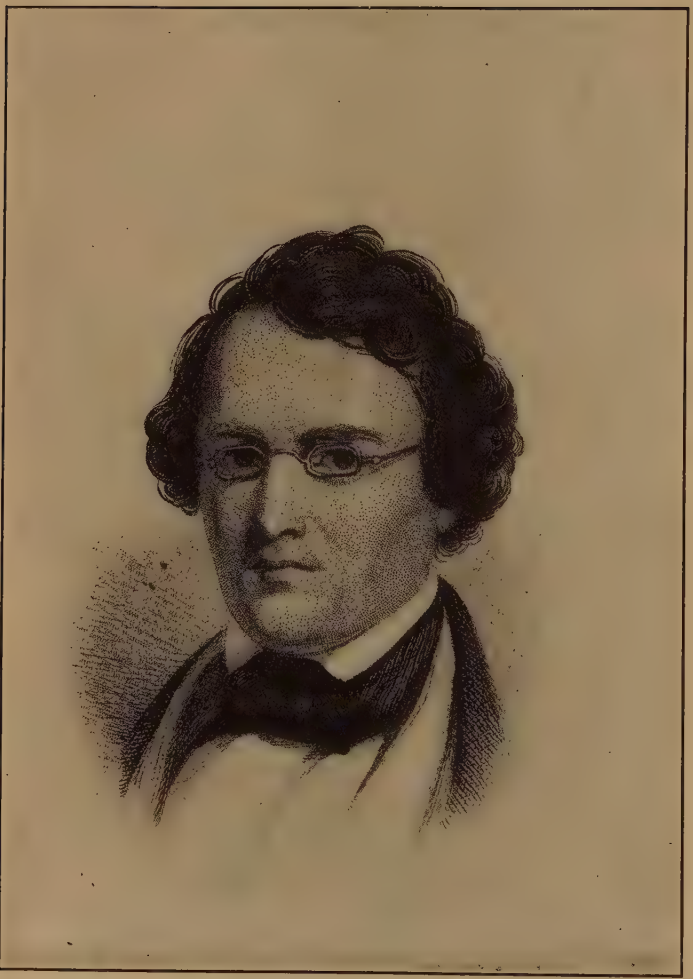
From first to last the seaman's thoughts are very much concerned with his anchors. It is not so much that the anchor is a symbol of hope, as that it is the heaviest object that he has to handle on board his ship at sea in the usual routine of his life. The beginning and the end of every passage are marked distinctly by work about the ship's anchors. A vessel in the Channel has her anchors always ready, her cables shackled on, and the land almost always in sight. The anchor and the land are indissolubly connected in a sailor's thoughts. But directly she is clear of the narrow seas, heading out into the world with nothing to speak of between her and the South Pole, the anchors are got in and the cables disappear from the deck. But the anchors do not disappear. Technically speaking, they are "secured inboard"; and, on the forecastle head, lashed down to ringbolts with ropes and chains, under the straining sheets of the head sails, they look very idle and as if asleep. Thus bound, but carefully looked after, inert and powerful, those emblems of hope make company for the lookout man in the night watches; and so the days glide by, with a long rest for those characteristically shaped pieces of iron, reposing forward, visible from almost every part of the ship's deck, waiting for their work on the other side of the world somewhere — while the ship carries them on with a great rush and splutter of

foam underneath, and the sprays of the open sea rust their heavy limbs.

The first approach to the land as yet invisible to the crew's eyes is announced by the brisk order of the chief mate to the boatswain: "We will get the anchors over this afternoon," or "first thing to-morrow morning," as the case may be. For the chief mate is the keeper of the ship's anchors and the guardian of her cable. There are good ships and bad ships: comfortable ships and ships where, from first day to last of the voyage, there is no rest for a chief mate's body and soul. And ships are what men make them,— this is a pronouncement of sailor wisdom, and no doubt in the main it is true.

It is difficult to disconnect the idea of ships' anchors from the idea of the ship's chief mate — the man who sees them go down clear and sometimes foul; because not even the most remitting care can always prevent a ship, swinging to winds and tide, from taking an awkward turn of the cable round stock or fluke. Then the business of "getting your anchor" and securing it afterward is unduly prolonged, and made a weariness to the chief mate. He is the man who watches the growth of the cable — a sailor's phrase, which has all the force, precision and imagery of technical language, that, created by simple men with keen eyes for the real aspect of the things they see in their trade, achieves the just expression seizing upon the essential, which is the ambition of the artist in words. Therefore the sailor will never say "cast anchor," and the shipmaster aft will hail his chief mate on the forecastle, in impressionistic phrase: "How does the cable grow?" Because "grow" is the right word for the long drift of a cable emerging aslant under the strain, taut as a bow-string, above the water. And it is the voice of the keeper of the ship's anchors that will answer: "Grows right ahead, sir," or "broad on the bow," or whatever concise and deferential shout will fit the case.

There is no order more noisily given or taken up with lustier shouts on board a merchant ship than the command, "Man the windlass!" The rush of expectant



ROBERT T. CONRAD.

men out of the forecastle, the snatching of hand-spikes, the tramp of feet, the clink of the pauls, make the accompaniment of a plaintive up-anchor song with a roaring chorus; and this burst of noisy activity from a whole ship's crew seems like a voiceful awakening of the ship herself, till then, in the picturesque phrase of a Dutch seaman, "lying asleep upon her iron.— *The Mirror of the Sea.* (From *The Reader Magazine,* 1905, by permission of THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.)

CONRAD, ROBERT TAYLOR, an American jurist and dramatist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., June 10, 1810; died there, June 27, 1858. He studied law, was admitted to the bar at an early age, and at various times was actively engaged in journalism. He held several judicial positions, and in 1854 was elected Mayor of Philadelphia by the American Party. While a student of law he wrote the successful tragedy *Conrad of Naples,* and still later that of *Aylmere,* the hero of which was "Jack Cade." This tragedy was in 1852 published under the title of *Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent, and other Poems.* More than ten years previously, however, Edwin Forrest produced the tragedy with great success. Rufus W. Griswold, in his well known critical work, *Poets and Poetry of America,* tells us that *Aylmere* had proved the most successful American drama yet written. Among the poems published by Conrad were a collection entitled *The Sons of the Wilderness,* and a series of *Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer.*

SAY, CLIFFORD, AND BUCKINGHAM.

Say.— These are the mire-gendered knaves you praise!
Clifford, I swear 'tis strange, that thou, a noble,
Shouldst love these kern.
Cliff.— Nay, I but love their daughters.
But to be grave — you smile — I can be grave —
They 're men as good in soul and sinew, ay,
Even in birth, as is the best of us.
Say.—In birth! Why now thou 'rt wild.
Cliff.— I said in birth
This crazy priest, his crazy couplet's right:
"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"
A potent question! Answer it, if you may.
Say.— Why Heaven ne'er made the universe a level.
Some trees are loftier than the rest; some mountains
O'erpeak their fellows; and some planets shine,
With brighter ray, above the skyey rout,
Than others. Even at our feet, the rose
Out-scents the lily; and the humblest flower
Is noble still o'er meaner plants. And thus
Some men are nobler than the mass, and should,
By nature's order, shine above their brethren.
Cliff.— 'Tis true, the noble should; but who is noble?
The scentless weed that grows i' the soil where grew
The pride o' the garden? And the dull, foul meteor
Which streams where beamed a planet? Say not so.
Heaven, and not heraldry, makes noble men.
Buck.— Art dead to all the burning thoughts that speak
A glorious past transmitted through long ages?
Cliff.— All this is well, or would be, if 't were true.
Men cannot put their virtues in their wills.
'Tis well to prate of lilies, lions, eagles,
Flourishing in fields *d'or* or *d'argent;* but
Your only heraldry, its true birth traced,
Is the plough, loom, or hammer! dusk-browed labor,
At the red forge, or wall-eyed prudence o'er
The figured ledger. Without them, pray tell me
What were your nobles worth? Not much, I trow!

Buck.— Thou speak'st as fame were nothing — fame, the thirst,
Of gods and godlike men, to make a life
Which nature makes not; and to steal from Heaven
Its winged immortality! Lord Clifford,
Wouldst rank this with the joys of ploughmen?
Cliff.— Yes.
I would not dive for bubbles. Pish! for fame!
Say.— Yet, Clifford, hast thou fought, ay, hacked and hewed,
By the long day, in sweat and blood for fame.
Cliff.— Nor have, nor will. I'll fight for love or hate,
Or for divertisement; but not for fame.
What! die for glory! Leap a precipic
To catch a shadow! What is it, this fame?
Why, 'tis a brave estate to have and hold —
When? From and after death! Die t' enjoy fame!
'Tis as to close our eyes before the mirror
To know our sleeping aspects. No, by 'r Lady!
I 'll never be a miser of fair words,
And hoard up honor for posterity.
Die for glory! — *Aylmere.*

GONE BEFORE.

Forever gone! I am alone — Alone!
Yet my heart doubts; to me thou livest yet:
Love's lingering twilight o'er my soul is thrown,
E'en when the orb that lent that light is set.
Thou minglest with my hopes — does Hope forget?
I think of thee as thou wert at my side;
I grieve, and whisper — "*He* too will regret;"
I doubt and ponder — "How will *he* decide?"
I strive, but 'tis to win thy praises and thy pride.

For I thy praise could win — thy praise sincere.
How lov'dst thou me, with more than woman's love!
And thou to me wast e'en as honor dear!
Nature in one fond web our spirits wove,
Like wedded vines enclasping in the grove
We grew. Ah! withered now the fairer vine!

But from the living who the dead can move?
Blending their sere and green leaves, there they twine,
And will, till dust to dust shall mingle mine with thine.

The sunshine of our boyhood! I bethink
How we were wont to beat the briery wood,
Or clamber, boastful, up the craggy brink,
Where the rent mountain frowns upon the flood
That thrids that vale of beauty and of blood,
Sad Wyoming! The whispering past will tell,
How by the silver-browed cascade we stood,
nd watched the sunlight waters as they fell —
So youth drops in the grave — down in the shadowy dell

And how we plunged in Lackawanna's wave;
The wild-fowl startled when to echo gay,
In that hushed dell, glad laugh and shout we gave!
Or on the shaded hillside how we lay,
And watched the bright rack on its beamy way,
Dreaming high dreams of glory and of pride;
What heroes we, in Freedom's deadliest fray!
How poured we gladly forth life's ruddy tide,

Looked to our skyey flag, and shouted, smiled, and died!
Bright dreams — forever past! I dream no more!
Memory is now my being: her sweet tone
Can, like a spirit-spell, the lost restore: —
My tried, my true, my brave, high-hearted one!
Few have a friend — and such a friend! But none
Have, in this bleak world, more than one; and he
Ever mine own, mine only — *he* is gone!
He fell — as hope had promised — for the free:
Our early dream: alas! it was no dream to thee!

— *The Sons of the Wilderness.*

CONSCIENCE, Hendrik, a Flemish novelist; born at Antwerp, December 3, 1812; died at Brussels, September 10, 1883. His father was an inspector of dockyards. His mother died during his childhood. Conscience educated himself, and at the age of fifteen became a private teacher. Three years later he entered the army, and served six years, during which time he wrote many spirited and popular French songs. On quitting the army, he endeavored in various ways to obtain employment. Failing in this he wrote his first work in Flemish, *The Year of Miracles, 1556.* It was published in 1837, and was well received. His father disapproved of literature as a means of gaining a livelihood, and declined to assist him until he should obtain regular employment of another kind. A small pension from King Leopold relieved the youthful author of embarrassment, and he devoted himself to literature. In 1837 he published *Phantasia,* a collection of Flemish legends and poems, and in 1838 *The Lion of Flanders,* a historical romance, which at once established his fame. In 1845 he was appointed assistant professor in the University of Ghent, and instructor in Flemish to the royal children. He continued to write, and produced many works which have been translated into French, German, and English. His historical novels *Count Hugo of Craenhove and his Son Abulfaragus* (1845), and *Jacob van Artevelde* (1849), are among his best works. Conscience was a master in the delineation of Flemish rural life, and his stories relating the "short and simple annals of the poor" are full of genuine humor and true pathos. Among his many

works are *Evening Hours* (1846); *Lambrecht Hensmans* (1847); *Siska van Rosemael; The Progress of a Painter;* and *What a Mother Can Endure* (1849); *Wooden Clara; The Miser;* and *Blind Rosa* (1850); *Rikketikketak* and *The Poor Gentleman* (1851); *The Conscript; Veva, or the War of the Peasants;* and *The Curse of the Village* (1855); *Tales of Old Flanders; The Happiness of Being Rich;* and *Simon Turchi* (1859); *The Village Innkeeper* (1860); *Bella Stock* (1861); *The Good Mother* (1862); *Bavo en Lieveken,* a prize romance (1871); *De Baanwachter* (1872); *De Kerels van Vlaanderen* (1874); *De Keusvdes Harten* and *Eene Verwarde Zaak* (1875); and *Schandevrees* (1876).

DRAWN FOR THE ARMY.

In the distance, at a turn of the wood, the conscripts were seen approaching the village rapidly, singing and shouting for joy till they wakened the echoes. Some of them threw their hats and caps in the air, in token of delight; while the whole crowd behaved like a bevy of drunkards returning at nightfall from a fair. Still, in the multitude of wayfarers an observer could not yet distinguish those who were singing joyfully and those who moved along in disappointment. From the moment of the announcement of their approach, the friends and relatives who had been loitering in the village set forth in a hurry to meet them. Grandfather could not get along as quickly as the rest, though Kate, in her anxiety, almost dragged him by the hand. At length, finding it impossible to restrain her impatience, when she beheld a number of mothers embracing their sons and brothers, the ardent girl broke from the dotard, and ran forward with eageness. Half-way from the spot whence she started, she was observed to stop suddenly as if shot, and stagger to the roadside till she grasped the trunk of a tree for support. The old man came up with her

as soon as he possibly could, and, observing her posture and tears, anxiously inquired — "Isn't John there, that you stop, Kate?"

"Oh God! I shall die!" cried Kate. "See — see him coming along yonder, behind the rest, pale as a sheet, with his eyes on the earth! Look at him, grandfather!"

"Perhaps he's overcome with joy, Kate," said the old man, striving to calm himself as well as his companion.

"How happy you are, grandfather, not to have good eyes!"

As Kate uttered this last remark, John walked slowly up to the old man, while the girl hid her sobbing face against the tree, and exhibiting a number on a slip of paper, said, with quivering lips, "Father, I have had bad luck!" Then going straight to Kate, he halted as if transfixed, looked at her a moment, and burst into tears, He could not utter another word, for his voice stuck in his throat; nor could his grandfather speak, but quietly fixed his eyes on the ground as the tears stole down his brown and wrinkled cheeks.

"My poor mother! my poor mother!" sobbed John, after a repose of some moments had in some degree restored his self-command. These words seemed to work a complete revolution in the soul of the maiden, who was a noble and courageous girl. As long as doubt mastered her, she wept like a child; but the moment that a certainty of misfortune became manifest, her soul rose with the occasion; duty overcame grief, and she recovered the moral energy that was part of her beautiful character.

"John, my friend," said she, turning to him calmly, "God has decided this matter, and who can fight against His will? You will be with us a year yet, before your service commences, and perhaps something may turn up. Let me get home before you, so that I may inform your mother; for I am sure if anybody else told her she would die."

With this, she quitted the high-road, and striking into a wood-path, disappeared from the group.— *The Conscript.*

WRITING A LETTER.

It was on a fine autumn day that Kate might have been seen leaving the village, her eyes sparkling with delight, and bearing in her hands a couple of large sheets of paper and a bottle of ink. On her way she met Jane, the shoemaker's daughter, who crossed her path as she issued from the woods.

"Heigh! Kate! where are you going with so much paper in such a hurry? Is there a fire anywhere? How's John getting along?"

"John!" exclaimed Kate; "John! God knows, Jane dear. We have only heard from him thrice since he went away. It's quite six months now since one of his comrades from Turnhout left a message from him at the Crown; and as he is now somewhere on the other side of Maestricht, I expect it will be long before we hear of him again, for news don't often come this way from such a distance."

"Don't he know how to write, Kate?" said Jane.

"He did when we went to school together to the sacristan, and once he got a prize for writing; but I suppose he has forgotten it, like myself."

"And what are you going to do with that paper?"

"I'll tell you, Jenny. For the last two months I have been studying my old copy-books over and over again, and I've almost taught myself again how to write. I mean to try if I can scribble a letter this very day. Do you think it will go? for I don't know anything about such matters. Did you ever write a letter in your life, Jane?"

"No; but I've heard a great many *read*. My brother Jacob, who lives in town, sends us one almost every month."

"And what are they like? What do they put in them? Is it just as if some one were talking to you?"

"Oh *no*, Kate; it's altogether different. They are beautiful! — full of all sorts of compliments, and such big words that you can hardly understand them!"

"Alas, Jane, if that's the case, how shall I ever write one? Yet, stay; suppose I wrote thus: — 'John, we are very sad, because we don't know whether you are ill or well. You must let us hear from you very soon, for your mother will become ill:' and so on. He'd understand that, wouldn't he?"

"Simpleton! *that's* not a letter! Everybody talks that way, gentle as well as simple. But listen to me. Letters must always begin so: — 'Venerated parents: — I take my pen in my trembling hand — to — to ——' I don't recollect exactly what comes next."

"'To write to you,' of course," said Kate.

"Ah! you know better than I do, Kate, I see already, and you're only making a fool of me. That's not kind of you Kate: it isn't!"

"Nonsense! Why, where's your head, Jenny? When he takes his pen in his hand it's not to cut a pie with, of course. Your simplicity makes me laugh. But I don't understand what makes your brother's hand *'tremble'* always when he begins a letter. Besides, it's always bad to tremble, because it makes you write ill."

"Well, I'll tell you, Kate. Our Jacob is a little wild in town, I fear, and always wants money. That's why he trembles: he is afraid father will be angry."

"Good-by, Kate," said Jane, as she went on her way. "Strive to write your letter, and give our compliments to John."

"Farewell till after church, next Sunday," replied Kate, "when I'll tell you how I got on. Give my love to your sister. Adieu!"

And immediately Jane skipped away singing.

Kate stood still, silent and dreamy, till the sweet voice of the maiden was lost in the wood, when, recovering herself from her reverie, she resumed her walk homeward. In the cottage she found the two widows, seated near the table, awaiting her return with considerable impatience; while grandfather, who was ill with a bad cold and had retired to bed, peered through the curtains to witness the great work she was about undertaking. No sooner had she appeared on the door-sill than the

whole house was on tip-toe with anxiety about the wonderful letter that was to be written, and the two dames busied themselves with clearing the table which was to be the field of action.

"Come here, Kate," said John's mother. "Sit in grandfather's chair, for it is the most comfortable."

Kate took her seat silently at the table, unrolled and smoothed the sheets of paper, and put the nib of the pen between her lips, as if absorbed in deep thought. While this pantomime was going on, the woman and the grandfather contemplated the girl with an air of the most anxious solicitude; and John's little brother, with mouth agape and elbows on the table, stared at poor Kate to see what on earth she was about doing with the mysterious pen.

Suddenly Kate rose silently from the chair, took a tea-cup from the closet, poured the ink into it, reseated herself at the table, and began to turn the paper round and round, and over and over, as if cudgelling her brains for inspiration. At last she plunged the pen in the ink, put her hand on the paper, bent down her head, and arranged herself as if beginning to write; but, after a moment of hesitation, raised her eyes again, and said, inquiringly:

"Well, tell me now what I'm to say."

The two widows looked at each other in surprise and doubt, and then fixed their eyes on the grandfather, who, with his neck stretched forth through the curtains, still continued watching the anxious scribe.

"Well, write that we are all well," said the old man coughing: "a letter always begins that way."

"Now, that's a pretty way of talking, grandfather!" replied Kate, with a disapproving glance at him. "We are all *well!* when you have been sick and in bed this fortnight!"

"You might put it, Kate, at the *end* of the letter, then, if you have no objection."

"No, my daughter," said the other widow; "say first of all that you 'take your pen in your hand to inquire into the condition of his health.' That's the way the let-

ter began which I heard read yesterday at the miller's."

"Yes; that's precisely what Jane, the shoemaker's daughter, said; yet I won't do it, for it is too childish," answered Kate, impatiently. "John will know very well himself that I couldn't write with my foot."

"Put his name at the top of the paper," said grandfather.

"Which name? Braems?"

"No; John."

"You're right, grandfather," said Kate. "Now, take care, Paul, and put your arms off the table; and you, mother, get a little farther from the edge; else you'll be sure to shake me."

Kate set her pen forthwith to the paper, and, while deciding on the exact place where she ought to begin, spelled the name of their absent friend in a low tone. But just as she was beginning to move her hand in making the first letter, John's mother suddenly seized it, and exclaimed — "Stop a bit, Kate; don't you think that the word *'John'* just all alone by itself won't look well? It's so short; we must put something with it. Wouldn't it be better to say, *'Dear Child,'* or *'Dear Son?'*"

Kate hardly heard what she was saying; for she was busy licking a huge blot of ink from the paper, which the abrupt action of the widow had spilled on it, "See," said she, "what you've made me do; and there's no use licking, for the blot still remains. Let me take the other sheet."

"Well, what say you to my notion, Kate? *'Dear Son:'* it's much handsomer, isn't it?"

"No," answered Kate, a little spitefully; "I won't put that either. Do you think I am going to write to John as if I were his mother?"

"Well, what *are* you going to put?" inquired the pair with considerable eagerness.

A modest blush crimsoned Kate's forehead, as she answered — "Suppose I write 'Dear Friend?' Don't you think that would be better than all?"

"No; I won't have that either," said John's mother. "Better put *'John,'* short as it is."

"'*Beloved John?*'" inquired the maiden.

"Ah, that's it! that's it!" shouted the whole party together, delighted with this solution of the initial difficulty.

"Now, keep away from the table," said Kate, "and don't let Paul touch me."

The peasant-girl began her work seriously; but in a moment huge drops of sweat started on her brow as she held her breath and grew purple in the face. Soon, however, she was relieved from her agony by a sigh, as she exclaimed: "Heavens! that *B* is the hardest of all letters! But, thank God! there it is at last, with its big head."

The widows instantly arose, bent over the table, and expressed their perfect delight with the letter, which was about as long as their little fingers.

"That's lovely!" cried John's mother; "it looks exactly like a wasp! And that says '*Beloved John,*' does it? What a beautiful thing it is to be able to write! — one would really think there was magic in it!"

"Come; sit down now, and let me get on," said Kate, resolutely. "I feel that I shall be able to do it if the pen don't break down."

Puffing and panting, Kate recommenced her toil. Grandfather looked on and coughed; the widows were quiet as mice, while little Paul amused himself by dipping his fingers stealthily in the teacup and making dots on the table with the ink. When the first line of the epistle was full of its fine large letters, the writer stopped to take breath.

"How far have you got, Kate?" asked John's mother. "Read us all you have got down on the paper."

"What a hurry you're in!" cried Kate; "there's nothing else yet than '*Beloved John;*' and I think that's very well. Don't you see how the perspiration is running from my forehead? I'd rather clean the stable any day. You think, I suppose, that there's no work in writing! Paul, keep your fingers out of the ink, or you'll upset the cup."

"Go on, my daughter, go on!" said grandfather, "or else the letter won't be done by the end of next week!"

"That's true," answered Kate; "but tell me yourselves what I shall say."

"Inquire, first of all, and before anything else, about his health.'

Kate went to work again for some time, blotting out several wrong letters with her fingers; scolded at the hair that would follow the nib of the pen; growled at the sacristan because the ink was too thick; and, finally, read aloud, "Beloved John, how is your health?"

"That's capital!" said his mother. "And now write," continued she, "that we are all well, cattle and people; and that we wish him every happiness."

Kate thought a moment, and set to work again. As soon as she had finished the sentence she read as follows: "Thank God, we are all still very well, and the ox and the cow also — except grandfather, who is sick: and we all together wish you may be happy."

"Good heavens, Kate!" ejaculated John's mother, "where did you learn to do all that? The sacristan ——"

"Don't talk now," interrupted the girl, "or you'll make me forget. I feel it coming." For half an hour the dropping of a pin might have been heard in the cottage, so great was the silence of all its inmates. Kate's work seemed to advance more agreeably and readily than at first; for she was seen to smile from time to time, as if a pleasant thought had shot across her mind. The only thing that annoyed her was seeing Paul dip his fingers in the ink, and continue spotting his arm with the fluid, in spite of her threatening looks. Ten times at least Kate moved the cup from side to side; but the scamp was so intent on the ink that he could not be kept away from it. Notwithstanding this, however, the two first pages were filled to the bottom; when Kate, with an air of considerable elation, undertook to read the following epistolary *morceau* to her delighted hearers:

"Beloved John: — How is your health? Thank God, we are still very well, and the ox and the cow also — except grandfather, who is sick; and we all together wish you may be happy. It is quite six months since we heard from you. Let us know if you are alive. It is wrong in

you to forget all of us, who love you so much. Your mother talks about you all day long, and I dream at night that you are miserable, and that I hear your voice crying in my ear, 'Kate, Kate! so loud that it wakes me: — and then the ox, too, he looks out of the stable door, and don't see you, and moans as if he wanted to cry. It is so hard, John, to hear nothing from you, that you must have mercy on us, else your mother will get sick. When the poor woman hears your name, she can't talk any more, and begins to cry so much that it almost breaks my heart."

As the reading proceeded, the listeners' eyes gradually filled with tears; but, as the last sad words fell on their ears, none of them could resist the emotion, and the maiden was interrupted by sobs. Grandfather dropped his white locks on the edge of the bed to hide his tears, and John's mother threw herself on the writer's neck with a burst of anguish, while poor Kate herself looked at them almost stupefied by the surprising effect of her composition.

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" ejaculated one of the widows, "where did you find all those words? It was like running a knife into my heart; and still, how beautiful it was!"

"Oh!" said John's mother, "and yet it's nothing but the pure truth, and he ought to know how much I have suffered. Go on reading, dear Kate. I am altogether amazed that you know how to write so. There never was anything like it; your hands are entirely too good, my dear child, to milk cows and work in the fields. What strange things God permits in this world!"— *The Conscript.*

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

"To-morrow night, John, we shall be at home! It will be as good as a regular frolic. Your poor mother, who thinks you are still languishing in that black hole of a hospital — how she will hug and kiss you! Paul, who cried so much when you went away — won't he

jump and dance as if he were crazy — the noble little fellow! And then mother and grandfather! — I think I see them running with open arms. . . . I wish I was there already!"

As she spoke, Kate frequently turned round to observe the effect of her words on the soldier's face; but a sorrowful smile was the only change that she could detect. Nevertheless, trifling as was the encouragement, she went on:

"And when we get home, John, I shall be always near you, and will never leave you. I will buy songs and learn them, so as to sing to you at night in the chimney corner. When I go out to work in the fields, you will come with me; we will talk during the work, and what you can't see I will help you to touch with your hands. Thus you will know as well as I how the crops come on. We will go to church together, and on Sunday evenings I will lead you to the Crown, where we may get a pint of beer and chat with your friends. You'll hardly recollect that you're blind, John! What do you say to it? It will be nice: won't it?" . . .

John dropped the end of the stick, seized her hand, and walked beside her, as he replied:

"Kate, I was so happy yesterday at the idea of getting home; but since this morning, and while I was asleep, yonder, the truth has been disclosed to me. Now something torments my heart, and I ought not to hide it from you. *God will punish me if I think again of your love.*" . . . Let us talk quietly about it, Kate. You are handsome, strong, good-hearted, brave, and clever at all kinds of work: and shall you sacrifice your youth for pity and love of a wretched blind man? When our parents lie in the graveyard, you will be old, alone in the world, broken down; and all on my account!" Kate burst into tears. "I shall remember clearly to my dying hour, dear Kate," continued John, "the moment when we bade each other good-bye; I understood all that those sweet blue eyes of yours said; and it was my consolation in all my suffering. Even when the doctor burned my eyes with caustic, that rosy cheek was still before them, and I felt

your hand tremble with sympathy in mine. Oh, had it only been God's will to have spared me one eye, so that I might have worked for our daily bread! But now, alas! it cannot be!" . . .

Kate led him to a spot where they could rest comfortably, and threw the knapsack on the ground.

"Come now, John, tell me, once for all, what bothers your fancy?"

"Oh my dear Kate, you understand me very well," replied the soldier. "You are willing to renounce your youth for me; but can I think of asking you to sacrifice your entire life for simple goodness? The very thought that you are anxious to do it rends my heart. You desire to see me consoled and joyous? Well, promise me, then, that you will never be more to me than a sister, that you will go to the fairs as of old, and that you will be as civil to other young men as propriety allows." . . .

"And, were I to follow your bad advice, you would forget me too, would you not?" asked Kate, a little archly.

"Forget you!" exclaimed John. "It is always dark for me, and I have nothing to do but think and dream; and what should I think and dream about were it not of your kindness and of what your eyes told me before the separation?"

"And so you would love Kate always, though she should do as you wish?"

"Always, till death! . . Kate, you are an angel upon earth! I feel indeed that you alone could make me forget what it has pleased God to take from me; yet it can never be."

"Yes; I understand you, John," answered Kate, quickly; "you intend to hint that I ought to become an old maid. But I *will* marry, and that too before the first snow falls next winter: that's what I'll do, John!"

"Marry?" sighed the soldier, repressing his agitation with difficulty. "Oh, Kate! I see clearly now. God grant that your husband may love you as you deserve! You are going to marry, are you? With whom? Is it with one of our villagers?"

"John, you are losing your wits!" cried Kate, with a voice so clear and loud that the fir-trees sent back an echo. "I am going to marry; and you ask with whom? *With you!* — with him who would give ten eyes to be able to love me!"

"Oh! thanks, thanks for your matchless love! Blessings on you for it! but ——"

Kate stopped his mouth and the sentence with her hand, as she interrupted him triumphantly. "Hush," she said. "You spoke seriously just now, and, as I listened to you, my heart seemed breaking in my bosom. It is my turn to talk now. Had Kate become blind, would you have repulsed the poor girl, and if she had continued to love you in her wretched condition, would you have given her a death-blow by loving other girls? Answer me!"

"Oh, Kate, I would have done exactly what you are doing now; and yet, my love, it can never be!"

"*It shall be!*" exclaimed Kate, with a tone of unanswerable resolution. "Let God be our witness till the priest can pray over us!" — *The Conscript.*

CONSTANT DE REBECQUE, HENRI BENJAMIN, usually called Benjamin Constant; a French orator, publicist and author; born at Lausanne, Switzerland, October 25, 1767; died at Paris, December 8, 1830. He came of a French family who had fled to Switzerland from religious persecution. He was educated at Oxford, Erlangen, and Edinburgh, went to Paris before the French Revolution, and in 1796 became known by a pamphlet on the French Government. Expelled by Napoleon in 1802, he went to Vienna, where he translated *Wallenstein,* wrote a romance entitled *Adolphe,* and, in 1813,

a pamphlet, *On the Spirit of Conquest and Usurpation.* In 1814 he returned to France, and wrote several pamphlets on constitutional liberty, maintaining that it was enjoyed under Louis XVIII. He, however, adhered to Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and became a Councillor of State. Afterward, under Charles X., he combated the reactionary measures of the government, but deplored the revolution of July, 1830. His speeches in behalf of constitutional liberty were clear and persuasive. His political tractates have been collected under the title of *Cours de Politique Constitutionelle* (1819–20). His work on *Religion Considered in its Source, its Forms, and its Developments,* published in 1824–31, is an attempt to trace successive transformation of the religious sentiment, his conclusion being that while the religious instinct is imperishable, the doctrinal and ceremonial forms by which it expresses itself are transitory. Among his works are *Des Effets de la Terreur* (1797); *De la Responsibilité du Ministres* (1815); *Adolphe, Anecdote Trouvée dans les papiers d' un Inconnu* (1816); *Mémoirs sur les Cent Jours* (1820), and a posthumous work, *Du Polythéism Romain, Considéré, dans les Rapports avec la Philosophie Grecque et la Religion Chrétienne.*

THE PERFECTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Among the different systems which have been followed, combated, and modified, one alone appears to me to explain the enigma of our individual and social existence, one alone seems to me adapted to give an object to our labors, and a motive to our researches to sustain us in our uncertainty and to relieve us in our discouragement. This is the system of the perfectibility of the human

race. For him who does not adopt this opinion social order, like everything which belongs, I will not say to man only, but to the Universe, is merely one of the thousand fortuitous combinations, one of the thousand forms, more or less transitory, which must perpetually destroy and replace each other without leaving any permanent amelioration as the result. The system of perfectibility alone guarantees us against the infallible perspective of a complete destruction, which leaves no remembrance of our efforts, no trace of our success. A physical calamity, a new religion, an invasion of barbarians or some uninterrupted oppression, might deprive our race of everything which elevates and ennobles it, everything which renders it at once more moral, more enlightened, and more happy. It is in vain that we are told of intelligence, of liberty, of philosophy; an abyss may open under our feet, savages may rush into the midst of us, impostors may spring from our own bosom, and, still more easily, our governments may be changed into tyrannies. If ideas do not possess a duration independent of men, we may close our books, renounce our speculations, free ourselves from unfruitful sacrifices, and at the utmost confine ourselves to those useful or agreeable arts which will give less insipidity to a life without hope, and a momentary embellishment to the present without a future. The progressive advancement of our species alone establishes a certain communication between different generations. They enrich one another without a mutual acquaintance; and this consoling opinion is so deeply engraved on the instincts of man that each of these fleeting generations expects and finds its recompense in esteem of distant generations which must one day tread upon its insensible ashes.

In this system, human acquisitions form an everlasting mass, to which each individual contributes his peculiar share, assured that no power can take away the slightest portion of this imperishable treasure. Thus, the friend of liberty and justice leaves to future ages the most precious part of himself; he places it beyond the reach of the ignorance which does not understand it and of the

oppression which menaces it; he deposits it in a sanctuary which degrading and ferocious passions can never approach. He who has discovered a single principle, in the solitude of meditation, he whose hand has traced a single line of truth, may yield his life to be disposed of by nations or tyrants; he will not have existed in vain, and if time effaces even the name which designated his transitory existence, his thought will still continue imprinted on the indestructible aggregate, to the formation of which nothing can do away the fact that he has contributed. . . .

The destruction of theocratic slavery, of civil slavery, of feudalism, of a privileged nobility, are so many steps toward the re-establishment of natural equality. The perfectibility of the human race is nothing but the tendency toward equality. This tendency proceeds from the fact that equality alone is conformable to truth; that is to say, to the mutual relations of things and to the mutual relations of men. Inequality is that alone which constitutes injustice. If we analyze all the general or particular forms of injustice, we shall find that they all have their foundation in inequality.

Whenever man begins to reflect, and by means of reflection attains to that power of sacrifice which constitutes his perfectibility, he takes equality as his starting-point; for he gains the conviction that he ought not to do to others what he would not that they should do to him; that is to say, that he ought to treat others as his equals, and that he has the right not to suffer from others what they would not suffer from him; that is to say, that others ought to treat him as their equal. It follows from this that whenever a truth is discovered — and truth tends, by its nature, to be discovered — man approaches equality. If he remains so long at a distance from it, it is because the need of supplying the truths of which he is ignorant has driven him toward ideas that are more or less fantastic, opinions that are more or less erroneous. He needs a certain stock of opinions and ideas to put in action the physical forces which are nothing but passive instruments. Ideas only

are active. They are the sovereigns of the world. The empire of the Universe has been given to them. Accordingly, whenever there are not a sufficient number of truths in the human mind to serve as a lever to physical forces, man supplies their place by conjectures and errors. Whenever the truth afterward makes its appearance, the erroneous opinions which held its place vanish away, and it is the temporary struggle which they maintain — a struggle which always ends in their annihilation — that changes the conditions of states, throws nations into agitation, dashes individuals in pieces, produces, in a word, what we call revolutions.— *Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique.*

CONWAY, MONCURE DANIEL, an American clergyman and lecturer; born in Stafford County, Va., March 17, 1832. He was educated at Dickinson College, entered the Methodist ministry, and became a contributor to the Southern press. His opinions having undergone a change, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School, from which he was graduated in 1854, and became pastor of a Unitarian church in Washington. His anti-slavery opinions caused his dismissal from this church. He was then called to the Unitarian church in Cincinnati, and afterward lectured on slavery. In 1863 he went to England, lectured upon the Civil War, contributed to periodicals, and toward the close of the year became pastor of a Unitarian church in London. Since 1900 he has resided in New York City. Among his works are *Tracts for Today* (1858); *The Rejected Stone* (1861); *The Golden Hour* (1862); *The Earthward Pilgrimage* (1870); *Republican Superstitions* (1873);

Idols and Ideals (1876); *Demonology and Devil-Lore* (1879); *A Necklace of Stories* and *The Wandering Jew* (1880); *Thomas Carlyle* (1881); also, *Nathaniel Hawthorne* (1890); *Thomas Paine* (1892); *Christianity* (1893); *Solomon and Solomonic Literature* (1899); and *Reminiscences* (1904).

THE IDEAL.

In human life, therefore, tendency must always be the main thing. What is the direction of a man's faculties, his aims? If you know the angles of convergence of the sides of the pyramid, the point at which they will meet may be computed. If the tendencies of life are in the direction of an ideal, the apex may be equally recognized, though it may not be reached. In youth our actual and our ideal seem to be not only distinct but hostile to each other. But the main lesson of life is to learn that they are really friends, and culture means the raising of the law of our lower nature into harmony with the firmament of reason that vaults above our little world of animal power. . . .

The best thing in every noble dream is the dreamer himself. Faust clutching at the perfect ideal of Greece, to be thrown back on hard actuality; the poor French Socialist with a fair heaven in his brain and starvation around him represents Man, able to apprehend when he cannot comprehend.

To a human being his ideal represents his individual existence. One life we each have, which is merely hereditary. We received it from our ancestors, we share it with others; it is a common property. There is another life which is our own. There each stands in the presence of his own Sinai, receives the Tables of the Law of his individual life. To him there comes a Decalogue of private interpretation, and the voice commands — "See that thou do all things after the pattern thou did'st see on the Mount!" So indeed must he work — if the world is to be better by a feather's weight for his life

in it; — so must he build, quarrying his hereditary nature, polishing it for his individual structure. Nor shall he pause to ask whether the edifice is to be completed and adorned, and labor give way to happiness. He cannot reach the great end, because there is no end; the scale is infinite; so have the poets said who reached the seeming summit, only to behold a higher height rising before them evermore. Let it be enough for each that the genius of God finds no obstruction in him; that he is part of the organizing force of the universe — as much so as the coral building in the sea, or the sun that vitalizes a world. And when his day is past and his bit of work is done, the ideal he has served will whisper a sweet and secret joy — Thou hast labored, and others will enter into thy labors.— *Idols and Ideals.*

CONYBEARE, JOHN, an English prelate; born at Pinhoe, near Exeter, January 31, 1692; died at Bath, July 31, 1755. At the age of sixteen he entered Exeter College, Oxford, of which he was elected, in 1710, a probationary fellow. He was graduated B.A. in 1713 and M.A. in 1716, and in the latter year was ordained priest. After holding a country curacy for about a year he returned to Oxford and became a tutor. Shortly after he made himself favorably known by the publication of two well-reasoned sermons, *Miracles,* and the *Mysteries of the Christian Religion,* and was appointed one of the preachers to the King, at Whitehall. In 1729 he took the degree of D.D., and the following year was chosen Master of Exeter College. Subsequent sermons increased his reputation, and in 1732 he published his great work *A Defence of Revealed Religion.* This

was written in reply to Matthew Tindal's *Christianity as Old as Creation,* which had been published two years previous. Conybeare's book became very popular and in 1733 a third edition was published. Bishop Warburton spoke of it as one of the best-reasoned books in the world. Soon after the appearance of his book Conybeare was appointed dean of Christ Church, Oxford, a post he held till 1750, when he succeeded Dr. Butler as Bishop of Bristol. A selection of his sermons was published in two volumes after his death.

MYSTERIES.

Mysteries are points in which the Supreme Being hath imparted some knowledge to us, but, the revelation stopping there, several questions to be raised about them are obscure.

Yet though it hath pleased the Divine Wisdom to discover these things to us but in part, no prejudices can arise from hence to the cause of religion. There lay no original obligation on God to reveal things of this kind at all; much less to reveal them in any fuller measure of perfection. If mysteries there are in the Christian faith, yet such points were greater mysteries before this faith was delivered. The Scripture doth not make, but suppose them; and instead of darkening, it casts some light upon them.

If it be still asked why matters of this kind are not unfolded in a clearer manner, it may be added, that in some respects even language itself is unable to express them. The things, therefore, of which we have hitherto had no manner of notion, cannot be perfectly represented in our words. From whence it follows, that to clear up some things in reference to Divine doctrines, an immediate inspiration to each particular person would be necessary; a new language to express such matters, and new ideas to understand the language.

And after all that can be supposed this way, as ours

is a finite nature, it is impossible but some things must exceed our knowledge. There is no proportion between Finite and Infinite; and therefore, as the mysterious doctrines contained in Scripture do chiefly relate to subjects of an infinite extent, our knowledge concerning them may be infinitely improving, and yet never perfect. These are matters above the state and condition of our nature; and difficulties must arise, as well from the greatness of the things declared, as the manner of revealing them.— *From a Sermon Preached at Oxford.*

CONYBEARE, WILLIAM JOHN, an English clergyman; born August 1, 1815; died at Weybridge, in 1857. His father, William Daniel Conybeare, an Anglican clergyman, was an eminent geologist. The son was educated at Cambridge; and was for several years principal of the Liverpool Collegiate Institute. He contributed several essays to the Edinburgh *Review;* the most noted of which was a consideration of the parties within the Established Church of England. A volume of sermons which had been preached by him at the chapel royal at Whitehall was collected, and attracted much attention. With Dean Howson he published, in 1850, *The Life and Epistles of Saint Paul;* and it is by this work that his name is best known on this side of the Atlantic. For this work, however, his college furnished the narrative, archæological, and geographical matter, Dr. Conybeare providing the translations of St. Paul's writings and speeches. This is one of the most important contributions to theological literature since the Reformation. Its purpose is to give a living

picture of St. Paul himself and of the circumstances by which he was surrounded; the biography being compiled from his own letters and from the Acts of the Apostles.

"It is our sober conviction," says Dr. Sprague, "that, as a guide to the true knowledge of Paul's life and writings, it is worth any half-dozen commentaries we have met with." And the *North British Review* called it "a valuable help toward understanding the New Testament. The Greek and Latin quotations are almost entirely confined to the notes; any unlearned reader may study the text with ease and profit."

Dr. Conybeare was also well known, to those who were interested in the religious aspect of the times in the Anglican communion, by a novel which appeared shortly before his death, entitled *Perversion, or the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity.* This work was met with a warm welcome from some quarters, and by a storm of adverse criticism from others, the *National Review* writing of it as *The Hard Church Novel.*

THE TENDENCY OF RATIONALISM.

I acknowledge, indeed, that if I were to yield myself to the guidance of the speculative understanding, I could not stop short of that system of atheism which it is now the fashion to call pantheism; for I quite agree with you in finding no resting-place in the shallow deism of Theodore Parker or Francis Newman; indeed, I cannot imagine how any one who has read Butler should ever have halted at such a half-way house. But I can feel deeply the attractiveness of Spinoza's creed, or rather of that ancient system of oriental speculation of which Spinoza has been the greatest modern exponent; but to which he

added nothing essential that had not been said by Chinese and Indian pantheists three thousand years before him. So far as the mere intellect is concerned, I could embrace that grand idealistic philosophy which identifies the perceived with the perceiver, matter with spirit, and man with God — which represents all physical and all moral phenomena as unalterably determined by antecedent fate — all things but parts of one tremendous whole — all wheels in one vast machine, impelled by irresistible and incomprehensible laws. I could believe (with Fichte) that "everything is what it is of absolute necessity, and cannot be other than it is;" or (with Miss Martineau) that "I am as completely the result of my nature, and impelled to do what I do, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled." And I could proceed (with Emerson) to identify good with evil, and could quote Goethe to prove the idleness of wishing to jump off one's shadow.

But, when the understanding has entangled me in this web of necessitarianism, conscience rises in rebellion, and cries out indignantly that good is different from evil, that sin is sinful, and that guilt demands atonement. And the longing of my heart convinces me that I cannot do without a heavenly Father to love me, a heavenly deliverer to save me from myself.— *From Perversion, a Tale for the Times.*

COOK, ELIZA, an English poet; born at Southwark, December 24, 1818; died at Thornton Hill, Wimbledon, September 23, 1889. At an early age she became a contributor to the *Literary Gazette* and other periodicals. Her first volume, *Melaia, and Other Poems,* was published in 1840. A few years later she became editor of *Eliza Cook's Journal,* a weekly magazine, intended to advance men-

tal culture, which she conducted until failing health forced her to relinquish the care in 1854. Her poems have passed through many editions. Among her books are *Jottings from My Journal* (1860) and *New Echoes* (1864). Among her single poems are *The Old Arm Chair; The Old Farm Gate; Oh, Why Does the White Man Follow My Path.*

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
My smile expires into a sigh;
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way;
For soul and brain will travel back
Through memory's chequered mazes,
To days when I but trod life's track
For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair,
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age;
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing those precious flowers about,
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
Proclaiming joy that crazes,
And chorusing the magic sound
Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please

Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell;
And though old Time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked to simplest things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;
And then the only wish I have
Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh, ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,

But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? — a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

JAMES COOK.

COOK, JAMES, an English navigator; born at Marton, Yorkshire, October 27, 1728; died in Hawaii, February 14, 1779. When quite young he went to sea on board a coal-vessel. In 1755 he entered the royal navy as a volunteer. He served as master of a sloop at the capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, and was occupied in surveying the channel of the St. Lawrence, and became surveyor of the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland in 1763. In 1768 he was chosen by Government to command a vessel sent to the Pacific in order to observe the transit of Venus. During this voyage, which lasted three years, he explored Australia and the coast of New Zealand. He returned to England in 1771, and in the next year was again sent, in command of two vessels, to the South Pacific ocean, in order to ascertain whether there was any continent there. The farthest point reached by him was latitude 71° South, where he was stopped by ice. He returned to England in 1775, having circumnavigated the globe in high southern latitudes. He published two quarto volumes containing a *Journal* of his voyage. He thus closes his narrative of this voyage:

RESULTS OF HIS SECOND VOYAGE.

Whatever may be the public judgment about other matters, it is with real satisfaction, and without claiming any merit but that of attention to my duty, that I can conclude this account with an observation which facts enable us to make, that our having discovered the possibility of preserving health among a numerous ship's company, for such a length of time, in such varieties of climate, and amidst such continued hardships and

fatigues, will make this voyage remarkable, in the opinion of every benevolent person, when the disputes about the Southern Continent shall have ceased to engage the attention, and to divide the judgment of philosphers.

In 1777 he set out on a third voyage, the immediate object of which was to search for a northern passage between the Pacific and the Atlantic. He discovered the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands, then sailed northward and explored Bering's Straits, as far as latitude 70°. He returned to the Sandwich Islands, where he proposed to pass the winter of 1778–79. Some of the natives had stolen one of his boats; he went ashore for the purpose of recovering it; met with resistance from the natives, and was himself killed, with four of his crew, while attempting to return to his ship.

The *Narrative of the Voyages Round the World, performed by Captain James Cook,* was drawn up by Andrew Kippis, from Cook's Journals and other sources (1788). Strictly speaking, this cannot be considered the work of Cook himself. But in 1776 the navigator was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was presented with the Copley gold medal for his services in preserving the health of his crew during his preceding voyage of circumnavigation. Upon this occasion a paper by Cook was read giving a detailed account of the sanitary methods which he had adopted and found so efficacious.

COOK'S SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

We were furnished with a quantity of malt, of which was made sweet wort. To such of the men as showed the least symptoms of the scurvy, and also to such as were thought to be threatened with that disorder, this was given, from one to two or three pints a day each

man; or in such proportions as the surgeon found necessary — which sometimes amounted to three quarts. This is, without doubt, one of the best anti-scorbutic sea-medicines yet discovered; and if used in time, will, with proper attention to other things, I am persuaded, prevent the scurvy from making any great progress for a considerable while; but I am not altogether of opinion that it will cure it at sea.— Sour Kraut, of which we had a large quantity, is not only a wholesome vegetable food, but in my judgment highly anti-scorbutic. A pound of this was served to each man, when at sea, twice a week, or oftener, as was thought necessary. . . .

Portable Broth was another great article of which we had a large supply. An ounce of this to each man, or such other proportion as circumstances pointed out, was boiled in their pease three days in the week; and when we were in places where vegetables were to be got, it was boiled with them, and wheat or oatmeal, every morning for breakfast; and also with pease and vegetables for dinner. It enabled us to make several nourishing and wholesome messes, and was the means of making the people eat a greater quantity of vegetables than they would otherwise have done.

Rob of Lemon and Orange is an anti-scorbutic we were not without. The surgeon made use of it in many cases with great success. But I believe that the dearness of these articles will hinder them from being furnished in large quantities. And I do not think this so necessary; for though they may assist other things, I have no great opinion of them alone. Nor have I a higher opinion of vinegar. My people had it very sparingly during the voyage; and toward the latter part, none at all; and yet we experienced no ill effect from the want of it. The custom of washing the inside of the ship with vinegar I seldom observed, thinking that fire and smoke answered the purpose much better.

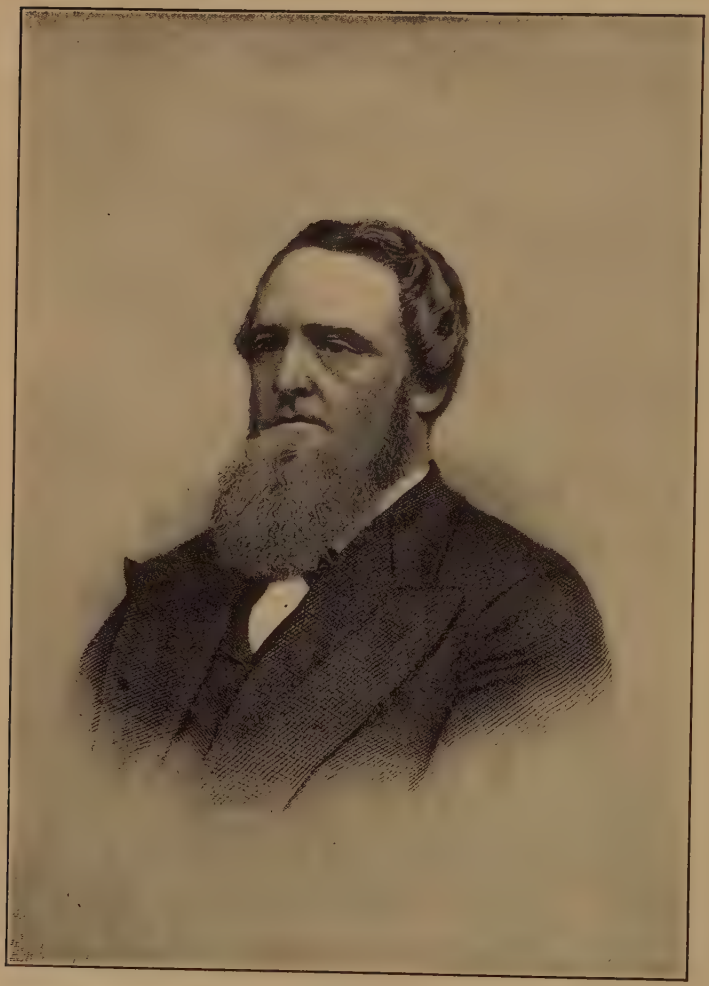
But the introduction of the most salutary articles, either as provisions or medicines, will generally prove unsuccessful, unless supported by certain regulations. The crew were at three watches, except upon some

extraordinary occasions. By this means they were not so much exposed to the weather as if they had been at watch-and-watch; and had generally dry clothes to shift themselves, when they happened to get wet. Care was also taken to expose them as little to wet weather as possible.

Proper methods were used to keep their persons, hammocks, bedding, clothes, etc., constantly clean and dry. Equal care was taken to keep the ship clean and dry betwixt decks. Once or twice a week she was aired with fires; and when this could not be done, she was smoked with gunpowder, mixed with vinegar and water. I had also frequently a fire made in an iron pot at the bottom of the well, which was of great use in purifying the air in the lower parts of the ship. To this, and to cleanliness, as well in the ship as amongst the people, too great attention cannot be paid. The least neglect occasions a putrid and disagreeable smell below, which nothing but fires will remove. Proper attention was paid to the ship's coppers, so that they were kept constantly clean. The fat which boiled out of the salt beef and pork I never suffered to be given to the people.

I was careful to take in water wherever it was to be got, even though we did not want it; because I look upon fresh water from the shore to be more wholesome than that which has been kept some time on board a ship. Of this essential article we were never at an allowance, but had always plenty for every necessary purpose. Navigators in general cannot, indeed, expect, nor would they wish to meet with such advantages in this respect as fell to my lot. The nature of our voyages carried us into very high latitudes. But the hardships and dangers inseparable from that situation were in some degree compensated by the singular felicity we enjoyed of extracting inexhaustible supplies of fresh water from an ocean strewed with ice.

We came to few places where either the art of man, or the bounty of nature, had not provided some sort of refreshment or other, either in the animal or the vegetable way. It was my first care to procure whatever of any



JOSEPH COOK.

kind could be met with, by every means in my power; and to oblige our people to make use thereof, both by example and authority. But the benefits arising from refreshments of any kind soon became so obvious, that I had little occasion to recommend the one or to exert the other.

COOK, JOSEPH, an American theologian and lecturer; born at Ticonderoga, N. Y., January 26, 1838; died there June 24, 1901. He received his early education at Phillips Academy, Andover. In 1858 he entered Yale College, which he quitted at the end of two years for Harvard. After his graduation at Harvard he spent four years in the theological school at Andover, preached for a year at Lynn, and then spent several years in travel and study in Europe. On his return to Boston, in 1873, he began a course of lectures on the relations between science and religion. Following these he gave in connection with the Boston Monday Lectureship several courses of lectures, which have been published under the following titles: *Biology* (1877); *Transcendentalism* (1877); *Orthodoxy* (1878); *Marriage* (1878); *Conscience* (1879); *Heredity* (1879); *Socialism* (1880); *Labor* (1880); *Occident* (1884); and *Orient* (1886).

THE UNITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is a great fact known to us more certainly than the existence of matter: it is the unity of consciousness. I know that I exist, and that I am One. Hermann Lotze's supreme argument against materialism is

the unity of consciousness. I know that I am *I*, and not *you;* and I know *this* to my very finger-tips. That finger is part of my organism, not of yours. To the last extremity of every nerve, I know that I am One. The unity of consciousness is a fact known to us by much better evidence than the existence of matter. I am a natural realist in philosophy, if I may use a technical term: I believe in the existence of both matter and mind. There are two things in the universe; but I know the existence of mind better than I know the existence of matter. Sometimes in dreams we fall down precipices and awake, and find that the gnarled savage rocks had no existence. But we touched them; we felt them; we were bruised by them. Who knows but that some day we may wake, and find that all matter is merely a dream? Even if we do that, it will yet remain true that I am *I*. There is more support for idealism than for materialism; but there is no sufficient support for either. If we are to reverence all, and not merely a fraction, of the list of axiomatic or self-evident truths, if we are not to play fast and loose with the intuitions which are the eternal tests of verity, we shall believe in the existence of both matter and mind. Hermann Lotze holds that the unity of consciousness is a fact absolutely incontrovertible and absolutely inexplicable on the theory that our bodies are woven by a complex of physical arrangements and physical forces, having no co-ordinating presiding power over them all. I know that there is a co-ordinating presiding power somewhere in me. I am *I*. I am One. Whence the sense of a unity of consciousness, if we are made up according to Spencer's idea, or Huxley's, of infinitely multiplex molecular mechanisms? We have the idea of a presiding power that makes each man one individuality from top to toe. How do we get it? It must have a sufficient cause. To this hour, no man has explained the unity of consciousness in consistency with the mechanical theory of life.— *Biology.*

COOK, MABEL COLLINS, an English novelist and theosophist; born in Guernsey in 1851. Her father was Mortimer Collins, an English novelist. In 1871 she was married to Keningale Cook. Her novels include *The Star Sapphire; The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw; Blossom and Fruit; a Debt of Honor; Vivian's Romance; The Story of the Year; Light on the Path; The Idyll of the White Lotus; Through the Gates of Gold; Ida; The Confession of a Woman;* and *Morial the Mahatma.* Several of these novels deal with theosophical subjects.

THE BLACK MASTER OF TIBET.

Morning on the mountain tops! The sun had just risen over the snow-crowned peaks, sending a strong glow of warmth through the biting air into the sheltered valleys protected from the cruel northern winds. The lofty summits of the great range of everlasting hills gleamed brilliantly against the dark blue sky. But below the glittering line of the snow mantle all was dark and terrible; dreadful precipices and deep ravines broke up the rugged surfaces, and no verdure existed to soften the gloom. The solitude and sense of stillness in these mountains is something beyond expression. Mortal man has never trodden these desolate crests nor even essayed to climb to the verge of the snow.

They are impassable to the native mountaineers, and the wild goats, and the yak can find no foothold on them. These mountains, so awful in their grandeur, so appalling in their solitude, are the mysterious and wondrous Koiran chain, which stands in the centre of Tibet.

All that the Western world, the world of civilization, as it is termed, knows of them is that their glittering peaks can be seen from the summit of Mount Kambala. But even to the most daring traveller who has had the

courage to attempt the passage of the Himalayas, the grand range of the Koiran remains a mystery and a marvel.

They are inaccessible. The "old ice," as the Tibetians call the perpetual snow, which makes them so beautiful in the brilliant morning sunshine, will never gladden the heart of man or beast in the summer heats, for neither can ever reach it.

The morning sun may kiss the frozen heights, but fails to warm even the crust of the ice gap. Only the clouds may rest on the bosom of these grim sentinels. Alone with the storm and mist, the majesty of the heavens, and the roar of the elements, they guard for ever the heart of that land of wonders and romance which we call Tibet.

A perfect fastness is this strange spot around which roam the great peoples and hordes of Asia. Was it so preserved when the world was created, that the Great Unknown might have a natural temple in which to dwell when He deigned to visit the earth? Who can say?

It was a May morning — which means, that here in Tibet, it was the height of summer. The sun had indeed extraordinary strength, and threw an almost tropical heat into the sheltered valleys. There were but few of these where the soil would admit of the sun's kindliness being rewarded by greenness or colour. There was one such spot, however, which seemed especially favoured.

Completely walled in from the world by these giant mountains, and right in their very heart, a gleaming oasis shone out as the sun poured its warmth and brilliance straight upon it.

A beautiful stream fell into this lovely valley and gathered in the centre into a broad lake.

Here were the only trees to be seen in all that terrible mountain land. Here, too, were rich grass, flowering shrubs, and waving fields of grain.

On the lake numbers of beautiful wild fowl revelled in the sunshine. Flowers bloomed on every side, filling the air with sweetest perfumes. Not even the happy

valley of Rasselas, filled with delights, could compare, for gorgeous beauty, harmony of colour, wealth of glory, with this wondrous oasis. It was like a vision of heaven, a dream of paradise, shut in among the awful hills!

Until the sun was high in the sky it seemed as though this exquisite spot, hidden and sheltered by the stern and gloomy peaks which surrounded it, was uninhabited save by the birds of the air. But the sun soon drew forth the lizards to bask in its warmth, and the noonday hour drew forth also the one solitary human creature within it whose home was here guarded by the great mountains from the intrusion of the curious, ignorant world.

The tallest cluster of trees — most of them flowering, and grouped so beautifully together that their appearance was as of a bouquet cast upon the black mountain side — surrounded and concealed a dwelling. When the sun was hot a man stepped out from the flower-wreathed doorway, and lifting his face towards the day god, took with delight a deep inspiration of the keen, pure mountain air, snowsweetened and scent-laden.

What a face! Was it that this sunshine, this air, could create such marvellous beauty?

A man of the stature and appearance of other men. Shaped like the toiling millions; yet how different! It scarcely seemed as if he could be of the race of mankind, this superbly beautiful being. Standing in the sunshine, glorious as Apollo, he completed the perfect charm of this lovely scene. The summit of creation — the human flower, seemingly fresh from the hands of Divinity — had appeared amidst the flowers of nature.

A man in strength and vigor, his face had yet all the fresh beauty of youth. Only a light fair down lay over the exquisite curve of his mouth; the dark blue eyes he lifted to the sunshine were calm and untroubled, like a boy's. There was majesty and power in his bearing, such as is vouchsafed only to those who are above the common herd of men that are born and die, and leave no trace of their lives but a few bones and a handful of earth.

The glorious panorama stretched before him gave the keen pleasure of contrast to his gaze, for the hours of darkness, and even of the early morning, had been spent by this wondrous mortal in strange, unhallowed studies, and tasks that men speak of only with bated breath.

Awe-inspiring and marvellous as the great barrier that surrounded him, was he who stands revealed to our gaze, unknown and inaccessible as the innermost recess of the Koiran range, was this solitary man, magician, and seer, MORIAL, THE MAHATMA.

A smile of intense pleasure illumined his face, as he passed out on to the grass. Each summer morning, and each moment of it, was as a fresh revelation of enjoyment to him. A happy hour in this transparent air had the fulness of an eternity to this man; so great was his capacity for pleasure that every second had its keen sensation. Magic arts were his at command; from afar off he controlled the feelings of many disciples, to his will even whole nations were subjected, he was as destiny to those who came under his sway. For him the secrets of nature, the mysteries of life, had been unlocked.

He had lived through centuries, through æons, accumlating pleasure, learning to intensify the joy of existence!

He moved across the grass, and as he passed from the door, a panther which had been crouching behind him, rose and followed him with stealthy step. This creature never left Morial's side save when he entered his laboratory, and then it lay, motionless, across the doorway.

He went down to the side of the water and called to the fowl, who came flying to him from far across it, as soon as they heard his voice. They fluttered about him, and he smiled with pleasure as he watched their beautiful movements.

A dark blue robe, made of the exquisitely fine cloth woven from the soft wool of the Tibetan sheep, enfolded his person. It was a simple gown, much like the coat worn by an Indian rajah, and was only remarkable for the extreme fineness of its texture. His head

was uncovered, and the suns rays turned his hair into a halo of gold. Standing here among his favourite birds, he might have been mistaken, with his marvellous beauty for a faun or a pagan deity.

Suddenly there sounded a faint cry — a cry as of a human voice, but very far off — from among the mountains. Morial scattered the birds from him with a gesture, and they flew away over the water as if obeying his wish. He stood still and listened. Again it came — more clearly:

"Master!"

Morial turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and raised his right hand with a movement of command. As he did so, a gradual change came over him — his face grew set and stern, and the beautiful smile left it — he seemed to increase in stature.

Presently from out of a thicket of flowering trees, a being appeared — a strange figure, in this morning sunshine, muffled from head to foot in a black garment, the face entirely hidden in the sable folds; only the bare feet could be seen, as it advanced timidly, like one blindfolded does, towards the Master.

"What is it, my disciple?" said Morial, and at the sound of his voice the figure fell upon the ground and lay prostrate before him.

"Speak!" said the Master, holding out his hand. Was the face so closely veiled to shield it from the rays of the brilliant sun, or from the much more terrible brilliance of the Master's presence? For now, while he used his power, his eyes were like fire; and from the golden hair that crowned his head something rose upwards, vivid even in the strong sunlight, like a flame.

"He is lost, Master, lost in the pass of Phari! His strength has failed him."

"This is your fault!"

"I have failed, Master. The servants of the Llama Lishnoo have seized me, and I am helpless — they have taken me into the great Lamasery. They think me dead. Oh, Master, save me!"

"Save you!" said Morial. "You are a useless servant."

He spoke quite without anger, but there was no mercy in his voice. How should there be? He felt that the Great Unseen Hand — the hand of God — was opposing him. In such a warfare, a mere soldier of the ranks was readily forgotten.

He turned away, passing his right hand across his brow as he did so. Instantly the normal appearance of his face returned — the smile of pleasure came upon his eyes and mouth again. He moved towards the house, without another glance at the dark figure.

Motionless, it lay upon the grass, like a dead thing. And yet! before he had gone many paces it had vanished; there was nothing there. The dark blot on the beauty of the sunshine and the verdure was wiped out more easily than a spot of ink on a painted canvas.

Turning at the doorway, Morial lifted his hand as if with a gesture of farewell to the beautiful scene he left; and for one moment the smile in his eyes, blue with the dark blueness of the Tibetan sky he gazed at, deepened into laughter.

"Now to work! and the surrender of sweet pleasure for the moment. I have conquered through the ages — I shall conquer to the end."— *Morial, The Mahatma.*

COOKE, JOHN ESTEN, an American novelist; born at Winchester, Va., November 3, 1830; died at Boyce, Clarke County, Va., September 27, 1886. He studied law, which, after a few years' practice, he abandoned for literature. Among his works are *Leather Stocking and Silk* (1854); *The Virginia Comedians* (1855); *The Last of the Foresters* (1856); *Henry St. John, Gentleman* (1858); *Sur-*

ry of the Eagle's Nest (1866); *Life of Stonewall Jackson* (1866); *Mohun* (1868); *Fairfax* (1868); *Hilt to Hilt* (1869); *Hammer and Rapier* (1870); *Life of Robert E. Lee* (1871); *Dr. Van Dyke* (1872); *Her Majesty the Queen* (1873); *Canolles* (1877); *Stories of the Old Dominion* (1879); *Mr. Grantley's Idea* (1879), and *Virginia* in the American Commonwealth Series (1883). *The Virginia Comedians* is considered "the best novel written in the Southern States before the Civil War."

Richardson says of him: "He aimed to produce novels and novelettes of incident or passion, rather than sketches of local scenes and characters. The past of Virginia was more vivid, in his mind, than her present. But his stories are not sensational, in the sanguinary sense, and they describe certain conditions of an ancient and half courtly society."

THE HURRICANE COMMENCES.

All Williamsburgh is in terrific commotion; a moral storm is raging there, and men look about them, measuring each other with doubtful eyes. At the office of the *Virginia Gazette,* an enormous crowd is collected, and within are heard the presses rolling rapidly and vainly striving to strike off sufficient copies of the journal to supply the eager hands held out to take them. The street is full of people passing to and fro; the crowd undulates; a murmur rises which at times swells into a great shout. Suddenly the multitude raises its startled head. A bell begins to toll — slowly, solemnly, with a melancholy expression, which seems to echo the feeling of the crowd.

The explanation of the gathering, of the demand for copies of the journal, of the tolling bell, is simple. The vessel lying yonder at the port of York, and just from London, has brought the intelligence of the passage of

the Stamp Act. For this reason the crowd murmurs, and stretches out its Briarean hands toward the printing office, where an additional number has been hastily composed, containing the provisions of the act. As they receive the papers unfolded, they hastily glue their eyes to them, and with dozens of persons looking over their shoulders, scan the ominous words. Upon a barrel, at some distance, is mounted a man who reads to that portion of the crowd next him, the contents of his paper. The population of the town flow backward and forward, as the blood flows in the veins and arteries. But the office of the journal is the heart, to which all the streams return, from which the flood pours, ever making way for others.

The crowd is for the most part composed of men who seem to be of humble rank, such as are not accustomed to criticise very strongly any acts of government; but among these rude forms are seen great numbers of the richly clad members of the House of Burgesses, whose powdered heads and embroidered doublets present a strong contrast to the coarse fustian of the commoners. The faces of the burghers are troubled — doubtful; they are to act, not merely murmur, as the popular voice murmurs; and the crisis is enough to try the soul. On one side, England with her tremendous strength, her overwhelming power by land and sea, and her immemorial prestige of sovereignty; upon the other, a few weak colonies, scattered over a wild continent, and scarcely knowing each other — or whether if one rises in opposition, the rest will not march to put her down. On one side, an act of Parliament armed with all the weight of a solemn resolution of that great government; upon the other, a mere popular sentiment, which only stammers "Liberty — the liberty of free born Englishmen!"

And this very day the trial comes: — for Governor Fauquier will open the House of Burgesses, and officially communicate to that body the intelligence of the passage of the act: — and they must at once make submission or throw down the gauntlet of defiance. The crowd, as they respectfully make way for them, follow them with

their eyes — they seek to read in the faces of the burghers what reply they deign to make to his serene Excellency. . . . The commotion ever rises higher, and the great wave, extending from the governor's palace to the capitol, the whole length of Gloucester Street, surges to and fro, and breaks into a foam of cries and furious gestures everywhere. And still the bell tolls mournfully, and ever and anon rise those shouts which mount to the gathering clouds above.

But now another sound startles the multitude. A cannon roars from the palace, sending its hoarse, sombre voice upon the wind, which now begins to rise. And then a drum is heard. The governor has set out from the palace for the capitol, there to open the House of Burgesses. Before him ride his body-guard with drawn sabres, and the face of the old man is seen through the window of his splendid chariot, which is drawn slowly onward by six glossy horses, who toss their rosetted heads and push aside the muttering crowd with their chests.

The crowd mutters inarticulately: gazes sidewise at the cortége slowly passing. The governor raises his head, and pointing with his white jewelled finger through the window of the chariot, says to one of the gentlemen who ride with him:

"What is that bell?"

"They began tolling it upon the intelligence this morning, your Excellency."

The governor shakes his head and sinks back in his chariot, muttering, "Well, well, the die is thrown!"

The crowd mutter too, and with ever-increasing rage: the cavalcade is followed by groans and murmurs which are menacing murmurs. So it continues all day; the chariot goes slowly back again under the now lurid sky, and disappears within the palace gates. . . .

Night draws on, lurid and tempestuous; the sky is dark with clouds, from which issue thunder and lightning. The wind moans. The crowd has not moved, and is almost silent, until a light appears approaching from the

side of York. They shout then, and surge backward and forward, tumultuously going to meet the light.

Through the press comes slowly onward a wagon, whose six horses foam at the mouth and pant, covered with sweat. They have galloped all the way from Yorktown. The wagon pauses in the middle of the square, and is buried almost beneath the surge of men who throw themselves upon it. The horses, unhitched hastily, are lashed, and disappear like shadows, but shadows which overthrew men as they ploughed their furious way into the darkness.

The wagon is rifled with the rapidity of lightning. The boxes containing the blank stamps are hurled out and piled into a mass. The crowd utters a hoarse shout, and the torch is applied to them. The flame licks and clasps them, winding round and through the pile of half broken boxes. Then it soars aloft, and throws its glare upon the crowd, whose faces but now were concealed by the darkness — faces full of rage.— *The Virginia Comedians.*

THE DEATH OF HUNTER JOHN.

So the sunset waned away, and with it the life and strength of the old storm-beaten mountaineer — so grand yet powerless, so near to death yet so very cheerful.

"I'm goin'," he murmured as the red orb touched the mountain, "I'm goin', my darlin's; I always loved you all, my children. Darlin', don't cry," he murmured feebly to Alice, whose heart was near breaking, "don't any of you cry for me."

The old dim eyes again dwelt tenderly on the loving faces, wet with tears, and on those trembling lips. There came now to the aged face of the rude mountaineer, an expression of grandeur and majesty, which illumined the broad brows and eyes like a heavenly light. Then those eyes seemed to have found what they were seeking, and were abased. Their grandeur changed to humility, their light to shadow, their fire to softness and unspeakable love. The thin feeble hands stretched out upon the cover were agitated slightly, the eyes moved slowly to the

window and thence returned to the dear faces weeping round the bed; then whispering:

"The Lord is good to me! he told me he was comin' 'fore the night was here; come! come — Lord Jesus — come!" the old mountaineer fell back with a low sigh; a sigh so low that the old sleeping hound dreamed on.

The life strings parted without sound; and hunter John, that so long loved and cherished soul, that old strong form which had been hardened in so many storms, that tender loving heart — ah, more than all, that grand and tender heart — had passed as calmly as a little babe from the cold shadowy world to that other world; the world, we trust, of light, and love, and joy.— *Leather Stocking and Silk.*

MAY.

Has the old glory passed
From the tender May —
That never the echoing blast
Of bugle-horn merry, and fast
Dying away like the Past,
Welcomes the day?

Has the old beauty gone
From the golden May —
That not any more at dawn
Over the flowery lawn,
Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
Of the fairy May?
Ah! the sad tear-drops unshed!
Ah! the young maidens unwed!
Golden locks — cheeks rosy red!
Ah! where are they?

COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON, an American poet, brother of John Esten Cooke; born at Martinsburg, Va., October 26, 1816; died January 20, 1850. He was educated at Princeton, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. In 1847 he published *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems.* Though best known as a poet, he contributed many sketches and other prose articles to the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals. His poem *Florence Vane* has been translated into several languages.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,
That spot, the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou was lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river

Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale amber,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep,
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

COOKE, ROSE TERRY, an American poet and novelist; born at West Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827; died at Pittsfield, Mass., July 18, 1892. She was a cousin of General Alfred H. Terry, who rendered signal service to the cause of the Union during the Civil War by the part he took in the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C. She was educated at Hartford Female Seminary, from which she graduated in 1843. She married Rollin H. Cooke in 1873. She wrote stories and poems in various periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes. Among these are *Happy Dodd* (1879); *Somebody's*

Neighbors (1881); *Root-bound* (1885); *The Sphinx's Children* (1886); *Complete Poems* (1888); *Steadfast* (1889), and *Huckleberries* (1892). Her most characteristic short stories are those of New England rural life. Like those of Miss Jewett these stories present "the most successful pictures of American characters and characteristic scenes, whether chosen from the East or the West, from the city or from the country."

AUNTS AND NEPHEW.

Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah sat in the kitchen — Aunt Huldah bolt upright in a straight-backed wooden chair, big silver-bowed spectacles astride her high nose, sewing carpet-rags with such energy that her eyes snapped, and her brown wrinkled fingers flew back and forth like the spokes of a rapid wheel; Aunt Hannah in a low, creaky old rocker, knitting diligently but placidly, and rocking gently.

The back-log simmered and sputtered; the hickory-sticks in front shot up bright, soft flames; and through the two low, green-paned windows the pallid sun of February sent in a pleasant shining on the clean kitchen floor. Cooking-stoves were not made then, nor Merrimac calicoes. The two old women had stuff petticoats and homespun short-gowns, clean mob-caps over their decent gray hair, and big blue-checked aprons; hair-dye, wigs, flowered chintz, and other fineries had not reached the lonely farms of Dorset in those days. "Spinsters" was not a mere name. The big wool-wheel stood in one corner of the kitchen, and a little flax-wheel by the window. In summer both would be moved to the great garret, where it was cool and out of the way.

"Curus, ain't it?" said Aunt Huldah. "Freedom never come home before, later'n nine-o'clock bell, and he was mortal mighty then; kep' his tongue between his teeth same way he did to breakfast this mornin'. There's suthin' a-goin' on, Hanner, you may depend on 't."

"Mabbe he needs some wormwood-tea," said Aunt Hannah, who, like Miss Hannah More, thought the only two evils in the world were sin and bile, and charitably preferred to lay things first to the physical disorder.

"I du b'lieve, Hanner, you think 'riginal sin is nothin' but a bad stomick."

"Ef 't ain't 'riginal sin, it's actual transgression pretty often, Huldy," returned the placid old lady, with a gentle cackle. *The Assembly's Catechism* had been ground into them both, as any old-fashioned New-Englander will observe, and they quoted its forms of speech, as Boston people do Emerson's Essays, by "an automatic action of the unconscious nervous centres."

The door opened, and Freedom walked in, scraping his boots upon the husk-mat, as a man will who has lived all his days with two old maids, but nevertheless spreading abroad in that clean kitchen an odor of the barn that spoke of "chores," yet did not disturb the accustomed nostrils of his aunts. He was a middle-sized, rather "stocky" man, with a round head well covered with light-curling, short hair, that revenged itself for being cut too short to curl by standing on end toward every point of the compass. You could not call him a common-looking man: something in his keen blue eye, abrupt nose, steady mouth, and square chin, always made a stranger look at him twice. Rugged sense, but more rugged obstinacy, shrewdness, keen perception, tempered somewhat by a certain kindliness that he himself felt to be his weak spot — all these were to be read in Freedom Wheeler's well-bronzed face, sturdy figure, positive speech, and blunt manner.

He strode up to the fireplace, sat down in an armchair rudely shaped out of wood by his own hands, and plunged, after his fashion, at once into the middle of things.

"Aunt Huldy and Aunt Hanner, I'm a-goin' to git married."

The domestic bombshell burst in silence. Aunt Hannah dropped a stitch, and couldn't see to pick it up for at least a minute. Aunt Huldah's scissors snipped at the

rags with a vicious snap, as if they were responsible agents, and she would end their proceedings then and there; presently she said —

"Well, I *am beat!*" To which rather doubtful utterance Freedom made no reply, and the scissors snipped harder yet.

Aunt Hannah recovered herself first. "Well, I'm real glad on 't," purred she. It was her part to do the few amenities of the family.

"I do 'no whether I be or not, till I hear who 't is," dryly answered Aunt Huldah, who was obviously near akin to Freedom.

"It's Lowly Mallory," said the short-spoken nephew, who by this time was whittling briskly a peg for his ox-yoke.

"Du tell!" said Aunt Hannah in her lingering, deliberate tones, the words running into each other as she spoke. "She's jest's clever's the day is long. You've done a good thing, Freedom, 's sure's you live."

"He might 'ha' done wuss; that's a fact." And with this approval Freedom seemed satisfied; for he brushed his chips into the fire, ran his fingers through his already upright hair, eyed his peg with the keen aspect of a critic in pegs, and went off to the barn. He knew instinctively that his aunts must have a chance to talk the matter over.

"This is the beateree!" exclaimed Aunt Huldah, as the door shut after him. "Lowly Mallory, of all creturs! Freedom's as masterful as though he was the Lord above, by natur'; and ef he gets a leetle softly cretur like that, without no more grit 'n a November chicken, he'll ride right over everything, and she won't darst to peep nor mutter a mite. Good land!"

"Well, well," murmured Aunt Hannah, "she is a kind o' feeble piece, but she's real clever; an' I do'no but what it's as good as he could do. Ef she was like to him, hard-headed, 'n sot in her way, I tell ye, Huldy, the fur'd fly mightily; and it's putty bad to have fight to home when there's a fam'ly to fetch up. . . ."

Aunt Huldah picked up the rags at her feet, piled

them into a splint basket, hung the shears on a steel chain by her side, and lifting her tall, gaunt figure from the chair, betook herself upstairs. But Aunt Hannah kept on knitting. She was the thinker, and Huldah the doer of the family. Now her thoughts ran before her to the coming change, and she sighed; for she knew her nephew thoroughly, and she pitied the gentle, sweet nature that was to come in contact with his. Dear Aunt Hannah! She had never had any romance in her own life: she did not know anything about love, except as the placid and quiet clear-eyed affection she felt for Freedom, who was her only near relation, and she saw little Lowly Mallory's future on its hardest side. But she could not help it; and her nature was one that never frets against a difficulty, any more than the green turf beats against the rock to whose edge it clings. . . .

Lowly Mallory was a fragile, slender, delicate girl, with sweet gray eyes and plenty of brown hair; pale as a spring anemone, with just such faint pinkness in her lips and on her high cheek-bones as tints that pensile, egg-shaped bud, when its

"Small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath some giant tree"

on the first warm days of May. She had already the line of care that marks New England women across the forehead with the mark of Cain — the signal of a life in which work has murdered health and joy and freedom; for Lowly was the oldest of ten children, and her mother was bed-ridden. . . . Poor little Lowly! Her simple, tender heart went out to her husband like a vine feeling after a trellis; and, even when she found it was only a bowlder that chilled and repelled her slight ardors and timid caresses, she did still what that vine does — flung herself across and along the granite faces of the rock, and turned her trembling blossom sunward, where life and light were free and sure.— *Freedom Wheeler's Controversy.*

ANOTHER DAUGHTER.

It was with an impotent rage beyond speech that Freedom took the birth of another daughter — a frail, tiny creature, trembling and weak as a new-born lamb in a snow-drift, but for that very reason rousing afresh in Lowly's breast the eternal floods of mother-love, the only love that never fails among all earthly passions, the only patience that is never weary, the sole true and abiding trust for the helpless creatures who come into life as waifs from the great misty ocean to find a shelter or a grave. Lowly was not only a mother according to flesh — for there are those whose maternity goes no further, and there are childless women who have the motherliness that could suffice for a countless brood — but she had, too, the real heart: she clung to her weakling with a fervor and assertion that disgusted Freedom and astounded Aunt Huldah, who, like the old Scotch woman, sniffed at the idea of children in heaven: "No, no! a hantle o' weans there! an' me that could never abide bairns onywhere! I'll no believe it."

"It does beat all, Hanner, to see her take to that skinny, miser'ble little critter! The others was kind 'o likely, all on 'em; but this is the dreadfulest weakly, peeked thing I ever see. I should think she'd be sick on 't."

"I expect mothers — anyway them that's real motherly, Huldy — thinks the most of them that needs it the most. I've seen women with children quite a spell now, bein' out nussin' 'round, an' I allers notice that the sickly ones gets the most lovin' an' cuddlin'. I s'pose it's the same kind o' feelin' the Lord has for sinners: they want him a sight more'n the righteous do."

"Why, Hanner Wheeler, what be you a-thinkin' of! Where's your Catechis'? Ain't all men by nater under the wrath an' cuss o' God 'cause they be fallen sinners? And here you be a-makin' out he likes em better'n good folks."

"Well, Huldy, I warn't thinkin' of Catechism: I was a-thinkin' about what it sez in the Bible."

Here the new baby cried; and Aunt Huldah, confounded but unconvinced, gave a loud sniff, and carried off Shearjashub and Marah to the red house, where their fights and roars and general insubordination soon restored her faith in the Catechism.—*Freedom Wheeler's Controversy.*

PARSON TUCKER'S MARRIAGE EXHORTATION.

But Parson Tucker's career was not to be monotonous. His next astonishing performance was at a wedding. A very pretty young girl, an orphan, living in the house of a relative, equally poor but grasping and ambitious, was about to marry a young man of great wealth and thoroughly bad character: a man whom all men knew to be a drunkard, a gambler, and a dissolute fellow, though the only son of a cultivated and very aristocratic family. Poor Emily Manning had suffered all those deprivations and mortifications which result from living in a dependent condition, aware that her presence was irksome and unwelcome; while her delicate organization was overtaxed with work whose limits were as indefinite as the food and clothing which were its only reward. She had entered into this engagement in a sort of desperation, goaded on by the widowed sister-in-law with whom she lived, and feeling that nothing could be much worse than her present position. Parson Tucker knew nothing of this, but he did know the character of Royal Van Wyck; and when he saw the pallid, delicate, shrinking girl beside this already worn-out, debased, bestial creature, ready to put herself into his hands for life, the "daimon" laid hold upon him, and spoke again. He opened the service, as was customary in Hartland, with a short address; but surely never did such a bridal exhortation enter the ears of man or woman before.

"My friends," he began, "matrimony is not to be lightly undertaken, as the matter of a day; it is an awful compact for life and death that ye enter into here. Young man, if thou hast not within thyself the

full purpose to treat this woman with pure respect, loyal service, and tender care; to guard her soul's innocence as well as her bodily welfare; to cleave to her only, and keep thyself from evil thoughts and base indulgences for her sake — if thou art not fit, as well as willing, to be priest and king of a clean household, standing unto her in character and act in God's stead so far as man may, draw back even now from thine intent; for a lesser purpose is sacrilege here, and will be damnable infamy hereafter."

Royal Van Wyck opened his sallow green eyes with an insolent stare. He would have sworn roundly had not some poor instinct of propriety restrained him; as it was, he did not speak, but looked away. He could not bear the keen, deep-set eyes fixed upon him; and a certain gaunt majesty in the parson's outstretched arm and severe countenance daunted him for the moment. But Thomas Tucker saw that he had no intention of accepting this good advice, so he turned to Emily.

"Daughter," he said, "if thou art about to enter into this solemn relation, pause and consider. If thou hast not such confidence in this man that thy heart faileth not an iota at the prospect of a life-long companionship with him: if thou canst not trust him utterly, respect him as thy lord and head; yield him an obedience joyful and secure next to that thou givest to God; if he is not to thee the one desirable friend and lover; if thou hast a thought so free of him that it is possible for thee to imagine another man in his place without a shudder; if thou art not willing to give thyself to him in the bonds of a life-long, inevitable covenant of love and service; if it is not the best and sweetest thing earth can offer thee to be his wife and the mother of his children — stop now; stop at the very horns of the altar, lest thou commit the worst sin of woman, sell thy birthright for a mess of pottage, and find no place for repentance, though thou seek it carefully and with tears."

Carried away with his zeal for truth and righteousness, speaking as with the sudden inspiration of a prophet, Parson Tucker did not see the terror and the paleness

deepening, as he spoke, on the bride's fair countenance. As he extended his hand toward her, she fell in a dead faint at his feet. All was confusion in an instant. The bridegroom swore, and Mrs. Manning screamed, while the relations crowded about the insensible girl, and tried to revive her. She was taken at once upstairs to her room, and the wedding put off till the next day, as Mrs. Manning announced.— *The Sphinx's Children and Other People's.*

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone —
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south-wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew:
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue —
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for vou?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,

Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

IT IS MORE BLESSED.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the Summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cord of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,

Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover,
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon, heaven's river thy soul fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent! — Yes I am indolent!
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! — Yes I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain;
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its silvery psalm:
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! — Yes I am indolent,
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure:
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! Are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary;
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold!
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion;
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead which are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! Art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall which will cover thee only;
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost! —
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping!
Art thou not indolent? — Art thou not lost?

COOLBRITH, INA DONNA, an American poet and librarian; born near Springfield, Ill., in 1856, of New England parentage. She removed to California while a mere girl, and in 1874 was made librarian of the Oakland Public Library. In 1887 she became librarian of the San Francisco Mercantile Library, and in 1899 of the Bohemian Club. For many years she has contributed poems to the *Overland Monthly* and other Pacific coast periodicals. Her published verse includes *A Perfect Day and Other Poems* (1881); and *Songs from the Golden Gate* (1885).

Joaquin Miller in writing of Miss Coolbrith and her work, tells this interesting anecdote:

Miss Coolbrith is the American who tore down the dilapidated old church at Hucknall Torkard, where Lord Byron is buried, and rebuilt it at a cost of many thou-

sands. And she did it in this way. At the time of that most cruel insult to the mighty poet's memory she made a wreath of laurel and sent it by one on a pilgrimage to Byron's tomb. But the vicar protested against it. The bitter abuse, however, in America had aroused the lion in the Briton, and a bitter clerical battle was fought in the old Norman church that had stood there for nearly five hundred years. And the matter was finally appealed to the Bishop of Norwich. The Bishop of Norwich sent to the King of Greece for another laurel wreath and so had the two hung side by side above the dust of Byron, who, had he lived, would have been king of the land he died to liberate from the Turk. But the King of Greece did more than this, so did the Bishop of Norwich. So money poured in and the church was rebuilt.

Mr. Miller also writes:

When Whittier brought out his *"Songs of Three Centuries,"* made up of the venerable Quaker poet's scrap-book of more than half a century, the critics, as a rule, from one end of the world to the other, applauded the following lines, published in the book as "anonymous," and pronounced them the best lines in his *"Songs of Three Centuries":*

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

When the grass shall cover me
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;

While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything:
You will find in blade and blossom
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was —
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was,
Now I know how dear she was" —
When the grass grows over me!

The lines were written by Miss Coolbrith for Bret Harte when editing the *Overland*. But she let them roam the wide world over, loose in Whittier's book, or do as they would, till she finally tied them up in a wreath she was weaving to be laid on the grave of her mother. When Whittier found out to whom the lines belonged he wrote Miss Coolbrith most cordially and, with the rest of the world so far as it knew her, became her ardent friend.

Some of Miss Coolbrith's earlier poems contributed to Californian periodicals are given herewith:

LONGING.

O foolish wisdom sought in books!
O aimless fret of household tasks!
O chains that bind the hand and mind —
A fuller life my spirit asks.

For there the grand hills, summer-crowned,
Slope greenly downward to the seas:

One hour of rest upon their breast
  Were worth a year of days like these,

Their cool, soft green to ease the pain
  Of eyes that ache o'er printed words;
This weary noise — the city's voice,
  Lulled in the sound of bees and birds.

For Eden's life within me stirs,
  And scorns the shackles that I wear.
The man-life grand: pure soul, strong hand,
  The limb of steel, the heart of air!

And I could kiss, with longings wild,
  Earth's dear brown bosom, loved so much,
A grass blade fanned across my hand,
  Would thrill me like a lover's touch.

The trees would talk with me; the flowers
  Their hidden meanings each make known,
The olden lore revived once more,
  When man's and nature's heart were one.

And as the pardoned pair might come
  Back to the garden God first framed,
And hear Him call at even-fall,
  And answer, "Here am I," unashamed —

So I, from out these toils, wherein
  The Eden-faith grows stained and dim,
Would walk, a child, through Nature's wild,
  And hear His voice and answer Him.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart,
  To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
  In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird, in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky;
And honey bees blacken the clover seas;
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind;
Laugh low with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all,
Entices my soul away!

For oh but the world is fair, is fair;
And oh but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the king may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you.

A PERFECT DAY.

I will be glad to-day; the sun
Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
Serene on either hand,
The full-blown roses, red and white,
In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees;
  A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
  From some far pasture mound;
The crickets in the warm, green grass
  Chirp with a softened sound.
The sky looks down upon the sea,

  Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
  The sea looks up as fair —
So bright a picture on its breast
  As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter — nay,
  Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
  Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
  Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day
  Some sacred Sabbath feast:
It may be that some patient soul
  Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake he smiles on us,
  And all the day is blest.

THE CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE.

[The following poem, written by Miss Coolbrith, was read in San Francisco on the occasion of the celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, September 9, 1868]:

Little did the goodly Fathers,
  Building their Missions rude,
By the lone, untraversed waters,
  In the Western solitude,

Dream of the wonderful city
  That looks on the stately bay,
Where the bannered ships of the nations
  Float in their pride to-day;

Dream of the beautiful city,
  Proud on her tawny height,
And strange as a flower upspringing
  To bloom in a single night:

For lo! but a moment lifting
  The veil of the years away,
We look on the well-known picture,
  That seems but as yesterday.

The mist rolls in at the Gateway,
  Where never a fortress stands,
O'er the blossoms of Saucelito
  And Yerba Buena's sands,

Swathing the shores where only
  The sea-birds come and pass,
And drifts with the drifting waters
  By desolate Alcatraz.

We hear, when the night drops downward,
  And the bay throbs under the stars,
The ocean-voices blending
  With ripple of soft guitars,

With chiming bells of the Mission,
  With passionate minors sung,
Or a quaint Castilian ballad
  Trilled in the Spanish tongue.

Fair from thy hills, O city,
  Look on the beautiful bay!
Prouder far is the vision
  Greeting our eyes to-day;

Better the thronged waters
  And the busy streets astir,
Purple and silken raiment,
  Balsam and balm and myrrh —

Gems of the farther Indies,
  Gold of thy own rich mine,
And the pride and boast of the people,
  O beautiful Queen, are thine!

Praise to the goodly Fathers
  With banners of faith unfurled!
Praise to the sturdy heroes
  Who have won thee to the world!

That was a day to dream of —
  That was the life we led:
Bleeding the veins of the mountains,
  Draining the torrent's bed;

Searching the dusky cañon,
  Tracking the pathless glen —
The shot, the knife, and the struggle
  With savage beasts and men!

But blest in the rest that follows,
  Is thought of a labor past;
Blest in the homes we have builded,
  The peace and the rest at last.

And blessed, indeed, the winter
  That nurses a smiling spring,
When hands that the seed have scattered
  May gather the blossoming.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE, an American novelist; born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851. At the age of thirteen he was admitted to Yale College, and on quitting college entered the navy. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married, and settled in Westchester county, N. Y. His first novel, *Precaution,* was a failure. *The Spy,* published in 1821, showed his real power, and met with great success. It was followed, in rapid succession, by *The Pioneers,* the first of the Leather-Stocking series (1823); *Lionel Lincoln* (1825); *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826); *The Prairie* (1827); *The Red Rover* (1827); *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish* (1827); *The Water-witch* (1830); *The Bravo* (1831); *Heidenmauer* (1832); *The Headsman of Berne* (1833); *The Monikins* (1835); *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found* (1838); *The Pathfinder, Mercedes of Castile,* and *The Deerslayer* (1841); *The Two Admirals* and *Wing and Wing* (1842); *Wyandotte, The Autobiography of a Pocket-Handkerchief,* and *Ned Meyers* (1843); *Afloat and Ashore* and *Miles Wallingford* (1844); *The Chainbearer* and *Satanstoe* (1845); *The Redskins* (1846); *The Crater, or Vulcan's Peak* (1847); *Oak Openings* and *Jack Tier* (1848); *The Sea Lions* (1849); *The Ways of the Hour* (1850). Besides his novels Cooper wrote *A Naval History of the United States* (1839); *The Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers* (1846), and several volumes of notes on his travels in Europe.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE ESCAPE OF WHARTON WITH HARVEY BIRCH.

The person who was ushered into the apartment, preceded by Cæsar, and followèd by the matron, was a man beyond the middle age, or who might rather be said to approach the down-hill of life. In stature he was above the size of ordinary men, though his excessive leanness might contribute in deceiving as to his height; his countenance was sharp and unbending, and every muscle seemed set in rigid compression. No joy, or relaxation, appeared ever to have dwelt on features that frowned habitually, as if in detestation of the vices of mankind The brows were beetling, dark, and forbidding, giving the promise of eyes of no less repelling expression, but the organs were concealed beneath a pair of enormous green goggles, through which they glared around with a fierceness that denounced the coming day of wrath. All was fanaticism, uncharitableness, and denunciation. Long, lank hair, a mixture of gray and black, fell down his neck, and in some degree obscured the sides of his face, and parting on his forehead, fell in either direction in straight and formal screens. On the top of this ungraceful exhibition was laid, impending forward, so as to overhang in some measure the whole fabric, a large hat of three equal cocks. His coat was of a rusty black, and his breeches and stockings were of the same color; his shoes without lustre, and half concealed beneath huge plated buckles.

He stalked into the room, and giving a stiff nod with his head, took the chair offered him by the black, in dignified silence. For several minutes no one broke this ominous pause in the conversation. Henry, feeling a repugnance to his guest that he was vainly endeavoring to conquer, and the stranger himself drawing forth occasional sighs and groans, that threatened a dissolution of the unequal connection between his sublimated soul and its ungainly tenement. During this death-like preparation, Mr. Wharton, with a feeling nearly allied to that of his son, led Sarah from the apartment. His retreat was noticed by the divine, in a kind of scornful disdain, who

began to hum the air of a popular psalm-tune, giving it the full richness of the twang that distinguishes the Eastern psalmody.

"Cæsar," said Miss Peyton, "hand the gentleman some refreshment; he must need it after his ride."

"My strength is not in the things of this life," said the divine, speaking in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "Thrice have I this day held forth in my Master's service, and fainted not; still it is prudent to help this frail tenement of clay, for, surely, 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Opening a pair of enormous jaws, he took a good measure of the proffered brandy, and suffered it to glide downwards with that sort of facility with which man is prone to sin.

"I apprehend, then, sir, that fatigue will disable you from performing the duties which kindness had induced you to attempt."

"Woman!" exclaimed the stranger with energy, "when was I ever known to shrink from a duty? But, 'judge not, lest ye be judged,' and fancy not that it is given to mortal eyes to fathom the intentions of the Deity."

"Nay," returned the maiden, meekly, and slightly disgusted with his jargon, "I pretend not to judge of either events or the intentions of my fellow-creatures, much less of those of Omnipotence."

"'Tis well, woman, 'tis well," cried the minister, waving his hand with supercilious disdain; "humility becometh thy sex and lost condition; thy weakness driveth thee on headlong, like 'unto the besom of destruction.'"

Surprised at this extraordinary deportment, yielding to that habit which urges us to speak reverently on sacred subjects, even when perhaps we had better continue silent, Miss Peyton replied —

"There is a Power above, that can and will sustain us all in well-doing, if we seek its support in humility and truth."

The stranger turned a lowering look at the speaker, and then composing himself into an air of self-abasement, he continued in the same repelling tones —

"It is not every one that crieth out for mercy that will

be heard. The ways of Providence are not to be judged by men — 'many are called, but few chosen.' It is easier to talk of humility than to feel it. Are you so humble, vile worm, as to wish to glorify God by your own damnation? If not, away with you for a publican and a pharisee!"

Such gross fanaticism was uncommon in America, and Miss Peyton began to imbibe the impression that her guest was deranged; but remembering that he had been sent by a well-known divine, and one of reputation, she discarded the idea, and, with some forbearance observed:

"I may deceive myself, in believing that mercy is proffered to all, but it is so soothing a doctrine that I would not willingly be undeceived."

"Mercy is only for the elect," cried the stranger, with an unaccountable energy: "and you are in the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Are you not a follower of idle ceremonies, which belong to the vain Church that our tyrants would gladly establish here, along with their stamp-acts and tea-laws? Answer me that, woman; and remember that heaven hears your answer: are you not of that idolatrous communion?"

"I worship at the altars of my fathers," said Miss Peyton, motioning to Henry for silence; "but bow to no other idol than my own infirmities."

"Yes, yes, I know ye, self-righteous and papal as ye are — followers of forms, and listeners to bookish preaching; think you, woman, that holy Paul had notes in his hand to propound the word to the believers?"

"My presence disturbs you," said Miss Peyton rising; "I will leave you with my nephew, and offer those prayers in private that I did wish to mingle with his."

So saying she withdrew, followed by the landlady, who was not a little shocked, and somewhat surprised by the intemperate zeal of her new acquaintance; for, although the good woman believed that Miss Peyton and her whole Church were on the high road to destruction, she was by no means accustomed to hear such offensive and open avowals of their fate.

Henry had with difficulty repressed the indignation ex-

cited by this unprovoked attack on his meek and unresisting aunt; but as the door closed on her retiring figure, he gave way to his feelings:

"I must confess, sir," he exclaimed with heat, "that in receiving a minister of God I thought I was admitting a Christian; and one who, by feeling his own weaknesses knew how to pity the frailties of others. You have wounded the meek spirit of an excellent woman, and I acknowledge but little inclination to mingle in prayer with so intolerant a spirit."

The minister stood erect, with grave composure, following with his eyes, in a kind of scornful pity, the retiring females, and suffered the expostulation of the youth to be given, as if unworthy of his notice. A third voice, however, spoke — "Such a denunciation would have driven many women into fits; but it has answered the purpose well enough as it is."

"Who's that?" cried the prisoner, in amazement, gazing around the room in quest of the speaker.

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles, and exhibiting his piercing eyes, shining under a pair of false eyebrows.

"Good heavens — Harvey!"

"Silence," said the pedler, solemnly; "'tis a name not to be mentioned, and least of all here, within the heart of the American army." Birch paused and gazed around him for a moment, with an emotion exceeding the base passion of fear, and then continued in a gloomy tone, "There are a thousand halters in that very name, and little hope would there be left me of another escape, should I be again taken. This is a fearful venture that I am making; but I could not sleep in quiet, and know that an innocent man was about to die the death of a dog, when I might save him."

"No," said Henry, with a glow of generous feeling on his cheek; "if the risk to yourself be so heavy, retire as you came, and leave me to my fate. Dunwoodie is making, even now, powerful exertions in my behalf; and if he meets with Mr. Harper in the course of the night, my liberation is certain."

"Harper!" echoed the pedler, remaining with his hands raised, in the act of replacing the spectacles, "what do you know of Harper? and why do you think he will do you service?"

"I have his promise; — you remember our recent meeting in my father's dwelling, and then he gave an unasked promise to assist me."

"Yes — but do you know him? that is — why do you think he has the power? or what reason have you for believing he will remember his word?"

"If there ever was a stamp of truth, or simple, honest benevolence, in the countenance of man, it shone in his," said Henry; "besides Dunwoodie has powerful friends in the rebel army, and it would be better that I take the chance where I am, than thus to expose you to certain death if detected."

"Captain Wharton," said Birch, looking guardedly around, and speaking with impressive seriousness of manner, "if I fail you, all fail you. No Harper nor Dunwoodie can save your life; unless you get out with me, and that within the hour, you die to-morrow on the gallows of a murderer. Yes, such are their laws; the man who fights and kills and plunders, is honored; but he who serves his country as a spy, no matter how faithfully, no matter how honestly, lives to be reviled, or dies like the vilest criminal!"

"You forget, Mr. Birch," said the youth, a little indignantly, "that I am not a treacherous, lurking spy, who deceives to betray; but innocent of the charge imputed to me."

The blood rushed over the pale, meagre features of the pedler, until his face was one glow of fire, but it passed quickly away, and he replied:

"I have told you the truth. Cæsar met me, as he was going on this errand this morning, and with him I have laid the plan which, if executed as I wish, will save you — otherwise you are lost; and I again tell you, that no other power on earth, not even Washington, can save you."

"I submit," said the prisoner, yielding to his earnest

manner, and goaded by the fears that were thus awakened anew.

The pedler beckoned him to be silent, and walking to the door, opened it, with the stiff, formal air with which he had entered the apartment. "Friend, let no one enter," he said to the sentinel; "we are about to go to prayer, and would wish to be alone."

"I don't know that any will wish to interrupt you," returned the soldier with a waggish leer of his eye; "but should they be so disposed, I have no power to stop them, if they be of the prisoner's friends; I have my orders, and must mind them whether the Englishman goes to heaven or not."

"Audacious sinner!" said the pretended priest, "have you not the fear of God before your eyes? I tell you, as you will dread punishment at the last day, to let none of the idolatrous communion enter, to mingle in the prayers of the righteous."

"Whew — ew — ew — what a noble commander you'd make for Sergeant Hollister! you'd preach him dumb in a roll-call. Hark'ee I'll thank you not to make such a noise when you hold forth, as to drown our bugles, or you may get a poor fellow a short horn at his grog, for not turning out to evening parade; if you want to be alone, have you no knife to stick over the door-latch, that you must have a troop of horse to guard your meeting-house?"

The pedler took the hint, and closed the door immediately, using the precaution suggested by the dragoon.

"You overact your part," said young Wharton, in constant apprehension of discovery; "your zeal is too intemperate."

"For a foot-soldier and them Eastern militia it might be," said Harvey turning a bag upside down, that Cæsar now handed him; "but these dragoons are fellows that you must brag down. A faint heart, Captain Wharton, would do but little here; but come, here is a black shroud for your good-looking countenance," taking, at the same time, a parchment mask, and fitting it to the face of Henry. "The master and the man must change places for a season."

"I don't tink he look a bit like me," said Cæsar, with disgust, as he surveyed his young master with his new complexion.

"Stop a minute, Cæsar," said the pedler with the lurking drollery that at times formed part of his manner, "till we get on the wool."

"He worse than ebber now," cried the discontented African. "A think colored man like a sheep. I nebber see such a lip, Harvey; he most as big as a sausage!"

Great pains had been taken in forming the different articles used in the disguise of Captain Wharton, and when arranged, under the skilful superintendence of the pedler, they formed together such a transformation that would easily escape detection from any but an extraordinary observer. The mask was stuffed and shaped in such a manner as to preserve the peculiarities, as well as the color, of the African visage; and the wig was so artfully formed of black and white wool as to imitate the pepper-and-salt color of Cæsar's own head, and to exact plaudits from the black himself, who thought it an excellent counterfeit in everything but quality.

"There is but one man in the American army who could detect you, Captain Wharton," said the pedler, surveying his work with satisfaction, "and he is just now out of our way."

"And who is he?"

"The man who made you a prisoner. He would see your white skin through a plank. But strip, both of you; your clothes must be exchanged from head to foot."

Cæsar, who had received minute instructions from the pedler in their morning interview, immediately commenced throwing aside his coarse garments, which the youth took up, and prepared to invest himself with, unable, however, to repress a few signs of loathing. In the manner of the pedler there was an odd mixture of care and humor; the former was the result of a perfect knowledge of their danger, and the means necessary to be used in avoiding it; and the latter proceeded from the unavoidably ludicrous circumstances before him, acting on an indifference

which sprung from habit and long familiarity with such scenes as the present.

"Here, captain," he said, taking up some loose wool, and beginning to stuff the stockings of Cæsar, which were already on the leg of the prisoner; "some judgment is necessary in shaping this limb. You will have to display it on horseback; and the southern dragoons are so used to the brittle shins, that should they notice your well-turned calf, they'd know at once it never belonged to a black."

"Golly!" said Cæsar with a chuckle, that exhibited a mouth open from ear to ear, "Massa Harry breeches fit."

"Anything but your leg," said the pedler, coolly pursuing the toilet of Henry. "Slip on the coat, captain, over all. Upon my word you would pass well at a pinkster frolic; and here, Cæsar, place this powdered wig over your curls, and be careful and look out of the window, whenever the door is opened, and on no account speak, or you will betray all."

"I s'pose Harvey tink a colored man an't got a tongue like oder folk," grumbled the black as he took the station assigned him.

Everything now was arranged for action, and the pedler very deliberately went over the whole of his injunctions to the two actors in the scene. The captain he conjured to dispense with his erect military carriage, and for a season to adopt the humble paces of his father's negro; and Cæsar he enjoined to silence and disguise, so long as he could possibly maintain them. Thus prepared, he opened the door, and called aloud to the sentinel, who had retired to the farthest end of the passage, in order to avoid receiving any of that spiritual comfort, which he felt was the sole property of another.

"Let the woman of the house be called," said Harvey, in the solemn key of his assumed character; "and let her come alone. The prisoner is in a happy train of meditation, and must not be led from his devotions."

Cæsar sunk his face between his hands; and when the soldier looked into the apartment, he thought he saw his charge in deep abstraction. Casting a glance of huge contempt at the divine, he called aloud for the good woman of

the house. She hastened to the summons with earnest zeal, entertaining a secret hope that she was to be admitted to the gossip of a death-bed repentance.

"Sister," said the minister, in the authoritative tones of a master, "have you in the house 'The Christian Criminal's Last Moments, or Thoughts on Eternity,' for them who die a violent death?"

"I never heard of the book!" said the matron in astonishment. — "'Tis not unlikely; there are many books you have never heard of: it is impossible for this poor penitent to pass in peace, without the consolations of that volume. One hour's reading in it is worth an age of man's preaching."

"Bless me, what a treasure to possess! — when was it put out?"

"It was first put out at Geneva in the Greek language, and then translated at Boston. It is a book, woman, that should be in the hands of every Christian, especially such as die upon the gallows. Have a horse prepared instantly for this black, who shall accompany me to my Brother ——, and I will send down the volume yet in season. Brother, compose thy mind; you are now in the narrow path to glory." Cæsar wriggled a little in his chair, but he had sufficient recollection to conceal his face with hands that were, in their turn, concealed by gloves. The landlady departed, to comply with this very reasonable request, and the group of conspirators were again left to themselves.

"This is well," said the pedler, "but the difficult task is to deceive the officer who commands the guard — he is a lieutenant to Lawton, and has learned some of the captain's own cunning in these things." "Remember, Captain Wharton," continued he, with an air of pride, "that now is the moment when everything depends on our coolness."

"My fate can be made but little worse than it is at present, my worthy fellow," said Henry: "but for your sake I will do all that in me lies."

"And wherein can I be more forlorn and persecuted than I now am?" asked the pedler, with that wild incoher-

ence which often crossed his manner. "But I have promised *one* to save you, and to him I have never yet broken my word."

"And who is he?" said Henry, with awakened interest.

"No one."

The man soon returned, and announced that the horses were at the door. Henry gave the captain a glance, and led the way downstairs, first desiring the woman to leave the prisoner to himself, in order that he might digest the wholesome mental food that he had so lately received. A rumor of the odd character of the priest had spread from the sentinel at the door to his comrades; so that when Harvey and Wharton reached the open space before the building, they found a dozen idle dragoons loitering about, with the waggish intention of quizzing the fanatic, and employed in affected admiration of the steeds.

"A fine horse!" said the leader in this plan of mischief; "but a little low in flesh; I suppose from hard labor in your calling."

"My calling may be laborsome to both myself and this faithful beast, but then a day of settling is at hand, that will reward me for all my outgoings and incomings," said Birch, putting his foot in the stirrup and preparing to mount.

"You work for pay, then, as we fight for 't!" cried another of the party.

"Even so — 'is not the laborer worthy of his hire?'"

"Come, suppose you give us a little preaching; we have a leisure moment just now, and there's no telling how much good you might do a set of reprobates like us, in a few words; here, mount this horse-block, and take your text where you please."

The men now gathered in eager delight around the pedler, who, glancing his eye expressively toward the captain, who had been suffered to mount, replied —

"Doubtless, for such is my duty. But, Cæsar, you can ride up the road and deliver the note — the unhappy prisoner will be wanting the book, for his hours are numbered."

"Ay — ay, go along, Cæsar, and get the book," shouted

half a dozen voices, all crowding eagerly around the ideal priest, in anticipation of a frolic.

The pedler inwardly dreaded that in their unceremonious handling of himself and garments his hat and wig might be displaced, when detection would be certain. He was therefore fain to comply with their request. Ascending the horse-block, after hemming once or twice, and casting several glances at the captain, who continued immovable, he commenced as follows:

"I shall call your attention, my brethren, to that portion of Scripture which you will find in the second book of Samuel, and which is written in the following words: '*And the King lamented over Abner, and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him.*' Cæsar, right forward, I say, and obtain the book as directed; thy master is groaning in spirit even now for the want of it."

"An excellent text!" cried the dragoons. "Go on — go on — let the snowball stay; he wants to be edified as well as another."

"What are you at there, scoundrels?" cried Lieutenant Mason, as he came in sight from a walk he had taken, to sneer at the evening parade of the regiment of militia; "away with every man of you to your quarters, and let me find that each horse is cleaned and littered, when I come round." The sound of the officer's voice operated like a charm, and no priest could desire a more silent congregation, although he might possibly have wished for one that was more numerous. Mason had not done speaking when it was reduced to the image of Cæsar only. The pedler took that opportunity to mount, but he had to preserve the gravity of his movements, for the remark of the troopers upon the condition of their beasts was but too just, and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning.

"Well, have you bitted the poor fellow within," said

Mason, "that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity, old gentleman?"

"There is evil in thy conversation, profane man," cried the priest, raising his hands and casting his eyes upward in holy horror; "so I will depart from thee unhurt, as Daniel was liberated from the lion's den."

"Off with you, a hypocritical, psalm-singing, canting rogue in disguise," said Mason, scornfully; "by the life of Washington! it worries an honest fellow to see such voracious beasts of prey ravaging a country for which he sheds his blood. If I had you on a Virginia plantation for a quarter of an hour, I'd teach you to worm the tobacco with the turkeys."

"I leave you, and shake the dust off my shoes, that no remnant of this wicked hole may tarnish the vestments of the godly."

"Start, or I will shake the dust from your jacket, designing knave! A fellow to be preaching to my men! There's Hollister put the devil in them by his exhorting; the rascals were getting too conscientious to strike a blow that would raise the skin. But hold! whither do you travel, master blackey, in such goodly company?"

"He goes," said the minister, hastily speaking for his companion, "to return with a book of much condolence and virtue to the sinful youth above, whose soul will speedily become white even as his outwards are black and unseemly. Would you deprive a dying man of the consolations of religion?"

"No, no, poor fellow, his fate is bad enough; a famous good breakfast his prime body of an aunt gave us. But harkee, Mr. Revelations, if the youth must die, *secundum artem,* let it be under a gentleman's directions; and my advice is, that you never trust that skeleton of yours among us again, or I will take the skin off, and leave you naked."

"Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness!" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of clerical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaginary Cæsar; "but I leave thee, and that behind me that will

prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance."

"Damn him," muttered the trooper; "the fellow rides like a stake, and his legs stick out like the cocks of his hat. I wish I had him below these hills, where the law is not over-particular, I'd ——"

"Corporal of the guard! — corporal of the guard!" shouted the sentinel in the passage to the chambers, "corporal of the guard! — corporal of the guard!"

The subaltern fled up the narrow stairway that led to the room of the prisoner, and demanded the meaning of the outcry.

The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and replied, with an air of puzzled thought ——

"I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoner looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him he don't look as he used to do — but," gazing intently over the shoulder of his officer, "it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, and the darn in the coat, where he was hit the day he had the last brush with the enemy."

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner or not, is it, sirrah? Who the devil do you think it can be else?"

"I don't know who else it can be," returned the fellow, sullenly: "but he is grown thicker and shorter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague."

This was but too true. Cæsar was an alarmed auditor of this short conversation, and, from congratulating himself upon the dexterous escape of his young master, his thoughts were very naturally beginning to dwell upon the probable consequences to his own person. Tne pause that succeeded the last remark of the sentinel in no degree contributed to the restoration of his faculties. Lieutenant Mason was busied in examining with his own eyes the suspected person of the black, and Cæsar was aware of the fact by stealing a look through a passage under one

of his arms, that he had left expressly for the purpose of reconnoitring. Captain Lawton would have discovered the fraud immediately, but Mason was by no means so quick-sighted as his commander. He therefore turned rather contemptuously to the soldier, and, speaking in an undertone, observed —

"That anabaptist, methodistical, quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy with his farrago about flames and brimstone. I'll step in and cheer him with a little rational conversation."

"I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back and staring as if his eyes would start from their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black."

The truth was, that Cæsar, unable to hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, and having every fear aroused in him by what had already passed, incautiously removed the wig a little from one of his ears, in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise. The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. The attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object, and, forgetting all delicacy for a brother officer in distress, or, in short, forgetting everything but the censure that might alight on his corps, the lieutenant sprang forward and seized the terrified African by the throat; for no sooner had Cæsar heard his color named, than he knew his discovery was certain; and at the first sound of Mason's heavy boot on the floor, he arose from his seat, and retreated precipitately to a corner of the room.

"Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle of the wall, at each interrogatory; "who the devil are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thunder-cloud! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I'll hang you on the gallows of the spy!"

Cæsar continued firm. Neither the threats nor the blows could extract any reply, until the lieutenant, by a very natural transition in the attack, sent his heavy boot forward in a direction that brought it in direct contact with the most sensitive part of the negro — his shin. The

most obdurate heart could not have exacted further patience, and Cæsar instantly gave in. The first words he spoke were —

"Golly! Massa, you t'ink I got no feelin'?"

"By Heavens!" shouted the lieutenant, "it is the negro himself! scoundrel! where is your master and who was the priest?" While speaking he made a movement as if about to renew the attack; but Cæsar cried aloud for mercy, promising to tell all he knew.

"Who was the priest?" repeated the dragoon, drawing back his formidable leg, and holding it in threatening suspense.

"Harvey, Harvey!" cried Cæsar, dancing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed.

"Harvey who, you black villain?" cried the impatient lieutenant, as he executed a full measure of vengeance, by letting his leg fly.

"Birch!" shrieked Cæsar, falling on his knees, the tears rolling in large drops over his shining face.

"Harvey Birch!" echoed the trooper, hurling the black from him, and rushing from the room. "To arms! to arms! fifty guineas for the life of the pedler-spy — give no quarter to either. Mount, mount! to arms! to horse!"

During the uproar occasioned by the assembling of the dragoons, who all rushed tumultuously to their horses, Cæsar rose from the floor where he had been thrown by Mason, and began to examine into his injuries. Happily for himself, he had alighted on his head, and consequently sustained no material damage.— *The Spy.*

THE ARIEL ON THE SHOALS.

During the uproar occasioned by the assembling of the and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each

moment, more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of the gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found. So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones, that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried: "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster at the conn gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel. While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark, seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the pilot, with cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack. Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle:

"Breakers! breakers dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried:

"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"'We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded:

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word ——"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care

that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered, in bitterness of feeling: "Then all is lost, indeed! and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast." There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback. Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud — but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened to leeward as well as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully

toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them. A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded this manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. . . . The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well we are safe; but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed, left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first-lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it — by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hommock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon — 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep the light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we shall surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied:

"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals

on this course; and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their uttermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it — see! the light already touches the edge of the hommock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended; and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hommock already: if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the bolt ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck, but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff — luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hand, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting: "Square away the yards! — in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed "Square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds

driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.— *The Pilot.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

By this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Listen! There are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick, impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground

and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body through fright or anger. It was more probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the foot of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth, "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen

wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power in the present instance suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy — her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke,

when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal, your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whiz of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.—*The Pioneers.*

MABEL IN THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

While the light lasted, the situation of our heroine was sufficiently alarming; but, as the shades of evening gradually gathered over the island, it became fearfully appalling. By this time the savages had wrought themselves up to the point of fury, for they had possessed themselves of all the liquor of the English, and their outcries and gesticulations were those of men truly possessed of evil spirits. All the efforts of their French leader to restrain them were entirely fruitless, and he had wisely withdrawn to an adjacent island, where he had a sort of bivouac, that he might keep at a safe distance from friends so apt to run into excesses. Before quitting the spot, however, this officer, at great risk to his own life, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and in securing the ordinary means to relight it. This precaution he took lest

the Indians should burn the blockhouse, the preservation of which was necessary to the preservation of his future plans. He would gladly have removed all the arms also, but this he found impracticable, the warriors clinging to their knives and tomahawks with the tenacity of men who regarded a point of honor as long as a faculty was left; and to carry off the rifles, and leave behind him the very weapons that were generally used on such occasions, would have been an idle expedient. The extinguishing of the fire proved to be the most prudent measure, for no sooner was the officer's back turned than one of the warriors, in fact, proposed to fire the block-house. Arrowhead had also withdrawn from the group of drunkards as soon as he found that they were losing their senses, and had taken possession of a hut, where he had thrown himself on the straw, and sought the rest that two wakeful and watchful nights rendered necessary. It followed that no one was left among the Indians to care for Mabel — if, indeed, any knew of her existence at all; and the proposal of the drunkard was received with yells of delight by eight or ten more as much intoxicated and habitually brutal as himself.

This was the fearful moment for Mabel. The Indians, in their present condition, were reckless of any rifles that the block-house might hold; though they did retain dim recollections of its containing living beings — an additional incentive to their enterprise — and they approached its base, whooping and leaping like demons. As yet they were excited, not overcome, by the liquor they had drunk. The first attempt was made at the door, against which they ran in a body; but the solid structure, which was built entirely of logs, defied their efforts. The rush of a hundred men, with the same object, would have been useless. This Mabel, however, did not know, and her heart seemed to leap into her mouth as she heard the heavy shock at each renewed effort. At length, when she found that the door resisted these assaults as if it were of stone, neither trembling nor yielding, and only betraying its not being a part of the wall by rattling a little on its heavy hinges, her courage revived, and she seized the first

moment of a cessation to look down through the loop, in order, if possible, to learn the extent of her danger. A silence for which it was not easy to account, stimulated her curiosity, for nothing is so alarming to those who are conscious of the presence of imminent danger, as to be unable to trace its approach.

Mabel found that two or three of the Iroquois had been raking the embers, where they had found a few small coals, and with these they were endeavoring to light a fire. The interest with which they labored, the hope of destroying, and the force of habit, enabled them to act intelligently and in unison, so long as their fell object was kept in view. A white man would have abandoned in despair the attempt to light a fire with coals that came out of the ashes resembling sparks; but these children of the forest had many expedients that were unknown to civilization. By the aid of a few dry leaves, which they alone knew where to seek, a blaze was finally kindled, and then the addition of a few light sticks made sure of the advantage that had been obtained. When Mabel stooped down over the loop, the Indians were making a pile of brush against the door, and as she remained gazing at their proceedings, she saw the twigs ignite, the flame dart from branch to branch, until the whole pile was crackling and snapping under a bright blaze. The Indians now gave a yell of triumph, and returned to their companions, well assured that the work of destruction was commenced. Mabel remained looking down, scarcely able to tear herself away from the spot, so intense and engrossing was the interest she felt in the progress of the fire. As the pile kindled throughout, however, the flames mounted, until they flashed so near her eyes as to compel her to retreat. Just as she reached the opposite side of the room, to which she had retired in her alarm, a forked stream shot up through the loop-hole, the lid of which she had left open, and illuminated the rude apartment with Mabel and her desolation. Our heroine now naturally enough supposed that her hour was come, for the door, the only means of retreat, had been blocked up by the brush and fire, with hellish ingenuity, and she addressed herself, as she be-

lieved for the last time, to her Maker in prayer. Her eyes were closed, and for more than a minute her spirit was abstracted; but the interests of the world too strongly divided her feelings to be altogether suppressed; and when they involuntarily opened again, she perceived that the streak of flame was no longer flaring in the room, though the wood around the little aperture had kindled, and the blaze was slowly mounting under the impulsion of a current of air that sucked inward. A barrel of water stood in a corner, and Mabel, acting more by instinct than by reason, caught up a vessel, filled it, and, pouring it on the wood with a trembling hand, succeeded in extinguishing the fire at that particular spot. The smoke prevented her from looking down again for a couple of minutes; but, when she did, her heart beat high with delight and hope at finding that the pile of blazing brush had been overturned and scattered, and that water had been thrown on the logs at the door, which was still smoking, though no longer burning.

"Who is there?" said Mabel, with her mouth at the loop. "What friendly hand has a merciful Providence sent to my succor?"

A light footstep was audible below, and one of those gentle pushes at the door was heard, which just moved the massive beams on the hinges.

"Who wishes to enter? Is it you, dear, dear, uncle!"

"Salt-water no here. St. Lawrence sweet-water," was the answer. "Open quick — want to come in."

The step of Mabel was never lighter, or her movements more quick and natural, than while she was descending the ladder and turning the bars, for all her motions were earnest and active. This time she thought only of her escape, and she opened the door with a rapidity that did not admit of caution. Her first impulse was to rush into the open air, in the blind hope of quitting the block-house, but June repulsed the attempt, and, entering, she coolly barred the door again before she would notice Mabel's eager efforts to embrace her.

"Bless you — bless you, June," cried our heroine, most

fervently—"You are sent by Providence to be my guardian angel!"

"No hug so tight"—answered the Tuscarora woman. "Pale-face woman all cry or all laugh. Let June fasten door."

Mabel became more rational, and in a few minutes the two were again in the upper room, seated as before, hand in hand, all feeling of distrust or rivalry between them being banished on the one side by the consciousness of favors received, and on the other by the consciousness of favors conferred.—*The Pathfinder.*

COOPER, SUSAN FENIMORE, an American novelist, daughter of James Fenimore Cooper; born at Scarsdale, N. Y., in 1813; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., December 31, 1894. She was the author of *Rural Hours* (1850); *Rhyme and Reason of Country Life* (1854); *Country Rambles;* and *A Tribute to the Character of Washington* (1858).

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season; the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of coloring and outline, every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humor. The oak loves a deep, rich, red, or a warm scarlet, though some of his family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all of one shadeless mass of gold-color, from the highest to the lowest branch. The bass-wood, or linden, is orange. The aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought gold of the jeweller. The sumach, with its long pinnated leaf, is of a brilliant scarlet. The pepperidge is almost purple, and some of

the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons. Other ashes, with the birches and beech, hickory and elms, have their own tints of yellow. That beautiful and common vine, the Virginia creeper, is a vivid cherry-color. The sweet-gum is vermilion. The Viburnum tribe and dog-woods are dyed in lake. As for the maples, they always rank first among the show; there is no other tree which contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, for it unites more of brilliancy with more of variety than any of its companions; with us it is also more common than any other tree. Here you have a soft maple, vivid scarlet from the highest to the lowest leaf; there is another, a sugar-maple, a pure sheet of gold; this is dark crimson like the oak, that is vermilion; another is parti-colored pink and yellow, green and red; yonder is one of deep purplish hue; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded; still another blends all these colors on its own branches, in capricious confusion, the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colors and shaded tints. And in every direction a repetition of this magnificent picture meets the eye: in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the streets and roadsides, in those of the lawns and gardens — brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually lessening in tone upon the farther woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant background, the hills are colored by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them.— *Rural Hours.*

COOPER, THOMAS, an English novelist and poet; born at Leicester, March 28, 1805; died at Lincoln, July 15, 1892. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker. While working at his trade he made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and

French languages, and at the age of twenty-three became a schoolmaster. He came to be a recognized leader among the Chartists, and in 1842 was tried for sedition and conspiracy, found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. While in prison he wrote a poem, *The Purgatory of Suicides,* and several other works. After his release, he engaged in the political and social movements of the day, and in general literature. He wrote several novels, among which are *Alderman Ralph* (1853), and *The Family Feud* (1854). Up to this time he had been an avowed sceptic in matters of religion. But a change came over his views in 1855, and he set up in London a series of evening lectures against scepticism, which were continued until 1858, when he began travelling through England and Scotland, lecturing on the Evidences of Christianity. In 1872 he published an *Autobiography,* and 1878 appeared a collection of his *Poetical Works,* the best of which is *The Baron's Yule Feast: a Christmas Rhyme,* originally published in 1846.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

How joyously the lady-bells
  Shout through the bluff north breeze!
Loudly his boisterous bugle swells!
  And though the brooklets freeze,
How fair the leafless hawthorn-tree
Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
Sparkles so far transcending gems,
The bard would gloze who said their sheen
  Did not out-diamond
All brighter gauds that man hath seen,
Worn by earth's proudest king or queen,
  In pomp and grandeur throned.

— *The Baron's Yule Feast*

THE DULCIMER.

The father of the organist was a gentlemanly person though he *had* a wooden leg. He was a great player on the dulcimer. The instrument was soon brought to our house, and I became so enamoured of it, that my mother eventually purchased it for thirty shillings. A few lessons, by the ear, I had from the old gentleman, and soon was able, by the ear, to play any tune I knew, or heard sung or played in the street. How often I have wished that the dulcimer had been a violin or a pianoforte, and that I had been taught music by the notes — had been taught to read music at that age. Such wishes are vain; but I have them, and of various forms. Oh, that I had been trained to music — or painting — or law — or medicine — or any profession in which mind is needed; or that I had been regularly educated, so that I might have reached a university. I often catch myself at these wishes still, even at sixty-six; but they are not so fervent as they were some years ago, for I remember that life here will soon end with me.

— *From the Autobiography.*

THE YOUNG PHILOLOGIST.

I thought it possible that by the time I reached the age of twenty-four, I might be able to master the elements of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French; might get well through Euclid, and through a course of algebra; might commit the entire *Paradise Lost,* and seven of the best plays of Shakspeare, to memory; and might read a large and solid course of history, and of religious evidences, and be well acquainted also with the current literature of the day. I failed considerably; but I sped on joyfully while health and strength lasted. I was between nineteen and twenty when I began to commit Ruddiman's *Rudiments* to memory, thinking it was better to begin to learn Latin with the book that Lee used, though I found afterward I might have done better. I committed almost the entire volume to memory, notes and

all. Afterward, I found Lyon's small Hebrew Grammar on a stall, bought it for a shilling, and practiced Hebrew *writing*, as the surest means of beginning to learn, every Sunday evening. I got hold of a Greek grammar about a year after, but did not master it thoroughly, because I thought it better to keep close to the Latin for some time. I also picked up a small French grammar; but *that* seemed so easy, that I thought I could master it without care or trouble.—*From the Autobiography.*

A BOY'S RELIGION.

It cannot be supposed that, with a nature so emotional as mine, I had listened to the earnest prayer of my teacher in the Methodist Sunday-school, and joined in the singing so delightfully, both in church and chapel, and heard sermons, without having religious impressions. From a child I felt these. Often, during our reading of the Gospels, verse by verse, as we stood in class at the Free School, the Saviour seemed almost visible to me, as I read of His deeds of mercy and love. The singing of our morning and evening hymns, and repetition, on our knees, of the Lord's Prayer, had always a solemnizing effect upon me. And, doubtless, seeds of spiritual good were sown thus early in my mind, never to be really destroyed.—*From the Autobiography.*

COORNHERT, DIRCK VOLCKERTSEN, a Dutch poet; born at Amsterdam, in 1522; died at Gouda in 1590. He is said to have established, in his prose writings, at least, the literary language of Holland. He was a typical burger of North Holland, equally interested in the progress of national emancipation and the development of national literature. At the age of eighteen he went to Haarlem and

worked at the art of etching, and devoted his spare time to the pursuit of classical learning. He was nearly forty years of age before he made any practical use of his attainments. In 1561 he printed a translation of the *De Officiis* of Cicero, and in 1562 the *De Beneficiis* of Seneca. In these volumes he vigorously opposed the forms of prose employed by the rhetoricians of Flanders and Brabant. During the next ten years he published a number of poems and dramas, many of them departing but slightly from the conventional style of those writers he had so sharply criticised. For the next ten years his writing consisted mostly of controversies with the Calvinists. He produced a great many tracts on the subject of religious freedom, some of which had a political flavor. Some of his utterances made him the object of persecution, and he served terms of imprisonment and banishment, and was finally forced to flee to Gouda, where he died. After 1585 he gave his full attention to his original masterpiece, the *Zedekunst* or Art of Ethics, a philosophical treatise in prose, in which he studied to adapt the Dutch tongue to the grace and simplicity of Montaigne's French. His humanism unites the Bible, Plutarch, and Marcus Aurelius into one grand system of Ethics, and is expressed in a style remarkable for its brightness and purity. His works have been collected into three large folio volumes. Among his poetical works are, *The Death of Abraham* and the *Comedy of the Blind Man of Jericho.*

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Maiden! sweet maiden! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
It is light around as the day can be.

But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou'rt away,
Though the sun be emitting its loveliest ray,
All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
Then of what avail is the sun or the shade,
Since my day and my night by *thee* are made?
— *Translation of* SIR JOHN BOWRING.

A VOICE FROM PRISON.

What's the world's liberty to him
Whose soul is firmly bound
With numberless and deadly sins
That fetter it around?
What the world's thraldom to the soul
Which in itself is free? —
Nought! with his master's bonds he stands
More privileged, more great,
Than many a golden-fettered fool
With outward pomp elate;
For chains grace virtue, while they bring
Deep shame on tyranny.
— BOWRING *and* VAN DYK'S *translation.*

COPLESTON, EDWARD, an English clergyman; born at Offwell, Devonshire, February 2, 1776; died near Chepstow, October 14, 1849. He became a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1795, Professor of Poetry in the University, in 1802, and Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's in 1827. He was the author of *Advice to a Young Reviewer,* a piece of playful satire (1807); *The Examiner Examined* (1809); *Three Replies to the Edinburgh Review* (1810–11); *Prælectiones Academicæ* (1813); *An Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Pre-*

destination (1821); various *Sermons,* and several papers contributed to the *Quarterly Review.* The pure Latin of the *Prælectiones* is much admired. The *Three Replies* were written in answer to criticisms on the system of teaching in Oxford, published in the *Edinburgh Review.*

RESTRAINT IN EDUCATION.

Plans of education can never create great men. It is a weak and mistaken opinion one now and then meets with in the world; and all the testimony of history and experience will never wholly explode it. Native vigor and persevering exertion are the rare qualities which lead to excellence of every kind. These qualities, it is true, may be aided, encouraged, and directed by method. Still it cannot happen that the method best adapted for the generality of cases will exactly suit each. The charge of education is a weighty one, and many interests are involved in it: it must be conducted with a view to the general benefit; and rules not always liked, not always profitable to individuals, must be enforced. Some perhaps, will be impatient, and overshoot the convoy, in hopes of making a better market. But it is at their own peril; and as the advantage is precarious, so is the failure unpitied, and without remedy.

There are again many who speak, there are some even who have written upon education, as if in its best form it were one continued system of restraint, of artificial guidance, and over-ruling inspection. The mind, they tell us, may be moulded like wax; and wax-work, truly, is all these plans will make of it. . . . Heaven, and the guardian genius of English liberty preserve us from this degrading process. We want not men who are clipped and espaliered into any form which the whim of the gardener may dictate, or the narrow limits of his parterre require. Let our saplings take their full spread, and send forth their vigorous shoots in all the boldness and variety of nature. Their luxuriance must be pruned;

their distortions rectified; the rust and canker and caterpillar of vice carefully kept from them; we must dig round them, and water them, and replenish the exhaustion of the soil by continual dressing. The sunbeams of heaven, and the elements of nature will do the rest.

In the first stages indeed of infancy and boyhood, restraint must be continually practised, and liberty of action abridged. But, in proportion as reason is strengthened, freedom should be extended. At some of our public school, it is said, this freedom is indulged to a dangerous extent. The charge may be just; and if so, the evil call aloud for correction. But when a student is sent to the university, he ought to understand that he must think, in a great measure, and act, for himself. He is not to be forever watched, and checked, and controlled, till he fancies that everything is right that is not forbidden; as if there were no conscience within him, and no God above him, to whom he is accountable. Obedience is indeed a virtue even in man; but it is obedience founded in right reason, not in fear. Unless joined with this principle, virtue itself hardly deserves the name. Unless some choice be left it, some voluntary action to try its steadiness, how shall it approve itself to be virtue? — *Reply to the Edinburgh Review.*

COPPÉE, François Édouard Joachim, a French poet; born at Paris, January 12, 1842. As early as 1866 he gained repute in the great throng of youthful French poets which, about the middle of the second empire, had become known as *Parnassiens*. This school of poets — adopting in general the principles of Théophile Gautier — asserted their devotion to art for art's sake, disclaiming didactic aims, disallowing sentimental fervors, and proclaiming *form*

as the chief element in poetry. Their name was from *Le Parnasse Contemporain,* a large collection of poems illustrative of their principles, which was issued in 1866 as a prelude to the great Exposition of the year following. This company of young versifiers succeeded in their main design, the exaltation and development of form; for they show far more precision, polish, and general elegance than do English poets of the same rank. Nevertheless, they seem to have grown unsatisfactory to themselves. Coppée, whom Saintsbury ranks with Sully Prudhomme as "perhaps the chief of the original *Parnassiens,*" after some years of sentimental devotion to an art that disallowed devoted sentiment as contrary to art, became wearied of a worship so self-destructive; and condescending to domestic themes, he took his place as one of the most popular French contemporary poets. He achieved success also in dramatic authorship. His first volume of poems was *Le Reliquaire* (1866), followed by *Intimitiés.* Among his later poems are *Les Humbles* (1872); *L'Exilée* (1876); *Les Moix* (1877); *La Marchande de Journaux* (1880); *Contes en vers et poesies diverses* (1881); *L'Enfant de la Balle* (1883); *Arrière Saison* (1887). In drama, he produced *Le Passant* (1869); *L'Abandonnée* and *Fais ce que dois* (1871); *Le Bijou de la Délivrance* (1872); *Le Luthier de Crémone* — his most popular play (at the Théâtre Français, 1877); *Madam de Maintenon* (1881); *Severo Torelli* (1883); *Les Jacobites* (1885). Among his stories are *Contes en Prose* (1882); *Contes Rapides* (1888); *Toute une Jeunesse* (1890); *Ten Simple Tales* (1891); *True Riches* (1893). For several years he was employed in the library of the Senate-

house, and in 1878 he was appointed keeper of records at the *Comédie Française*. In 1884 he was made member of the Académie Française; and in 1888 officer of the Legion of Honor.

THE REPAYMENT.

"I adore my son. He reminds me of my poor Julia and of my happy time. He is eight years of age and I take great care of him. I took him to this party and he helped, with the other boys, to strip the fir-tree loaded with sweets and toys. I looked on, sipping my tea, feeling happy in his mirth. Although I am without religion, I could not help reflecting on the delights of Christian society, procured by this feast — this children's feast in which the happiness of the young seemed to communicate innocence to the men of ripe age, or to old men who have more or less lost it. For the first time after many years — since I began my feverish existence of a gambler and a rake, or my new life of very hard work — I felt something sweet and yet bitter softening my heart.

"At this moment, my boy, my little Toto, tired of playing and laughing, came and sat on my knee and settled himself to sleep. I had prepared a fine surprise for him for the next morning. I said: 'Dear boy, don't forget, before going to bed, to put your shoes in the chimney.' He opened his eyes languidly, saying, 'Oh, no fear! Do you know, papa, what I should like little Christmas to bring me? Well, a box of leaden soldiers: you know, soldiers in red trousers, as I used to see them alive in the garden, where my nurse used to take me when I was very little — you know the big garden opposite the street, with the arcades, with statues and trees in green cases — do you recollect? When I wore petticoats like a little girl, and my name was Toto Renaudel.' He fell asleep after that word. I felt dumfounded, and a sudden shiver passed through me. Thus Victor, scarcely four years of age at the time of our flight, remembered his childhood; he recollected the name I had dishonored. Ah! Abbé Moulin, I spent that night in

meditation — in watching by his bed. I then said to myself that I, the unpunished criminal, was enjoying a happiness of which I was not worthy, and that one day, no doubt, retribution would reach me through this child. I reflected that, as Victor had not forgotten his true name, the slightest chance would suffice to inform him that it was the name of an unpunished robber. This thought that my son would have to blush for my crimes — that he would abhor me — was an intolerable burden; then I swore to myself that I would restitute all that I had stolen, with compound interest, and get receipts. Victor may be told one day that his father was a thief. I shall then be able to answer: 'Yes, but I have restored all the money.' I may then be pardoned. I resolved to sell all that I possessed. Alas! the total was still very far from the amount of my debt. For the last year, I worked very hard, and to-day I can pay everybody. I have still in reserve some few thousand dollars. Yes, my dear son, I shall build up another fortune for you!"

. . . . . .

"My mild temper became soured, I exacted pity from everybody, and whoever did not take an interest in my health became odious to me. At last Renaudel took away my fortune, except a few thousand francs. I was then obliged to work or die from hunger.

"This little day-school was for sale; I bought it, and very soon, in the midst of my little pupils, the flame of maternity smouldering in the hearts of old maids was lighted up. I had been ailing and egotistical because I had nothing to do, no one to love.

"Formerly I used peptone to digest my raw meat, but now my stomach puts up with beef and onions, and potatoes and bacon. Earning one's livelihood is an excellent hygienic system!

"Besides, I have seen so much poverty nobly borne in the families of my pupils that I have learned resignation. I have seen dark days. I scarcely receive any money and have few pupils, but the cheerfulness of children is so contagious I have learned to live for daily bread. Only yesterday I sent my old Cashmere shawl

to the pawn-shop in order to buy this Christmas-turkey. You restore me my fortune; I am pleased at that, but it shall no longer go to enrich chemists. I shall not give up my school. As I am getting old I shall take in an assistant, some poor girl with a diploma, and I shall be her friend. In the sideboard I shall keep good things for the little girls whose baskets may be scantily supplied. I shall no longer torment the poor mothers with the faded dresses, who sigh so bitterly when paying me the monthly twenty francs for the board of their child. I wish to remain in the midst of these genuine joys and the pure eyes of the children. Tell all this to Renaudel. I owe it to him that I am no longer an old mad-woman draining chemists' bottles."

The apple-tart had vanished, the children were chattering so much it was like the warbling of birds in a tree on the rising of an April sun. Ernestine, the dainty child, now satiated, was sleeping soundly. Truly, the old priest felt pleased that poverty had restored joy of body and of soul to the amiable school-mistress; it seemed to him a paradise. He called to mind his rag-pickers, who, through lack of money, were in bad health and died so soon.

"I congratulate you, mademoiselle," said he, "on your recovery. Money does not give health, it may even injure it. I have among my poor a child thirteen years old, dying slowly from anæmia; she wants nourishing food and wine, but it is too dear."

"I understand you, dear sir," was the reply of the school-mistress. "Kindly send me the name and address of the little girl. She will have soon some Médoc and *filets de bœuf*. Now I have to put their warm clothing on the children and to take them back home, so I must take my leave of you."

M. Moulin thanked the school-mistress heartily. He found his coachman walking up and down, as it was so cold. The moon was shining, the fog had nearly lifted.

"Now, then," soliloquized the priest in the cab," shall I meet at last an unhappy person who shall be pleased with money!"—*True Riches.*

MY FRIEND MEURTRIER.

Suddenly I stopped.

One of these personal pictures had caught my eye by its domestic and charming simplicity.

She looked so happy and peaceful in her black gown and widow's cap, leaning back in an easy-chair covered with green Utrecht velvet, and sitting quietly with her hands folded on her lap. Everything around her was so old and simple, and seemed to have been preserved, less through a wise economy than on account of hallowed memories, since the honeymoon with monsieur of the high complexion, in a frock-coat and flowered waist-coat, whose oval crayon ornamented the wall. By two lamps on the mantel-shelf every detail of the old-fashioned furniture could be distinguished, from the clock on a fish of artificial and painted marble to the old and antiquated piano, on which, without doubt, as a young girl, in leg-of-mutton sleeves and with hair dressed *à la Grecque,* she had played the airs of Romagnesi.

Certainly a loved and only daughter, remaining unmarried through her affection for her mother, piously watched over the last years of the widow. It was she, I was sure, who had so tenderly placed her dear mother; she who had put the ottoman under her feet, she who had put near her the inlaid table and arranged on it the waiter and two cups. I expected already to see her coming in, carrying the evening coffee — the sweet, calm girl, who should be dressed in mourning like the widow, and resemble her very much.

Absorbed by the contemplation of a scene so sympathetic and by the pleasure of imagining that humble poem, I remained standing some steps from the open window, sure of not being noticed in the dusky street, when I saw a door open and there appeared — oh, how far he was from my thoughts at that moment — my friend Meurtrier himself, the formidable hero of tilts on the river and frays in unknown places.— *Ten Simple Tales; translation of* WALTER LEARNED.

COQUEREL, Athanase Laurent Charles, a French clergyman and historian; born at Paris, August 27, 1795; died there, January 10, 1868. He was educated by his aunt, an English woman, author of *Letters from France.* Having completed his theological studies at Montauban, he preached for twelve years in Holland. In 1830 he was called to Paris, where he spent the rest of his life. He established a periodical entitled *Le Protestant,* which was continued until the end of 1833, in which year Coquerel was chosen a member of the Consistory. In conjunction with Artaud, he edited the *Libre Examen* for two and a half years. Hoping to bring about a union between the Protestants of France, he established in 1841 a periodical, *Le Lien.* In this year he also published a *Reply* to the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss. In 1848 he became a member of the National Assembly and, later, of the Legislative Assembly, but did not cease to discharge his pastoral duties. Coquerel was a prolific writer of sermons, which have been published in eight volumes. Among his other works are *Biographie Sacrée* (1825–26); *Histoire sainte et Analyse de la Bible* (1839); *Orthodoxie moderne* (1842); *and Christologie* (1858).

MYSTERY OF FREE WILL.

It has been seen that in the exercise of our powers, the fact of the will or of human freedom is always observed; it would be impossible that the exercise of those powers should by constraint attain the end for which God has imparted them. An intelligence searching after truth in spite of itself; a morality practising virtue against

its will; affections loving by constraint; sensitiveness accepting involuntary happiness, are all so many flagrant contradictions in terms. A mental power is not a power except so far forth as it is independent. Man is then free in his part of the finite, as God is in the infinite; that is to say, that man acts in his quality of man with the same independence that God acts as God; or, in other terms still, freedom is power, man is powerful as man, God is powerful as God.

It will be seen that the mystery of free will — that ancient stone of stumbling in all religions, all systems of philosophy, and all schools, lies in the point of separation of the two powers, the creating power and the power created. To ask how a man is free, is to ask how the Creator, his work being finished, separated himself and kept himself separate from his creature, and leaves him to himself; it is to ask what method God pursues to constitute an individuality. Obviously God alone knows.

Obviously, too, this our insuperable and necessary ignorance of the manner in which the Creator effects the withdrawal of his power or his will, and remains in his individuality when he leaves the creature to his own, can in no respect weaken the certainty which we have of our own freedom. A fact, lying without us, obscure, unknown, inexplicable, by no means invalidates the certainty of a fact within us, of which we are conscious. That ignorance does not destroy this knowledge, that obscurity does not overshadow this light.

The same mystery appears again in *inactive* existences. We know not how the Creator's power ceases to weigh upon free beings, raises and keeps raised the sluices of the will. We know no better the manner in which creative power detaches itself from matter, and leaves physical laws and secondary causes to play their part.

The question is not, then, respecting the freedom of the will, since it presents itself identically where there is no liberty. We do not comprehend how God should leave two Greeks in the age of Pericles to choose, one to be Socrates and the other Anytus, or two Jews in the age of Augustus, one to be Caiaphas and the other St.

Paul; and we know no better how God leaves the heavenly bodies to attract one another in the direct ratio of their masses, and in the inverse ratio of their distances. The same obscurity conceals the means of accomplishing the moral and the physical law, although on the one hand there is freedom, and on the other coercion. This illustration loses nothing of its value, if we adopt the system which supposes that the Creator preserves creation by the constant maintenance of order and life, not by laws fixed and established, as it were, once for all, but by a continuous, suitable, and efficient intervention. In this system, its advocates adopt the doctrine of an immutable will, continually manifesting itself in the regulation of creation; in that more usually received, we believe in laws which never fall into desuetude: this, however, is merely a vast and flagrant dispute about words; the whole discussion is impregnated with notions of time and space, both of which are foreign to God. The laws of nature only remain in force because God so wills; and who does not perceive that when we speak of an infinite being, acts succeeding each other without relaxation, interval or diminution, and laws whose force is consecutively maintained, come precisely to the same thing? At the bottom of this dispute there are merely human ideas transferred to God.—*Christologie.*

CORELLI, MARIE, an English novelist; born in Italy, May 1, 1864. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Charles Mackay's second wife by her first husband, and was adopted into the Mackay family when a mere infant. She says: "In nursery days I thought deeply — that is, as deeply as a small child can think — of the mystical problems of life, death, and eternity — problems which to me are still the most vital and all-engrossing in the world. I was

always much more interested in trying to consider what God might be doing than in what his creature man did. I know that I was a very lonely little thing, having no brothers nor sisters nor companions of my own age, and that, feeling my loneliness intensely, I entered into mysterious friendship with invisible presences in whose actual existence I implicitly believed. I had a firm faith in angels, and never went to bed without expecting to see one in my room. That I did not see one was no proof at all to me that the angel was not there; on the contrary, I was quite convinced of such companionship, only I felt that I was not good enough to be allowed to see it with my own eyes. I went further than my 'angel friendships' and took the supreme being himself into my confidence. I used to ask him for everything I possessed. I remember when I was ten years old kneeling down and very seriously giving thanks because a favorite may-tree had come into bloom on my birthday. I could never dissociate myself from the idea that God, or at least one of his angels, was present with me everywhere, and that everything which happened to me of pleasure or interest was a token of kindness from the invisible divine friend whom I loved. I have been able to trace that spirit 'working for good' which, provided I have yielded myself to its guidance without demur, has always led me to the safest and happiest ends. So that I still have good cause to believe in the 'invisible presences' with whom I made friends in my childhood, for the impression of their constant influence has never deserted me. Evil spirits I am quite unable to accept. Evil is generated from mortal, fleshly bodies alone; there is nothing spiritual that is or can be malignant.

Of this I have become convinced the more I have studied what is called 'occult lore' and the wonders of science."

Marie Corelli at eleven had read all Shakespeare, not to speak of committing long passages to memory, as well as some of the star poems of literature — Milton's *Lycidas* and Keats' *St. Agnes Eve,* for instance. Further, one of the great formative forces of her young life was Plato. In due time she went to study at a French convent, where she became so devout that she had notions of founding a new religious order. The girl at this time was training for a musical career, and she had expected to leave the convent for Leipzig when a change came into her life, and out of her mysticism and religiousness she brought forth her first story, *A Romance of Two Worlds* (1886).

This remarkable first novel has been translated into every known language — even Persian and Hindoostanee. Her *Barabbas* (1893) is also translated into Hindoostanee, and is universally appreciated by her Eastern public. Few, if any, modern English authors have won their way among the native peoples of India as Marie Corelli has succeeded in doing, and her influence all over the British colonies is also very wide and lasting.

It was during a summer tour in North Devon that Marie Corelli developed the story of the *Mighty Atom* (1896). While enjoying her holiday she was gathering material and local coloring for the sad narrative of the unhappy little "Lionel," whose sufferings in his search for God, and whose pathetic end, have since brought tears into so many eyes. Edward Norman, the sexton at Combmartin, who figures in the *Mighty*

Atom as " Reuben Dale," has become a very important personage in his native village, and is always in demand by eager tourists.

Miss Corelli's other novels include *Vendetta* (1886); *Thelma* (1887); *Ardath* (1889); *Wormwood* (1890); *The Soul of Lilith* (1891); *The Sorrows of Satan* (1895); *Cameos* (1896); *The Murder of Delicia* (1896); *Ziska* (1897); *Jane* (1897); *The Master Christian* (1900); *Boys* (1900); *Temporal Power* (1902); *God's Good Man* (1904); and *Free Opinions* (1905).

A PEN PICTURE.

Meanwhile the imperial sun rode majestically downward to the edge of the horizon — and the sky blushed into the pale tint of a wild rose, that deepened softly and steadily with an ever-increasing fiery brilliance as the minutes glided noiselessly on to the enchanted midnight hour. A wind began to rustle mysteriously among the pines — then gradually growing wrathful, strove to whistle a loud defiance to the road of the tumbling waters. Through the little nooks and crannies of the roughly constructed cabin where the travelers slept, it uttered small wild shrieks of warning or dismay — and, suddenly, as though touched by an invisible hand, Sir Philip awoke. A crimson glare streaming through the open door dazzled his drowsy eyes — was it a forest on fire? He started up in dreamy alarm — then he remembered where he was. Realizing that there must be an exceptionally fine sky to cast so ruddy a reflection on the ground, he threw on his cloak and went outside.

What a wondrous, almost unearthly scene greeted him! His first impulse was to shout aloud in sheer ecstasy — his next to stand silent in reverential awe. The great fall was no longer a sweeping flow of white foam — it had changed to a sparkling shower of rubies, as though some great geni, tired of his treasures, were flinging them away

by giant handfuls in the most reckless haste and lavish abundance. From the bottom of the cascade a crimson vapor arose, like smoke from flame, and the whirling rapids, deeply red for the most part, darkened here and there into an olive-green flecked with gold, while the spray, tossed high over interrupting rocks and bowlders, glittered as it fell like small fragments of broken opal. The sky was of one dense uniform rose-color from west to east — soft and shimmering as a broad satin pavilion freshly unrolled — the sun was invisible, hidden behind the adjacent mountains, but his rays touched some peaks in the distance, on which white wreaths of snow lay, bringing them into near and sparkling prominence.

The whole landscape was transformed — the tall trees rustling and swaying in the now boisterous wind took all flickering tints of color on their trunks and leaves — the gray stones and pebbles turned to lumps of gold and heaps of diamonds, and on the other side of the rapids, a large tuft of heather in a cleft of the rocks glowed with extraordinary vividness and warmth like a suddenly kindled fire. A troop of witches dancing wildly on the sward — a ring of fairies — kelpies tripping from crag to crag — a sudden chorus of sweet-voiced water-nymphs — nothing unreal or fantastical would have surprised Errington at that moment. Indeed, he almost expected something of the kind — the scene was so eminently fitted for it.—*Thelma.*

MODERN SOCIETY.

Modern society contains within itself the seed of its own destruction — the most utter Nihilist that ever swore deadly oath need but contain his soul in patience and allow the seed to ripen. For God's justice is as a circle that slowly surrounds an evil and as slowly closes on it with crushing and resistless force — and feverish, fretting humanity, however nobly inspired, can do nothing either to hasten or retard the round, perfect, absolute and Divine Law. So let the babes of the world play on, and let us not frighten them with stories of earthquakes —

they are miserable enough as it is, believe it! — their toys are so brittle, and snap in their feeble hands so easily, that one is inclined to pity them! And Awning Avenue, with its borrowed verdure and artificial light, is frequently erected for the use of some of the most wretched among the children of the earth — children who have trifled with and lost everything — love, honor, hope, and faith, and who are traveling rapidly to the grave with no consolation save a few handfuls of base coin, which they must, perforce, leave behind them at the last.—*Thelma.*

AMERICAN WOMEN.

The American woman is, above all women in the world, clever — or, let us say, "brainy," to an almost incredible height of braininess. She is "all there." She can take the measure of a man in about ten minutes and classify him as though he were a botanical specimen. She realizes all his limitations, his "notions," and his special and particular fads, and she has the uncommonly good sense not to expect much of him.

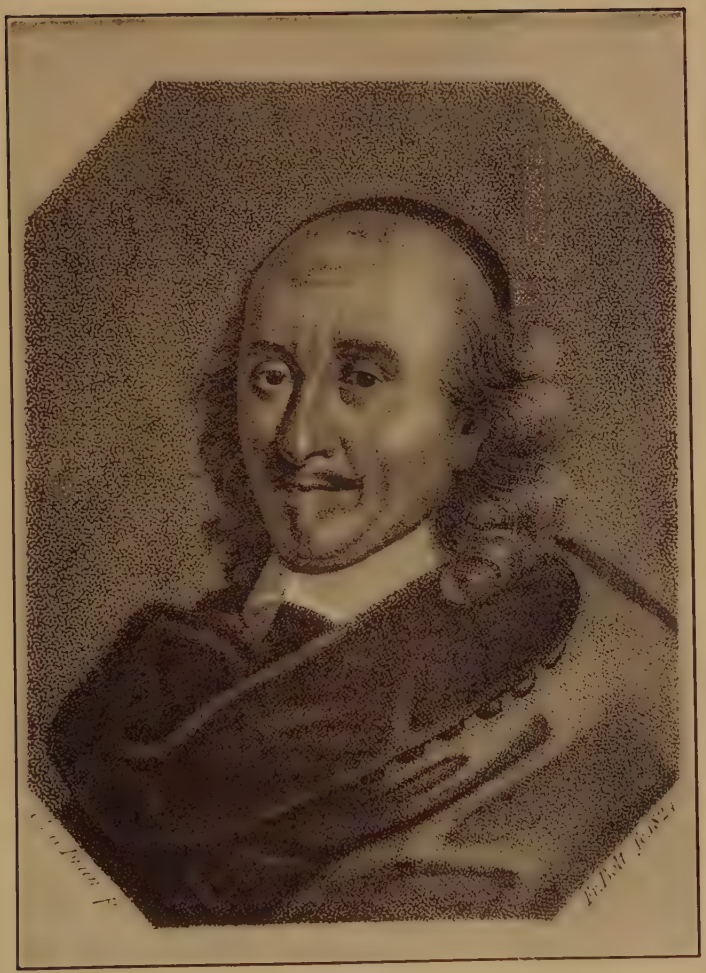
She would not "take any" on the lily-maid of Astolat, the fair Elaine, who spent her time in polishing the shield of Lancelot, and who finally died of love for that most immoral but fascinating Knight of the Round Table. No she wouldn't polish a shield, you bet! She would make Lancelot polish it himself for all he was worth, and polish her own dear little boots and shoes for her into the bargain. That is one of her secrets — masterfulness — or, let us say, queenliness, which sounds better. The Lord of creation can do nothing in the way of ordering *her* about, because as the Lady of Creation she expects to order *him* about, and she does. She expects to be worked for, worshiped, and generally attended to, and she gets her way. . . .

Life does not run only in one channel for the American Woman. She does not "make tracks" solely from the cradle to the altar, from the altar to the grave. She realizes that there is more fun to be got out of being born than just this little old measure meted out to her by the barbaric males of earliest barbaric periods, when

women were yoked to the plough with cattle, as they still are in some parts of Switzerland. And it is the innate consciousness of her own power and intelligent ability that gives her the dominating charm, the magnetic spell under which the stolid Britisher falls more or less stricken, stupefied, and inert.

A really beautiful woman is scarcely ever seen, not even in Great Britain, where average good looks are pleasantly paramount. Prettiness — the prettiness which is made up of a good skin, bright eyes, soft and abundant hair, and a supple figure — is quite ordinary. It can be seen every day among barmaids, shop girls, and milliners' *mannequins*. But Beauty — the divine and subtle charm which enraptures all beholders — the perfect form, united to the perfect face in which pure and noble thought is expressed in every feature, in every glance of eye, in every smile that makes a sweet mouth sweeter — this is what we may search for through all the Isles of Britain, ay, and through Europe and America and the whole world besides, and seldom or never find it. —*Essay in the London Bystander.*

CORNEILLE, PIERRE, a French dramatist; born at Rouen, June 6, 1606; died at Paris, October 1, 1684. His father was royal advocate of the marble table of Normandy, and Master of waters and forests in the viscounty of Rouen. He was educated at the Jesuits' College, studied law, and in 1624 was admitted to the bar. It is said that his first play, *Melite,* produced in 1629, was founded on personal experience. Though popular, this play was not prophetic of its author's greatness. It was followed by *Clitandre; La Veuve; La Galerie du Palais; La Suivante;* and *La Place Royale.* In 1635 appeared *Medee,* which,



PIERRE CORNEILLE.

says Guizot, "inaugurated tragedy in France." In the previous year Corneille had been enrolled among the five poets employed by Richelieu to construct plays on his plots, and under his direction. He did not prove sufficiently docile to retain the Cardinal's favor. By altering the third act of the *Thuileries,* a play arranged by Richelieu, he gave great offence. When, in 1636, he produced his tragedy, *The Cid,* he was attacked on all sides by envious contemporaries, who asserted that everything in the play that was not stolen was altogether bad. Corneille defended himself proudly; and notwithstanding the adverse criticism of his enemies, saw his play a triumphant success. He withdrew to Rouen, where he spent the next three years in quiet. In 1639 he published *Horace,* with a dedication to Richelieu, who, his jealousy appeased, bestowed 500 crowns a year upon the poet, and forwarded his marriage with Marie de Lampérière. *Cinna* also appeared in 1639, and *Polyeucte* in 1640. These plays are regarded as Corneille's masterpieces. *La Mort de Pompée,* and the comedy *Le Menteur,* followed in 1642, and *Rodogune* in 1644. Théodore, the poet's next play, was a failure. His remaining plays are: *Heraclius* (1647); *Andromède,* and *Don Sanche d'Aragon* (1650); *Nicomède* (1651); *Pertharite* (1653); *Œdipe* (1659); *La Toison d'Or* (1660); *Sertorius* (1662); *Sophonisbe* (1663); *Othon* (1664); *Agésilas* (1666); *Attila* (1667); *Tite et Bérénice* (1670); *Pulchérie* (1672), and *Suréna* (1674). Between 1653 and 1659 he wrote three *Discourses on Dramatic Poetry,* the *Examens* printed at the end of his plays, and made a metrical translation of the *Imitation of Christ.* The tide of Corneille's genius had ebbed since the appear-

ance of *Rodogune.* Even by his greatest admirers his last two plays were acknowledged to be failures.

In 1647 Corneille was made a member of the Academy, and in 1663 he was allowed a pension of 2,000 livres. The pension was suspended from 1674 to 1681, and again in 1683, and the poet suffered all the pangs of poverty. "I am satiated with glory and starving for money," said he to an admirer. It is said that owing to the interposition of Boileau, who offered to resign his own pension in favor of Corneille, the King sent the poet 200 pistoles, which reached him two days before his death.

FROM THE CID.

Sanchez.—Alvarez comes! Now probe his hollow heart,
Now while your thoughts are warm with his deceit,
And mark how calmly he'll evade the charge.
My Lord, I'm gone. [*Exit.*]
Gormas.—I am thy friend forever. [*Alvarez enters.*]
Alvarez.—My Lord, the king is walking forth to see
The prince, his son, begin his horsemanship:
If you're inclined to see him, I'll attend you.
Gorm.—Since duty calls me not, I've no delight
To be an idle gaper on another's business.
You may, indeed, find pleasure in the office
Which you've so artfully contrived to fit.
Alv.—Contrived, my Lord? I'm sorry such a thought
Can reach the man whom I so late embraced.
Gorm.—Men are not always what they seem. This honor,
Which, in another's wrong you've bartered for,
Was at the price of those embraces bought.
Alv.—Ha! bought? For shame! suppress this poor suspicion!
For, if you think, you can't but be convinced
The naked honor of Alvarez scorns

Such base disguise. Yet pause a moment:—
Since our great master with such kind concern,
Himself has interposed to heal our feuds,
Let us not, thankless, rob him of the glory,
And undeserve the grace by new, false fears.

Gorm.—Kings are, alas! but men, and formed like us,
Subject alike to be by men deceived:
The blushing court from this rash choice will see
How blindly he o'erlooks superior merit.
Could no man fill the place but worn Alvarez?

Alv.—Worn more with wounds and victories than age.
Who stands before him in great actions past?—
But I'm to blame to urge that merit now,
Which will but shock what reasoning may convince.

Gorm.—The fawning slave! O Sanchez, how I thank thee! [*Aside.*]

Alv.—You have a virtuous daughter, I a son,
Whose softer hearts our mutual hands have raised
Even to the summit of expected joy;
If no regard to me, yet let, at least,
Your pity of their passions rein your temper.

Gorm.—O needless care! to nobler objects now,
That son, be sure, in vanity, pretends:
While his high father's wisdom is preferred
To guide and govern our great monarch's son,
His proud, aspiring heart forgets Ximena.
Think not of him, but your superior care;
Instruct the royal youth to rule with awe
His future subjects, trembling at his frown;
Teach him to bind the loyal heart in love,
The bold and factious in the chains of fear:
Join to these virtues, too, your warlike deeds;
Inflame him with the vast fatigues you've borne,
But now are past, to show him by example,
And give him in the closet safe renown;
Read him what scorching suns he must endure,
What bitter nights must wake, or sleep in arms,
To countermarch the foe, to give the alarm,
And to his own great conduct owe the day;
Mark him on charts the order of the battle,

And make him from your manuscripts a hero.
Alv.—Ill-tempered man! thus to provoke the heart
Whose tortured patience is thy only friend!
Gorm.—Thou only to thyself canst be a friend.
I tell thee, false Alvarez, thou hast wronged me,
Hast basely robbed me of my merit's right,
And intercepted our young prince's fame.
His youth with me had found the active proof,
The living practice of experienced war;
This sword had taught him glory in the field,
At once his great example and his guard;
His unfledged wings from me had learned to soar,
And strike at nations trembling at my name:
This I had done, but thou, with servile arts,
Hast, fawning, crept into our master's breast,
Elbowed superior merit from his ear,
And, like a courtier, stole his son from glory.
Alv.—Hear me, proud man! for now I burn to speak,
Since neither truth can sway, nor temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with scorn thy slanderous rage:
Thou, thou, the tutor of a kingdom's heir?
Thou guide the passions of o'erboiling youth,
That canst not in thy age yet rule thy own?
For shame! retire, and purge thy imperious heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging pride,
Correct the meanness of thy grovelling soul,
Chase damned suspicion from thy manly thoughts,
And learn to treat with honor thy superior.
Gorm.— Superior, ha! dar'st thou provoke me, traitor?
Alv.—Unhand me, ruffian, lest thy hold prove fatal!
Gorm.—Take that, audacious dotard! [*Strikes him.*]
Alv.— O my blood,
Flow forward to my arm to chain this tiger!
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a man,
And quit my honor of this vile disgrace!
[*They fight; Alvarez is disarmed.*]
O feeble life, I have too long endured thee!
Gorm.—Thy sword is mine; take back the inglorious trophy,
Which would disgrace thy victor's thigh to wear.

Now forward to thy charge, read to the prince
This martial lecture of my famed exploits;
And from this wholesome chastisement learn thou
To tempt the patience of offended honor! [*Exit.*]
Alv.—O rage! O wild despair! O helpless age!
Wert thou but lent me to survive my honor?
Am I with martial toils worn gray, and see
At last one hour's blight lay waste my laurels?
Is this famed arm to me alone defenceless?
Has it so often propped this empire's glory,
Fenced, like a rampart, the Castilian throne,
To me alone disgraceful, to its master useless?
O sharp remembrance of departed glory!
O fatal dignity, too dearly purchased!
Now, haughty Gormas, now guide thou my prince;
Insulted honor is unfit to approach him.
And thou, once glorious weapon, fare thee well,
Old servant worthy of an abler master!
Leave now forever his abandoned side,
And, to revenge him, grace some nobler arm!—
[*Carlos enters.*]
My son! O Carlos! canst thou bear dishonor?
Carl.—What villain dares occasion, Sir, the question?
Give me his name; the proof shall answer him.
Alv.—O just reproach! O prompt, resentful fire!
My blood rekindles at thy manly flame,
And glads my laboring heart with youth's return.
Up, up, my son—I cannot speak my shame—
Revenge, revenge, me!
Carl.— O, my rage!—of what?
Alv.—Of an indignity so vile, my heart
Redoubles all its torture to repeat it.
A blow, a blow, my boy!
Carl.— Distraction! fury!
Alv.—In vain, alas! this feeble arm assailed
With mortal vengeance the aggressor's heart;
He dallied with my age, o'erborne, insulted;
Therefore to thy young arm, for sure revenge,
My soul's distress commits my sword and cause:
Pursue him, Carlos, to the world's last bound,

And from his heart tear back our bleeding honor;
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his brow
Covered with laurels, and far-famed his prowess;
O, I have seen him, dreadful in the field,
Cut through whole squadrons his destructive way,
And snatch the gore-dyed standard from the foe!

Carl.—O, rack not with his fame my tortured heart,
That burns to know him and eclipse his glory!

Alv.—Though I forsee 't will strike thy soul to hear it,
Yet, since our gasping honor calls for thy
Relief — O Carlos! — 't is Ximena's father ——

Carl.— Ha!

Alv.—Pause not for a reply — I know thy love,
I know the tender obligations of thy heart,
And even lend a sigh to thy distress.
I grant Ximena dearer than thy life;
But wounded honor must surmount them both.
I need not urge thee more, thou know'st my wrong;
'Tis in thy heart — and in thy hand the vengeance:
Blood only is the balm for grief like mine,
Which till obtained, I will in darkness mourn,
Nor lift my eyes to light till thy return,
But haste, o'ertake this blaster of my name,
Fly swift to vengeance, and bring back my fame!

[*Exit.*]

Carl.—Relentless heaven! is all thy thunder gone?
Not one bolt left to finish my despair?
Lie still, my heart, and close this deadly wound!
Stir not to thought, for motion is thy ruin! —
But see, the frighted poor Ximena comes,
And with her tremblings strike thee cold as death!
My helpless father too, o'erwhelmed with shame,
Begs his dismission to his grave with honor.
Ximena weeps; heart-pierced, Alvarez groans:
Rage lifts my sword, and love arrests my arm.
O double torture of distracting woe!
Is there no means between these sharp extremes?
Must honor perish, if I spare my love?
O ignominious pity! shameful softness!
Must I, to right Alvarez, kill Ximena?

O cruel vengeance! O heart-wounding honor!
Shall I forsake her in her soul's extremes,
Depress the virtue of her filial tears,
And bury in a tomb our nuptial joy?
Shall that just honor, that subdued her heart,
Now build its fame relentless on her sorrows?
Instruct me, Heaven, that gav'st me this distress,
To chose, and bear me worthy of my being!
O love, forgive me, if my hurried soul
Should act with error in this storm of fortune!
For Heaven can tell what pangs I feel to save thee! —
But, hark! the shrieks of drowning honor call!
'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in pause;
Plunge in, my heart, and save it from the billows!
It will be so — the blow's too sharp a pain;
And vengeance has at least this just excuse,
That even Ximena blushes while I bear it;
Her generous heart, that was by honor won,
Must, when that honor's stained, abjure my love.
O peace of mind, farewell! Revenge, I come,
And raise thy altar on a mournful tomb! [*Exit.*]

—*Translation of* CIBBER.

FROM CINNA.

Livia.—You know not yet all the conspirators:
Your Emilie is one; behold her here!
Cinna.—Ye gods, 'tis she!
Augustus.— Thou too, my daughter! thou!
Emilie.—Yes; all that he has done was done for me,
And I was, Sire, the cause and the reward.
Aug.—What! doth the love that but to-day had birth
Within thy heart, thus carry thee away
To die for him? too soon dost thou abandon
Thy soul to transports such as these, too soon
Thou lovest well the lover I have given.
Emil.—This love, O sovereign, which doth me expose
To your displeasure was not swiftly born
At your command: the flame within our hearts,
Unknown to you, was kindled long ago;

Four years and more have we its secret kept.
But though I loved him, though for me he burned,
A hatred stronger than the strongest love
Has been the bond that bound our souls together;
And never had I given hope to him,
Had he not sworn t' avenge me for my father.
I made him swear it: then he sought his friends.
Heaven snatched success away, and I am come
To offer up a victim, not to save
His life by taking on myself his crime;
After that crime his death is only just,
And baffled treason has no claim to mercy.
To die before him, and rejoin my sire
Is all I hope, and all that brings me here.

Aug.—O heaven! how long, and by what right dost thou
Within my very doors conspire against me?
For her debaucheries I banished Julia,
And then my love made choice of Emilie.
Unworthy of my favor too she proves.
One soiled my honor, one my blood would spill,
And each her passion blindly following,
One is immodest, one a parricide.
Thus, child, dost thou repay my kindnesses?

Emil.— My father's cares for you were thus repaid.

Aug.— Remember with what love I taught thy youth.

Emil.— Yours did he guide with the same tenderness.
He was your teacher; you were his assassin,
And you have led me in the way of crime.
In this alone we differ — your ambition
Did immolate my father, and the wrath
That justly burns within me, at his blood
Unjustly shed, would immolate you now.

Liv.— Too much of this! Remember, Emilie,
That he full well thy father has repaid.
His death, whose memory thy fury fires,
Was of Octavius a crime, not Cæsar.
All crimes of State committed for the crown
Heaven pardons us when it the crown bestows,
And in the sacred rank where, by its favor,

We dwell to-day, the past is justified,
The future unforbidden: who can attain
This power may not be counted culpable;
Whatever he has done, whate'er may do,
He is inviolable: all our wealth
We owe to him, our days are in his hand,
No right have we above our sovereign's own.
Emil.— Truly, in what you heard me say but now,
I spoke to exasperate the emperor,
Not to defend myself; then punish, Cæsar,
These traitor charms which of your favorites
Have ingrates made; cut off my mournful days,
That yours may be secure; for if my wiles
Have Cinna drawn away from his allegiance,
Other brave men like him I can seduce.
More to be feared am I, you more in danger,
If I both love and kindred must avenge!
Cin.— Seduce me! you! what mortal pangs I suffer,
Dishonored thus by her whom I adore!
Here must the truth be told; before I loved her,
This plot was formed by me alone, and when
I found her deaf to all the prayers of love,
And deemed that she to other thoughts might listen,
I spoke to her of vengeance, of her sire,
His death untimely, your severity,
And with my heart, I offered her my arm:
How sweet is vengeance to a woman's soul!
By that I sought, by that I won her love.
For my small merit she would none of me;
She could not slight the arm that would avenge her.
She has conspired but by my artifice;
The author I, she the accomplice only.
Emil.— Cinna, what darest thou say? is this thy love,
To take away my honor in the hour
When I must die? Thus dost thou cherish me?
Cin.— Die, but in dying sully not my glory!
Emil.— Mine fades if Cæsar will believe thee now.
Cin.— And mine is lost if to yourself you take
All that which follows on a deed so noble.
Emil.— Take then thy part of it, and leave me mine;

That can be lessened but by lessening thine.
Glory and pleasure, shame and torment all
Belong alike to those who truly love.
Two Roman souls are ours, O emperor!
And joining our desires we join our hate:
Bitter resentment for our kindred lost
Taught us our duty in the self-same breath.
Our hearts united in the noble plan;
Together did our generous souls conspire;
We seek together now a glorious death,
You will unite, you cannot sever us!
Aug.— Ingrate, perfidious pair! my enemy
Greater than Antony and Lepidus,
I will unite you, yea, I will unite you,
Since this you crave. 'Tis well to feed the fires
With which you burn, and well it is that knowing
What animates my vengeance, earth and heaven
Should stand astonished at the expiation,
As well as at the crime!

— *Translation of* AMELIA D. ALDEN.

CORNEILLE, THOMAS, a French dramatist, brother of Pierre Corneille; born at Rouen, August 20, 1625; died at Les Andelys, December 8, 1709. After completing his studies at the Jesuits' College in Rouen, he went to Paris, and influenced by his brother's example, turned his attention to the drama. His first piece, *Les Engagements du Hasard,* was acted in 1647. *Timocrate* (1656) was one of the most successful of French plays, being represented every night for six successive months. Of the tragedies, *Darius* (1660), *Stilicon* (1660), *Camma, de Reine Galatie* (1661), and *Laodice, Reine de Cappadoce* (1668), Pierre Corneille said that he wished

he had written them. Notwithstanding their twenty years difference in age, the brothers Corneille lived in singular harmony. They married sisters differing in age like themselves, occupied the same house and employed the same servant. The property of their wives was not divided until after the death of Pierre. Thomas succeeded his brother in the Academy. He was the author of thirty-six plays. Among those not previously mentioned are the comedies *L'Amour à la Mode* (1653); *Le Geôlier de soi-méme* (1657); *Les Illustres Ennemis* (1654); *Le Festin de St. Pierre* (1672); and the tragedies *Bérénice* (1657); *Pyrrhus* (1661); *La Mort d'Annibal* (1669); *Ariane* (1672); and *Le Comte d'Essex* (1678). Corneille also made a complete translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* and just before his death completed a large *Geographical and Historical Dictionary,* the labor of fifteen years.

THE GRIEF OF ARIADNE.

Nérine.— O calm this grief! where will it carry thee?
Knowest thou not the loudness of thy cries
Will bear thy wild designs throughout the palace?
Ariadne.— What matter if afar my plaints are heard?
Lovers betrayed have oft been seen and known:
Others ere this in faith have lacking been,
But never was it as with me, Nérine.
By the warm love I've borne for Theseus
Have I deserved to see myself despised?
Of all that I have done behold the fruit!
I fled for him alone; from me he flees.
For him alone I have disdained a crown:
Winning my sister, he conspires my loss.
Each day new pledges of my faith are given:
On him I blessings heap; he overwhelms
My soul with woes; relentless, to the end
He follows me, and when I fondly strive

His death to hinder, tears my life away.
After the shameful scandal of a deed
So base, no more I feel astonishment
That he should fear again my face to see:
Shame makes him shun a meeting, but at length,
He must again behold me: then I'll prove
His power to stand against the memory
Of all he owes me; for my tears shall speak,
And if he sees them, he is conquered quite.
No more will I restrain them, and his heart
By this same weakness shall be overwhelmed,
And his lost tenderness again be won.

— *Ariane.*

COSTELLO, Louisa Stuart, a British historian and artist; born in Ireland in 1799; died at Boulogne, France, April 24, 1870. Having lost her father in early youth, she aided in the support of her mother and brother, by her work as an artist. When sixteen years of age she published *The Maid of Cyprus and other Poems.* Her later works are *Songs of a Stranger* (1825); *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France* (1835); illustrated by beautiful illuminations; *A Summer among the Bocages and Vines* (1840); *The Queen's Poisoner,* a historical romance (1841); *Béarn and the Pyrenees* and *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen* (1844); *The Rose-Garden of Persia,* a translation of Persian poems (1845); *The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales* (1845); *Clara Fane,* a novel (1848); *Memoir of Mary of Burgundy* (1853), and *Memoir of Anne of Brittany* (1855).

THE VEILED FIGURE AT LE MANS.

After considerable toil, we reached the platform where once stood the château, and where still stands a curious building, all towers and towerelles, some ugly, and some of graceful form, the latter apparently of the period of Charles VI. Immediately before the steps in the square above us rose the cathedral, which we came upon unawares; and exactly in front of us, in an angle, partly concealed by the broad shadow, we perceived a figure so mysterious, so remarkable, that it was impossible not to create in the mind of the beholder the most interesting speculations. This extraordinary figure deserves particular description, and I hope it may be viewed by some person more able than myself to explain it, or one more fortunate than I was in obtaining information respecting it. . . .

Seated in an angle of the exterior walls of the cathedral, on a rude stone, is a reddish-looking block, which has all the appearance of a veiled priest, covered with a large mantle, which conceals his hands and face. The height of the figure is about eight feet as it sits; the feet, huge unformed masses, covered with what seems drapery, are supported on a square pedestal, which is again sustained by one larger, which projects from the angle of the building. The veil, the ample mantle, and two undergarments, all flowing in graceful folds, and defining the shape, may be clearly distinguished. No features are visible, nor are the limbs actually apparent, except through the uninterrupted waving lines of the drapery, or what may be called so. A part of the side of what seems the head has been sliced off, otherwise the block is entire. It would scarcely appear to have been sculptured, but has the effect of one of those sports of Nature in which she delights to offer representations of forms which the fancy can shape into symmetry. There is something singularly Egyptian about the form of this swathed figure; or it is like those Indian idols, whose contours are scarcely defined to the eye. It is so wrapped up in mystery, and so surrounded with obliv-

ion, that the mind is lost in amazement in contemplating it. Did it belong to a worship long since swept away? — was it a god of the Gauls, or a veiled Jupiter? — how came it squeezed in between two walls of the great church, close to the ground, yet supported by steps? — why was it not removed on the introduction of a purer worship? — how came it to escape destruction when saints and angels fell around it? — who placed it there, and for what purpose? Will no zealous antiquarian, on his way from a visit to the wondrous circle of Camas and the gigantic Dolmens of Saumur, pause at Le Mans, at this obscure corner of the cathedral, opposite the huge Pans de Gorron, and tell the world the meaning of this figure with the stone veil? — *Béarn and the Pyrenees.*

COTTIN, Sophie Marie Risteau, a French novelist; born at Tonneins, March 22, 1770; died at Paris, August 25, 1807. She was educated at Bordeaux, was married at the age of seventeen, and was a widow at twenty. From her mother she inherited a passion for books. Left without children she turned to literature for relief from loneliness. Her first work, *Claire D'Albe,* was published anonymously in 1798, the proceeds of its sale being given to a proscribed friend who was leaving France. It was followed by *Malvina* in 1800, *Amelia Mansfield* in 1802, *Matilda, Princess of England,* in 1805, and *Elizabeth, or The Exiles of Siberia,* in 1806. This touching story of filial devotion added greatly to Mme. Cottin's fame. It recounts the hardships and sufferings of a young girl, journeying on foot from Tobolsk to Moscow to obtain pardon for her exiled father.

A WEARY JOURNEY.

In the course of her journey Elizabeth often met with objects which affected her compassionate heart in a degree hardly inferior to her own distress. Sometimes she encountered wretches chained together, who were condemned to work for life in the mines, or to inhabit the dreary coasts of Angara, and sometimes she came across troops of emigrants, who were destined to people the new city, building, by the Emperor's order, on the confines of China; some on foot, and others on the cars which conveyed the animals, poultry, and baggage. Notwithstanding these were criminals, who had been sentenced to a milder doom, for offences which might have been punished with death, they did not fail to excite compassion in her. But when she met exiles escorted by an Officer of State, whose noble mien called to her mind her father, she could not forbear shedding tears at their fate. Sometimes she offered them consolation; pity, however, was the only gift she had to bestow. With that she soothed their sorrows, and by a return of pity must she now depend for subsistence; for on her arrival at Voldomir, all she had was one rouble. She had been nearly three months in her journey from Sarapol to Voldomir, but, through the kind hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never take any payment for milk and bread, her little treasure had not been yet exhausted. Now all began to fail; her feet were almost bare, and her ragged dress ill-defended her from a frigidity of atmosphere which had already sunk the thermometer thirty degrees below the freezing point, and which increased daily. The ground was covered with snow more than two feet deep. Sometimes it congealed while falling, and appeared like a shower of ice, so thick that earth and sky were equally concealed from view. At other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost impassable; or gusts of wind arose, so violent that to defend herself from their rude assaults, she was obliged to dig a hole in the snow, covering her head with large pieces

of the bark of pine-trees, which she dexterously stripped off, as she had seen done by the inhabitants of Siberia.

One of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow in thick clouds, and had created an obscurity so impenetrable that Elizabeth, no longer able to discern the road, and stumbling at every step, was obliged to stop. She took refuge under a rock to which she clung as firmly as she could, that she might withstand the fury of a storm which overthrew all around her. Whilst she was in this perilous situation, with her head bent down, a confused noise, that appeared to issue from behind the spot where she stood, raised a hope that a better shelter might be found. With difficulty she trotted round the rock, and discovered a *kibitki,* which had been overturned and broken, and a hut at no great distance. She implored entrance. An old woman opened the door; and struck with the wretchedness of her appearance — "My poor child!" said she, "whence dost thou come, and why are thou wandering thus alone in this dreadful weather?" To this interrogation Elizabeth made her usual reply: "I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to St. Petersburg to solicit my father's pardon."

At these words a man who was sitting in a corner of the room suddenly raised his head from between his hands, and regarding her with an air of astonishment, exclaimed: "Is it possible that you come from so remote a country, alone, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit pardon for your father? Alas! my poor child would perhaps have done as much, but the barbarians tore me from her arms, leaving her in ignorance of my fate. She knows not what has become of me. She cannot plead for mercy. Never shall I again behold her — the affecting thought will kill me; separated forever from my child, I cannot live. Now indeed that I know my doom," continued the unhappy father, "I might inform her of it; I have written a letter to her, but the carrier belonging to this *kibitki,* who is returning to Riga, the place of her abode, will not undertake the charge of it without some small compensation, and I cannot offer

him any. Not a single kopeck do I possess: the barbarians have stripped me of everything."

Elizabeth drew from her pocket the last rouble she had, and asked in timid accents, as she presented it to the unfortunate exile: "If that would be enough!" He pressed to his lips the generous hand that was held forth to succor him, and offered the money to the carrier. Like the widow's mite, Heaven bestowed its blessing on the offering. The carrier was satisfied and took charge of the letter. Thus did her noble sacrifice produce a fruit worthy of her heart; it relieved the agonized feelings of a parent, and carried consolation to the wounded bosom of a child. . . .

From Voldomir to the village of Pokroff the road lies through extensive forests of oaks, elms, aspens, and wild apple-trees. These trees afford an asylum to banditti. In winter, as the boughs despoiled of their foilage form but a poor hiding-place, these bands of robbers are less formidable. Elizabeth, however, during her journey, heard numerous accounts of thefts that had been committed. A few versts from Pokroff the high-road had been destroyed by a hurricane, and travellers proceeding to Moscow were obliged to make a considerable circuit through swamps occasioned by the inundations of the Volga. These were now hardened by the frost to a solidity equal to dry land. Elizabeth endeavored to follow the route which had been pointed out to her; but after walking for more than an hour over this icy desert, through which were no traces of a road, she found herself in a swampy marsh, from which every endeavor to extricate herself was for a long time in vain. At length, with great difficulty, she attained a little hillock. Covered with mud, and exhausted with fatigue, she seated herself upon a stone to rest, and to dry her sandals in the sun, which at that moment shone in full lustre. The environs of this spot appeared to be perfectly desolate; no signs of a human dwelling were visible; solitude and silence prevailed around. She found that she must have strayed far away from the road, and, notwithstanding all the courage with which she was en-

dued, her heart failed. Here situation was alarming in the extreme; behind was the bog she had just crossed, and before her an immense forest, through which no track was to be distinguished.

At length day began to close; and notwithstanding her extreme weariness, she had to proceed in search of shelter for the night. In vain did she wander about, sometimes following one track and then another. No object presented itself to revive her hopes, nò sound reanimated her drooping spirits; that of a human voice would have filled her heart with joy. Suddenly she heard voices, and some men issued from the forest. She hastened toward them, but their savage air and stern countenances dismayed her. All the stories she had heard of banditti immediately occurred to her, and she feared a judgment awaited her for the temerity with which she had indulged the idea that a special Providence watched over her preservation, and she fell upon her knees to humble herself in the presence of God. The troop advanced and stopped before Elizabeth, and regarding her with surprise and curiosity, demanded whence she came, and what had brought her there. With downcast eyes she replied that she had come from beyond Tobolsk, and that she was going to St. Petersburg, to solicit from the Emperor a pardon for her father. She added that, having lost her way, she was now seeking for a refuge for the night. The men were astonished, and asked her what money she had to undertake so long a journey. She showed them the little coin given to her by the boatman of the Volga.

"Is that all?" they asked.

"It is all," she replied.

At this answer, delivered with a candor that enforced belief, the robbers looked at each other with amazement. They were not moved nor softened. Rendered callous by long habits of vice, an action of such noble heroism as that of Elizabeth had no such influence over their souls, but it excited wonder. They could not comprehend what they felt necessitated to believe, and restrained by a kind of veneration, they dared not injure the object

CHARLES COTTON.

of Heaven's evident protection; so passing on, they said to each other: "Let us leave her; some supernatural Power shields her."

Elizabeth hurried from them. She had not penetrated far into the forest before four roads, crossing each other, presented themselves to her view. In one of the angles which they formed was a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and over it a post inscribed with the names of the towns to which the roads led. Elizabeth prostrated herself to offer her grateful acknowledgments to the Omnipotent Being who had preserved her; the robbers were not mistaken, she was protected by a supernatural Power. — *The Exiles of Siberia.*

COTTON, CHARLES, an English poet; born at Beresford, Staffordshire, April 28, 1630; died at Westminster in February, 1687. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At twenty-eight he succeeded to the family estates, which, though nominally large, had become greatly encumbered by the extravagance of his father. He became the adopted son of Izaak Walton, and lived the life of a jolly country gentleman, always in want of more money than he had. He wrote a good deal of verse, either original or translated from the French and Italian. He wrote an addition to the *Complete Angler* of Walton. Most of his poems were the result of his close intimacy with his foster father. His reputation rests chiefly upon his translations, the most notable of which was that of Montaigne's *Essays.* In 1671 he published a translation of Corneille's *Horace.* Among his other publications were *Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil*

Travestie (1664); *A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque* (1670); a translation of Gerard's *Life of the Duke of Espernon* (1670); and of the *Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France* (1674).

INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
  Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
  Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks,
  The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
  Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
  Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
  We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
  Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this,
  You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
  Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
  And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please,
  We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
  Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
  Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
  With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
  A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
  And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
  The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
  To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
  Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
  Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
  Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then — should you not deign to come,
  You make all this a flattering dream.

NO ILLS BUT WHAT WE MAKE.

There are no ills but what we make
  By giving shapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous mistake
  That causes all our sufferings.
O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
  And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
  By cultivating his own woe!

We call that sickness which is health;
  That persecution which is grace;
That poverty which is true wealth;
  And that dishonor which is praise.
Alas! our time is here so short,
  That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
  Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.
The world is full of unbeaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.
It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

COUSIN, VICTOR, a French philosopher and statesman; born at Paris, November 28, 1792; died at Cannes, January 13, 1867. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, in Paris, where he received the highest honors. At the organization of the Normal School his name was inscribed first on the list of pupils. He was then eighteen years of age. At the end of two years he was appointed Greek Tutor in the school, and in 1814 Master of the Conferences. His mind had been directed toward philosophy by the teachings of Laromiguière and Royer-Collard, and when in 1815 he was appointed assistant to the latter in the Sorbonne, he threw himself with enthusiasm into the battle against the sensualistic philosophy of the day. He studied the Scottish metaphysicians and the Ger-

VICTOR COUSIN.

man speculative systems of philosophy, and made the acquaintance of the most distinguished German philosophers, during his vacations spent in that country. On his second visit to Germany, in 1824, he was accused of plotting against the Government, was arrested at Dresden, sent to Berlin, and kept a prisoner for six months. The accusations against him having been proved groundless, he was released.

The Normal School was suppressed in 1822, and upon Cousin's return to France he was not permitted to resume his lectures at the University. In 1828 he received a new appointment as Professor in the Faculty of Literature. His clearness of expression, his beauty of style, his powers of generalization, his moderation in philosophy, religion, politics, rendered these lectures a brilliant success, and drew around him a crowd of enthusiastic scholars. In 1830 he was made a member of the Council of Public Instruction, in 1832 a Peer of France, and later, Director of the Normal School. In this capacity he put forth his efforts to organize primary education in France, inspecting the schools of Frankfort, Weimar, Leipzic, and Berlin, and making valuable reports on the state of public education in those cities. In 1840 he became a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, and Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet of Thiers. After the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he was deprived of his position as permanent member of the Council of Public Instruction. A decree of 1852 placed him in the rank of honorary professors, with Villemain and Guizot. Cousin was an indefatigable worker. Between 1820 and 1827 he published editions of *Proclus* and *Descartes,* and *Fragments Philosophiques* (1826) ;

between 1830 and 1835, four volumes of the translation of *Plato,* a new edition of the *Fragments,* with a valuable preface, and a work on the *Metaphysics of Aristotle,* with a translation of the first two books. *The Inedited Works of Abelard* and the *Cours de la Philosophie* appeared in 1836; a translation of Tennemann's *Manual of the History of Philosophy* (1839); the completed translation of *Plato* in 13 volumes (1840); *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Morale au XVII. Siècle* (1840–41); *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne, and Œuvres Philosophiques de Maine de Biran,* with a Preface, in itself a treatise on Philosophy (1841); *Leçons de Philosophie sur Kant* (1842); *Des Pensées de Pascal* (1842); *Nouveaux Fragments* (1847); *Petri Abelardi Opera* (1849); *Études sur les Femmes et la Société du XVII. Siècle* (1853), and *The True, the Beautiful, and the Good,* being a new edition of the *Cours de la Philosophie* (1854). He also contributed a great variety of papers to the French literary and philosophical reviews.

ANALYSIS OF FREE ACTION.

Free action is a phenomenon which contains several different elements combined together. To act freely, is to perform an action with the consciousness of being able not to perform it; now, to perform an action with the consciousness of being able not to perform it, supposes that we have preferred performing it to not performing it; to commence an action when we are able not to commence it, is to have preferred commencing it; to continue it when we are able to suspend it, is to have preferred continuing it; to carry it through when we are able to abandon it, is to have preferred accomplishing it. Now, to prefer supposes that we had motives for preferring, motives for performing this action, and

motives for not performing it; that we were acquainted with these motives, and that we have preferred a part of them to the rest; in a word, preference supposes the knowledge of motives for and against. Whether these motives are passions or ideas, errors or truths, this or that, is of no consequence; it is important only to ascertain what faculty is here in operation; that is to say, what it is that recognizes these motives, which prefers one to the other, which judges that one is preferable to the other; for this is precisely what we mean by preferring. Now what is it that knows, that judges, but intelligence? Intelligence therefore is the faculty which prefers. But in order to prefer certain motives to others, to judge that some are preferable to others, it is not sufficient to know these different motives, we must moreover have weighed and compared them; we must have deliberated on these motives in order to form a conclusion; in fact, to prefer, is to judge definitively, to conclude. What, then, is it to deliberate? It is nothing else than to examine with doubt, to estimate the relative value of different motives without yet perceiving it with the clear evidence that commands judgment, conviction, preference.

Now, what is it that examines, what is it that doubts, what is it that judges that we should not yet judge in order to judge better? Evidently it is intelligence — the same intelligence which, at a subsequent period, after having passed many provisional judgments, will abrogate them all, will judge that they are less true, less reasonable than a certain other; will pass this latter judgment, will conclude and prefer after having deliberated. It is in intelligence that the phenomenon of preference takes place, as well as the other phenomena which it supposes. Thus far, then, we are still in the sphere of intelligence, and not in that of action. Assuredly intelligence is subjected to conditions; no one examines who does not wish to examine; and the will intervenes in deliberation; but this is the simple condition, not the foundation, of the phenomena; for, if it be true, that without the faculty of willing, all examination and all deliberation would be

impossible, it is also true that the faculty itself which examines and which deliberates — the faculty which is the peculiar subject of examination, of deliberation, and of all judgment, provisional or definitive, is intelligence. Deliberation and conclusion, or preference, are therefore facts purely intellectual. Let us continue our analysis.

We have conceived different motives for performing or not performing an action; we have deliberated on these motives, and we have preferred some of them to others; we have concluded that we ought to perform it rather than not to perform it; but to conclude that we ought to perform, and to perform, are not the same thing. When intelligence has judged that we ought to do this or that, for such or such motives, it remains to proceed to action; in the first place to resolve to assume our part, to say to ourselves, not I *ought* to do, but I *will* to do. Now, the faculty which says I ought to do, is not and cannot be the faculty which says I will to do, I resolve to do. The office of intelligence here closes entirely. I ought to do is a judgment; I will to do is not a judgment, nor consequently an intellectual phenomenon. In fact, at the moment when we form the resolution of doing a particular action, we form it with the consciousness of being able to form the contrary resolution. Here then is a new element which should not be confounded with the preceding; this element is will; just before it was our business to judge and to know; now it is our business to will. To will, I say, and not to do; for precisely as to judge that we ought to do is not to will to do, so to will to do is not in itself to do. To will is an act, not a judgment; but an act altogether internal. It is evident that this act is not action properly so called; in order to arrive at action, we must pass from the internal sphere of will to the sphere of the external world, in which is definitively accomplished the action which you had at first conceived, deliberated on, and preferred; which you then willed; and which it was necessary to execute. If there were no external world, there would be no consummated action; and there must not only be an external world; the

power of will also, which we have recognized after the power of comprehending and of judging, must be connected with another power, a physical power, which serves it as an instrument with which to attain the external world. Suppose that the will were not connected with organization, there would be no bridge between the will and the external world; no external action would be possible. The physical power, necessary to action, is organization; and in this organization it is acknowledged that the muscular system is the special instrument of the will. Take away the muscular system, no effort would any longer be possible, consequently, no locomotion, no movement whatever would be possible; and if no movement were possible, no external action would be possible. Thus, to recapitulate, the whole action which we undertook to analyze is resolved into three elements perfectly distinct: 1, the intellectual element, which is composed of the knowledge of the motives for and against, of deliberation, of preference, of choice; 2, the voluntary element, which consists entirely in an internal act, namely the resolution to do; 3, the physical element, or the external action.— *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie.*

COVERDALE, MILES, an English translator and reformer; born in Yorkshire, in 1488; died in February, 1568. He was educated with the Augustine Friars at Cambridge, became a member of their order, and in 1514 was ordained priest at Norwich. He was one of the first to accept the new doctrines of the Reformation after their promulgation at Cambridge. Soon after this he left England, and nothing certain is known of him from this time until in 1535, when he published his translation of the Bible with a dedication to Henry VIII. He secured the

royal license for it in 1537. The Psalms of this translation are the same now used in the Book of Common Prayer. In 1538, with the King's permission, he went to Paris to superintend the publication of a new edition, a license having been granted by Francis I. But notwithstanding this, a decree of the Inquisition was issued prohibiting the work. The printing establishment was broken up, and many of the sheets were burned, but a few of these were preserved from the flames, and with the presses and type were taken to England, and from these Grafton and Whitechurch, the leading printers of that time, were able, in 1539, to bring out the Great Bible which was presented to Henry VIII. by Cromwell. Coverdale also edited the second Great Bible, sometimes called Cranmer's Bible, published in 1540. Soon after this he again left England and did not return until after Henry's death, 1547. In 1551 he was appointed to the see of Exeter, but on the accession of Mary he was imprisoned, and released only upon condition that he leave the country. That he was banished instead of being executed was due to the intercession of the King of Denmark. From the court of Denmark, where he spent some time after leaving England, he went to Germany, and then to Geneva, where he is supposed to have assisted in the preparation of the Geneva version, the version preferred by the Puritans. On the death of Mary he returned to England; he was not restored to his bishopric, but in 1563 he was offered the see of Llandaff, which he declined. For a number of years he held the living of St. Magnus, near London Bridge, but this he resigned in 1566. The remainder of his life was spent in the publication of works for the advancement of the

Reformation. He was buried in St. Bartholomew's Church, but upon its being taken down in 1840, to give place to the New Exchange, his remains were removed to the Church of St. Magnus, where they now lie. The third centenary of the publication of Coverdale's Bible was celebrated October 4, 1835, and a medal was struck to commemorate the occasion.

TROUBLE CANNOT HURT GOD'S CHILDREN.

This spake one, which was in affliction, as I am, for the Lord's gospel's sake; His holy name be praised therefor, and He grant me grace with the same to continue in like suffering unto the end! This, I say, one spake, which was in affliction for the gospel; but yet so far from being overcome that he rejoiced rather of the victory which the gospel had. For though he was bound, the gospel was not bound.

The world for a time may deceive itself, aye, thinking it hath the victory; but yet the end will try the contrary. Did not Cain think he had the victory when Abel was slain? But how say ye now? Is it not found otherwise? Thought not the old world that they were wise and well and Noe a fool, which would creep into an ark, leaving his house, lands, and possessions? For I think he was in an honest state. As for the world, they judged that he was a dastard and a fool; but I pray you, who was wise when the flood came? Abraham, I trow, was counted a fool to leave his own country and friends, kith and kin, because of God's word. But, dearly beloved, we know it proved otherwise. I will leave all the patriarchs and come to Moses and the children of Israel. Tell me, were they not thought to be overcome, and stark mad, when for fear of Pharaoh, at God's word, they ran into the Red Sea? Did not Pharaoh and the Egyptians think themselves sure of the victory? But, I trow, it proved clean contrary. Saul was thought to be well, and David in evil case and most miserable, because he had no hole to hide him in; but yet at length

Saul's misery was seen, and David's felicity began to appear. The prophet Michaias, being cast into prison for telling Achab the truth, was thought overcome of Zedechias, and other false prophets; but, my good brethren and sisters, the holy history telleth otherwise. Who did not think the prophets unhappy in their time? for they were slain, imprisoned, laughed to scorn, and jested at of every man. And so were all the apostles; yea, the dearly beloved friend of God, John the Baptist, who was beheaded, and that in prison, even at a dancing damsel's desire. As all these to the judgment of reason were then counted heretics, runagates, unlearned fools, fishers, publicans, etc., so now unhappy and overcome in deed, if God's word and faith did not shew the contrary.—*An Exhortation to the Carrying of Christ's Cross.*

COWLEY, ABRAHAM, an English poet and essayist; born at London in 1618; died at Chertsey, Surrey, July 28, 1667. His father died shortly before the poet's birth, and his mother obtained his admission to Westminster School as a king's scholar. While very young he began to write verses, being moved thereto, he tells us, by a copy of the *Faerie Queene,* which lay in his mother's parlor, and which he read until it filled his brain, he says, " with such chimes of verse as never since have left ringing there." In his tenth year he composed a *Tragicall History of Piramus and Thisbe,* and two years later *Constantia and Philetus.* At Westminster he displayed extraordinary mental activity, and wrote in his thirteenth year an *Elegy on the Death of Dudley, Lord Carlton,* which with the two first poems were printed under the title of *Poetical Blossoms.* At eighteen, Cowley entered

Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as a scholar, and wrote one book of the *Davideis, of* which three other books were afterward written. *Love's Riddle* and a Latin comedy, the *Naufragium Joculare,* were printed in 1638, and in 1641 was printed *The Guardian,* a dramatic work, acted on the occasion of Prince Charles passing through Cambridge. Cowley's devotion to the royal cause brought about his expulsion from Cambridge, and he went to Oxford. In 1646 he followed the queen to Paris, where he remained ten years, devoting himself unreservedly to the royal service, deciphering the secret correspondence of the king and queen, and undertaking perilous journeys to other countries, in furtherance of their cause. In 1647, a collection of his love-verses, entitled *The Mistress,* was published. Though now entirely neglected, it was the most popular reading of its day. In 1656 Cowley went secretly to England, was arrested, and forced to give bail in £1,000 for his future behavior. He now published a volume of his collected poems, and found himself the most highly esteemed poet of his time. On the death of Cromwell, he escaped to France, and returned to England only at the Restoration. The poet, who had reason to expect some return from the royal family for his long and valuable services, was at first neglected. Through the efforts of Lord St. Albans he was at length given a lease of the queen's lands at Chertsey, where he spent the last years of his life in the rural retirement which he had longed for, but which he found it impossible to enjoy. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser. His poems, so highly praised in his lifetime, are now little read, though not a few of them

are quite well worth reading. His Essays are pleasing specimens of English prose.

OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill-known;
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Arts; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night:
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

A FREE LIFE.

Where honor or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be;
Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand

For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing knell.

MARK THAT SWIFT ARROW.

Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back or stay it there,
That way it went; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but Yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?

Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a wingèd whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, thou art mine heir —
That man extends life's natural brevity
To outlive Nestor in a day.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next to that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses, banished slaves, abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride,
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms withstand)
Has brought them home, back to their Holy Land.
Ah, wretched we! poets of earth! but thou
Wert, living, the same poet thou'rt now,
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.

HEAVEN.

Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find.
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with him taper scatters darkness there.
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal *Now* does always last.

— *The Davideis.*

THE GRASSHOPPPER.

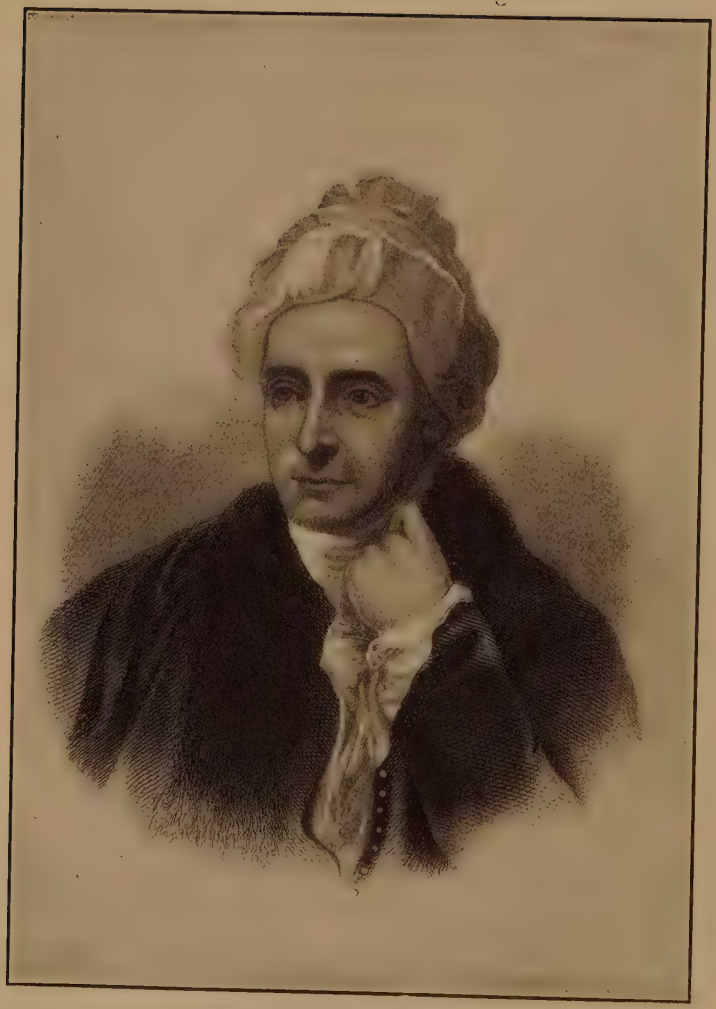
[*After Anacreon.*]

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
The country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among —
Voluptuous and wise withal.
Epicurean animal! —
Satiate with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

OF OBSCURITY.

If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back and inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody: and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him,



WILLIAM COWPER.

this "muta persona," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.—*Essays.*

COWPER, WILLIAM, an English poet; born at Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, November 15, 1731; died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. His father was Rector of Berkhampstead and sprang from an ancient family, which could trace its descent in an uninterrupted line to the time of Edward IV. (1450). His mother, Ann Donne, was daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's, who was descended from Henry III. (1250), through four distinct lines. She died when William, her eldest living boy, was six years old, leaving besides him an infant son.

A few months after his mother's death Cowper was placed at a private school, where for two years he was cruelly bullied by the elder pupils. At the age of fourteen he was placed in Westminster School, where he became an excellent scholar. At seventeen he was articled to a London solicitor; but he paid no attention to legal studies. His uncle, Ashley Cowper, a man of considerable fortune, resided in London, and it was arranged that the youth should pass his Sundays at his uncle's residence. Ashley Cowper had two daughters, Theodora and Harriet, just growing up into womanhood. A warm attachment sprang up between William Cowper and his cousin Theodora. Harriet became in time the wife of Mr. Hesketh, afterward made

a baronet. When he came of age he received, through the influence of an uncle, a small government appointment, and took chambers in the Inner Temple, ostensibly to study law, and at the age of twenty-four was formally called to the bar, but with no purpose of practising the profession. There were two or three government positions to which the right of nomination was vested in one of his uncles; and he looked forward to obtaining one of these.

Ashley Cowper began to look unfavorably up on a marriage between his daughter and nephew. "If you marry William Cowper," he said to her, "what will you do?" "Do, sir?" replied Theodora, "wash all day, and ride out on the great dog at night." He at length positively forbade the union, and prohibited his nephew from visiting at his house, alleging for his reason his decided objection to the marriage of cousins. The final parting took place about 1752, and the lovers never met again. Theodora never forgot him, and in after years found occasion for doing him great service. She died in 1824, at the age of about eighty, having survived Cowper nearly a quarter of a century. When near her end she sealed up all the letters and verses which he had addressed to her, and placed them in the hands of a female friend. This friend died in the same year with Theodora; and the papers fell into the hands of a relative, by whom a portion of them was published in 1825, under the title of *Early Poems.*

The first symptoms of the mental malady with which Cowper was afflicted during the greater part of his life manifested themselves when he was about twenty-four. Of this he wrote long after in one of his letters, "I was

struck with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair." This period of gloom passed away in a few months; but to reappear after a few years in a more aggravated form. His father, who had married again, died suddenly in 1756, leaving very little to his sons; and Cowper was before long reduced to pecuniary straits. A couple of government offices — that of Reading Clerk and Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords — to which his uncle, Major Cowper, had the right of presentation — fell vacant, and Cowper was offered his choice between them. He chose the latter, the less lucrative but more private one. But it was necessary that he should pass an examination as to his fitness to perform the quite formal duties required of him. "A thunderbolt," he says, "would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence." For six months he tried to prepare himself for the examination. Then his reason quite gave way. Three times he attempted suicide. In the autumn of 1763 he sent for Major Cowper, and, in spite of all remonstrances, threw up the nomination. At this time he wrote those wild and whirling verses which show something of the nature of the great cloud of darkness which enveloped him.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A PERIOD OF INSANITY.

Hatred and vengeance — my eternal portion,
Scarce can endure delay of execution —
Wait with impatience readiness to seize my
Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas, more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice betrayed, Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest.

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me;
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Hard lot encompassed with a thousand dangers,
Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's.

Him the vindictive rod of angry Justice
Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
I, fed with judgment, in a fleshy tomb, am
Buried above ground.

In December, 1763, Cowper was placed by his friends in the private asylum for lunatics, at St. Albans, kept by Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, a physician of rare worth and capacity, the author of several poems of no inconsiderable merit. Here he remained for two years, and by slow degrees regained his sanity. His younger brother was now a Fellow of a Cambridge College, and Cowper, in order to be near him, took up his residence at Huntingdon, the nearest place where suitable accommodations could be obtained.

Almost by accident he made the acquaintance of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman who occupied a large house, and received pupils to be prepared for the University. The Unwins were prepared to receive Cowper as a boarder, and a warm attachment sprung up between them which was only broken by death. But two years after, Mr. Unwin was killed by being thrown from his horse. He

had expressed the wish that in case of his death, Cowper should still have a home with his widow.

Mary Unwin was left with quite limited means, and the great house was given up. She with Cowper took up their residence in the neighboring parish of Olney, of which John Newton was curate. Cowper became a kind of informal lay assistant to the energetic Newton. He visited the parishioners, read prayers with the sick, and even conducted extempore prayers. But the strong meat which was nourishment to the robust-minded Newton, proved deleterious to Cowper. In the doctrine of Predestination Newton saw an assured guarantee that final salvation was sure to all the elect; Cowper saw in it equal assurance of final reprobation to the non-elect — of whom he believed himself to be one. His insanity returned in the most aggravated form. He himself, writing years after, records the characteristics of his mental condition at this time:

COWPER'S THIRD PERIOD OF INSANITY.

I was suddenly reduced from my wonted rate of understanding to an almost childish imbecility. I did not lose my senses, but I lost the power to exercise them. I could return a rational answer even to a difficult question; but a question was necessary, or I never spoke at all. This state of mind was accompanied, as I suppose it to be in most cases of the kind, with misapprehension of things and persons, that made me a very intractable patient. I believed that everybody hated me, and that Mrs. Unwin hated me most of all; was convinced that all my food was poisoned, together with ten thousand megrims of the same sort.

The conviction of his own certain reprobation settled itself more and more deeply in his mind. He be-

lieved that God required him to sacrifice his own life, and attempted over and over again to commit suicide. He refused to pray or to attend divine service; nor would he for a time visit Newton at the Rectory; then, having one day been persuaded to go there, he refused to leave; and begged to be allowed to remain. This mental alienation lasted many months, during which Mrs. Unwin devoted herself wholly to his care. No mother, or sister, or wife could have done more for him than she did, and when he was induced to leave the Rectory she took him to her home. Some time before this attack Cowper, at the suggestion of Newton, and with his co-operation, projected the *Olney Hymns*. Of these Cowper wrote nearly eighty, some of which hold a high place in English Hymnology. The one last written, composed in June, 1773, is the best known of all:

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea.
  And rides upon the storm

Deep in unfathomable mines,
  With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
  And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purpose will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
  And he will make it plain.

The dozen years following this recovery — up to 1791 — were probably the happiest, certainly by far the most active, in the life of Cowper. His abode was still with Mrs. Unwin. He occupied himself with gardening and carpentering, and found his amusement with petting animals: hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, dogs, and several kinds of birds. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, now took up her hesidence not far from him; and in time he became acquainted with Lady Austen, a widow, rich, beautiful and clever, in whose society and friendship he found great delight. He was now about fifty, and up to this time he had written only a few hundred lines of poetry worthy of remembrance. In 1781 he printed anonymously a very poor poem, upon a very unpleasant subject, entitled *Antithelyphthora.* Mrs. Unwin urged him to choose a worthier theme, suggesting as a subject *The Progress of Error.* He began at once, and in a few weeks wrote not only that, but *Truth; Table Talk; Expostulation; Hope; Charity; Retirement,* and *Conversation* — all of them being moral satires. These were published in a volume in 1782. One evening Lady Austen diverted him by telling the story of the adventurous ride of John Gilpin. Before morning Cowper had put the story into verse. It was printed in a newspaper, and soon became the most pop-

ular ballad of the day. Lady Austen not long afterward urged Cowper to try his powers at writing blank verse, giving him as a subject the Sofa on which she happened to be sitting. The result was the poem entitled *The Task,* which extended far beyond what had been thought of by either the poet or his friend. It was published in 1785, and at once secured for Cowper the undisputed rank of the foremost poet of his time. But before *The Task* was completed, the fair friendship between Cowper and Lady Austen came to an end. Mrs. Unwin, now past three-score, became strangely jealous of the fascinating Lady Austen, and told Cowper that he must forego one of the two. The claims of gratitude were paramount in the estimation of Cowper, and he wrote a sorrowful farewell letter to Lady Austen, setting forth the circumstances which rendered it necessary that their innocent intimacy should cease.

When *The Task* was published, the bookseller urged Cowper to undertake a translation of Homer. This was published in 1791, and for it Cowper received £1,000. He was then urged to edit an edition of Milton, to be magnificently illustrated by Fuseli. He translated the Latin and Italian poems of Milton; but did no more. For the end of his mental soundness was close at hand. But one last gleam of earthly happiness had been reserved for him. Early in 1790 he received a visit from John Johnson, a Cambridge undergraduate, a grandson of a brother of Cowper's mother — dead now for three-and-fifty years, but still held in loving remembrance. Returning to his home Johnson told his aunt, Mrs. Bodham, who had been a play-fellow of Cowper's childhood, that she was still held in kindly remembrance by the poet, whereupon

she sent to him that portrait of his mother which occasioned the writing of the touching poem, one of the best of all which Cowper wrote.

In the next year Mary Unwin had an attack of paralysis, which left her feeble in body, impaired in mind, and querulous in temper. Cowper failed too. He had had another attack of insanity, during which he again attempted suicide. He partially recovered; but strange fancies haunted him. He imagined, when he awoke in the morning, that he heard mysterious voices speaking to him; Mrs. Unwin shared in the delusion; the two fell under the influence of a knavish schoolmaster, who professed to interpret these voices, and managed to get much money for his services. Cowper's grand-nephew, Johnson, being informed of his deplorable condition, came to him, but found him in a state of brooding melancholy. Mrs. Unwin died in 1796. Cowper lived four years longer, for the greater part of the time nearly bereft of understanding; but with now and then a return to reason. The last of these returns took place about a year before he passed into his rest. In March, 1799, he was able to undertake the revision of his Homer; wrote several short poems in Latin and English. The last of these was *The Castaway*, composed March 20, founded on a story told by Anson, of a sailor drowning at sea. This poem, comprising a dozen stanzas, thus concludes:

THE TWO CASTAWAYS.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date:

But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone.
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

A year and a month more of almost unconscious earthly existence was allotted to Cowper, and then he entered into his rest, lacking a few months of the term of three-score years and ten. "From the moment of his death," wrote his kinsman, "until the coffin was closed, the expression into which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with a holy surprise."

All the poems by which Cowper will be held in remembrance were produced within the space of a dozen years, and after he had passed the age of half a century. Not a few of these are characterized by a keen sense of humor, hardly to be looked for from one the greater part of whose life was passed upon the very verge of insanity. In our citations we follow very nearly the chronological order of their composition.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

All the Muses weep for thee,
But every tear shall scald thy memory;
The Graces too, while virtue at their shrine
Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
Abhorred the sacrifice and cursed the priest.
Thou polished and high-finished foe to truth,
Graybeard corruptor of our listening youth,

To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
That, so refined, it might the more entice,
Then pour it on the morals of thy son,
To taint his heart, was worthy of thine own!
Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
Write, if thou canst, one Letter from the Shades,
One, and only one, charged with deep regret,
That thy worst part — they principles live yet;
One sad epistle thence may cure mankind.
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.
— *The Progress of Error.*

THE PIOUS COTTAGER AND VOLTAIRE.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door —
Pillow and bobbins all her little store —
Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her theads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Had little understanding and no wit;
Receives no praise, but though her lot be such —
Toilsome and indigent — she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true —
A truth the witty Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She, never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.
— *Truth*

WHITEFIELD.

*Leuconomus** (beneath the well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak)

* *Leukos*, "white," and *nomos*, "field."

Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
The very butt of slander and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned *him* at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed:
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on Honesty's just rule,
And when by that of Reason, a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed
Die when he might, he must be damned at last!
Now, Truth, perform *thine* office: waft aside
The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride;
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
The more than monster in his proper guise:
He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon the Bible was sincere:
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same:
Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labored, and, like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.—
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb
(If honest eulogy can spare thee room),
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies
Which, aimed at him, have pierced the offended skies;
And say: Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against Thine image in thy saint, O Lord!

—*Hope.*

JOHN HOWARD.

Patron of else the most despised of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen:
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed.
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my field and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe;
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece and Rome,
But knowledge such as dungeons only teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief sequestered from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage,
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.—
Oh that the voice of clamor and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the State,
Were hushed in favor of thy generous plea —
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!
— *Charity.*

The Task was begun in 1781, and finished in about four years, having been published in 1785.

GENESIS OF THE SOFA.

I sing *The Sofa.* I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and *Charity,* and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme:
The theme though humble, yet august, and proud
The occasion — for the Fair commands the song.
Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their old painted skins, our sires had none.

As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile.
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of invention, weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood: — three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms;
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen, but perforated sore
And drilled in holes the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.
At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan; made three legs four;
Gave them a twisted vermicular,
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuffed
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needlework sublime.
There might ye see the peony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish, severed into stripes
That interlaced each other; these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease;
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich; the rest, whom fate had placed

In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel in the cushion fixed;
If cushion might be called, what harder seemed
Than the firm oak of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Ponderous, and fixed by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived,
And some ascribe the invention to a priest,
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,
And bruised the side and elevated high
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The Ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow; it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne;
And so two citizens who take the air
Close packed and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,
Was bliss reserved for happier days; — so slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury the accomplished *Sofo* last.

— *The Task, Book 1.*

ON SLAVERY.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart —
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys.
And worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human Nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

— *The Task, Book II*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.

—*The Task, Book III.*

TO WINTER.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group

The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

—*The Task, Book IV.*

THE GAMES OF KINGS.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.
Some have amused the dull sad years of life,
Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

—*The Task, Book V.*

TRUE LIBERTY.

There is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away:
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more;
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held

By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,
And are august, but this transcends them all.
— *The Task, Book V.*

THE FUTURE GOLDEN AGE.

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven have heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp.
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of the sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious, in His chariot paved with love,
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair. . . .
Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance: and the land once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden feels no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.

The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driven away:
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations, and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation, taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.

— *The Task, Book VI.*

CONCLUSION OF "THE TASK."

So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me, then, that once, when called

To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates that can taste immortal truth,
Insipid else, and sure to be despised.
But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.
In vain the Poet sings and the World hears,
If He regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper — even mine.
— *The Task, Book VI.*

Before the commencement of *The Task,* and after its completion, Cowper wrote many short poems, some gay and sportive, some keen and satirical, some solemn and pathetic. These, in the best collective editions of his works, are grouped together under the title, *Miscellaneous Poems — 1779 to 1799.*

NOSE *vs.* EYES: *in re* SPECTACLES.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had Spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the Spectacles up to the Court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear Spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
"That, whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!"

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Hath cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,

And knew the glow-worm by his spark:
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine with sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

YARDLEY OAK.

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren! at my birth,
(Since which I number three-score winters past),
A shattered veteran, hollow-trunked perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee. . . .
Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball

Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through. . .
Thou fell'st mature; and, in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes protruding, paired exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becamest a twig. . . .
Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
And time hath made thee what thou art — a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks
That grazed it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowned, yet safe sheltered from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth. . . .
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay,
Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root — and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present

To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee; and therefore to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has unobserved,
Achieved a labor, which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.
Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing naught but the scooped rind, that seems
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy foot,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbid'st
The feller's toil, which thou could ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not in virtue, and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

ON RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine: thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails — else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize —
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief —
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie.
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead.
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son —
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile! — it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou are gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair,

That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home —
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in Memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart; — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play

Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
Where temptests never beat nor billows roar;
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell! — Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done,
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COX, Sir George William, an English clergyman and historian; born in India, January 10, 1827; died at Walmer, February 9, 1902. He was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Oxford, and entered Holy Orders in 1850. On the death of an uncle, Sir Edmund Cox, in 1877, he succeeded to the baronetcy. He is the author of *Poems, Legendary and Historical* (1850); *Life of St. Boniface* (1853);

Tales from Greek Mythology, and *The Great Persian War* (1861); *Tales of the Gods and Heroes* (1862); *Tales of Thebes and Argos* (1863); *A Manual of Mythology* (1867); *Latin and Teutonic Christendom* and *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations* (1870); *A History of Greece* and *The Crusades* (1874); *A General History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great* (1877); *History of the British Rule in India* (1881); *Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-lore* (1881); *Lives of Greek Statesmen* (1885); *Life of Bishop Colenso* (1888); *The Church of England* (1888). He also assisted in editing *The Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art,* and contributed articles to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Living in a land of ice-bound fjords and desolate fells, hearing the mournful wail of the waving pine-branches, looking on the stern strife of frost and fire, witnessing year by year the death of the short-lived summer, the Northman was inured to sombre if not gloomy thought, to the rugged independence of the country as opposed to the artificial society of a town. His own sternness was but the reflection of the land in which he lived; and it was reflected, in its turn, in the tales which he told, whether of the heroes or the gods. The Greek, dwelling in sunnier regions, where the interchange of summer and winter brought with it no feelings of overpowering gloom, exhibited in his words and songs the happiness which he experienced in himself. Caring less, perhaps, to hold communion with the silent mountains and the heaving sea, he was drawn to the life of cities, where he could share his joys and sorrows with his kinsmen. The earth was his mother: the gods who dwelt on Olympus had the likeness of men, without their pains or their doom of death. There Zeus sat on his golden throne, and beside him was the glorious Apollôn, not the deified man but the

sun-god invested with a human personality. But (with whatever modifications caused by climate and circumstances) both were inheritors of a common mythology, which with much that was beautiful and good united also much that was repulsive and immoral. Both, from the ordinary speech of their common forefathers, had framed a number of legends which had their gross and impure aspects, but for the grossness of which they were not (as we have seen), and could not be, responsible.

But if the mythology of the Greeks is in substance and in development the same as that of the North, they differed widely in their later history. That of the Greeks passed through the stages of growth, maturity, and decay, without any violent external repression. The mythical language of the earliest age had supplied them with an inexhaustible fountain of legendary narrative; and the tales so framed had received an implicit belief, which, though intense and unquestioning, could scarcely be called religious, and in no sense could be regarded as moral. And just because the belief accorded to it was not moral, the time came gradually when thoughtful men rose, through earnest effort (rather, we would say, through Divine guidance, to the conviction of higher and clearer truth. If even the Greek of the Heroic age found in his mythology neither a rule of life nor the ideal of that Diety whom in his heart he really worshipped, still less would this be the case with the poets and philosophers of later times. To Æschylus Zeus was the mere name of a god whose actions were not those of the sons of Kronos; to Sophocles it made no difference whether he were called Zeus or by any other name as long as he might retain the conviction of His eternity and His righteousness. . . . Socrates might teach the strictest responsibility of man to a perfectly impartial judge even while he spoke of the mystical tribunal of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aiakos. He was accused, indeed, of introducing new gods. This charge he denied, and with truth: but in no sense whatever was he a worshipper of the Olympian Zeus, or of the Phœbus who smote the Pythian dragon.— *Mythology of the Aryan Nations.*

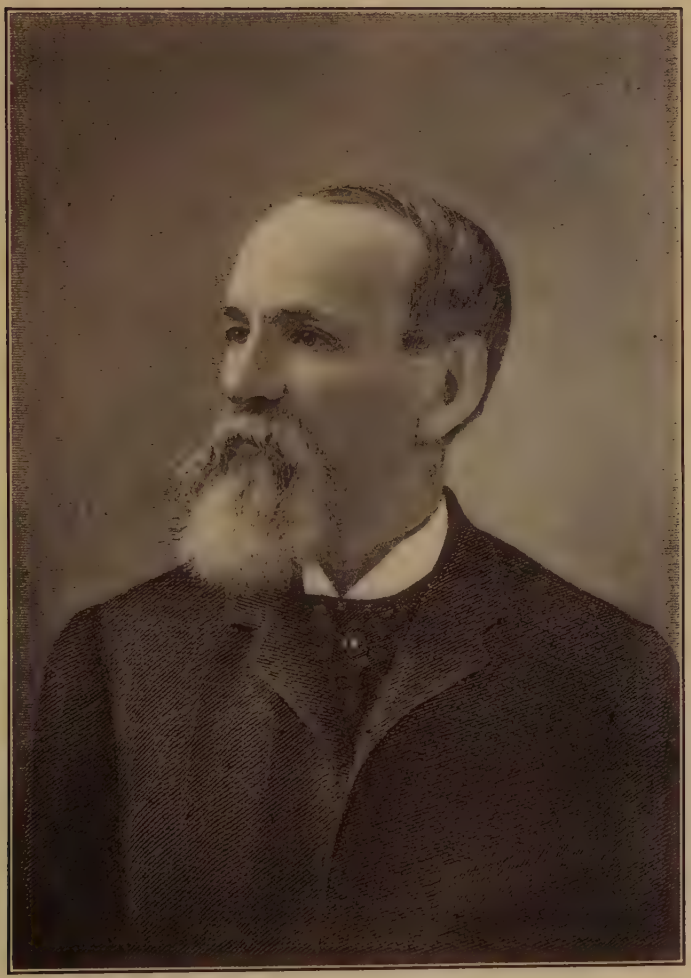
COX, SAMUEL HANSON, an American clergyman; born at Rahway, N. J., August 25, 1793; died at Bronxville, Westchester County, N. Y., October 2, 1881. He was brought up in the Society of Friends; studied law, but abandoned it for the ministry, and was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1817; became pastor of the Spring Street Church in New York in 1821; of the Laight Street Church in 1825. In 1837 he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. He was for a time Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Auburn Theological Seminary, and of Ecclesiastical History in Union Theological Seminary, New York; and afterward President of Ingham University. In 1852 he retired from active service in the church, but frequently lectured and preached. He favored the anti-slavery movement, but deprecated resorting to extreme measures, and took a strong conservative position with regard to the Southern question. Among his works are: *Quakerism Not Christianity* (1833); *Theopneuston, or Select Scriptures Considered* (1849); and *Interviews Memorable and Useful, from Memory Reproduced* (1853).

CHALMERS IN THE PULPIT.

As Chalmers entered from the vestry and ascended the pulpit, there was something at once simple and unaffected, on the one hand, and solemn, and engaged and absorbed, on the other, in his manner and expression. His stature appeared shorter than I had expected; but his countenance, with no glare or ostentation, seemed gathered to a point, in tranquil but fixed concentration; as if he had a message to deliver and a work to do, and as if he would

do that, and care for nothing else, on the present occasion. When he began to speak, though I had heard of his Fifeshire accent, or rather broad Scotch brogue, the sonorous quaintness and earnestness of his voice surprised me. . . . Some of his expressions were simple, filial, and beautiful, as well as touching, in an eminent degree. One I will quote, as I well remember it, in the main: "May our luve for tha, our Master and Lard, be true and pramative; may it ba like that of apowstles and the Kraschuns of the martyr ages; may wa sarve tha bakouse wa luve tha, and love tha bakous wa delight to do tha honor." I give these as the best approximate specimens of his enunciation and his utterance that I can recollect or command — certainly from no thought or allowance of caricature, and with a tender demur lest I should seem to disparage him with any reader. His peculiarities soon lost their quality as strange or ungrateful, and became easy and musical alike to the ear and the mind. The strength and wealth of his thoughts soon carried us in the wake of his prosperous mental navigation, and we all felt the pleasure and the safety of such a helmsman as we sailed with him, unanimous and happy, with the port of the celestial city almost peering to our view. Indeed, as I became wonted to his voice and his way, they lost all their momentary offence, and seemed rather transmuted, by association, into attractions, and beauties and harmonies of masterly oratory.—*Interviews Memorable and Useful.*

COX, SAMUEL SULLIVAN, an American statesman and author; born at Zanesville, O., September 30, 1824; died at New York, September 10, 1889. He was educated at Brown University, became a lawyer in Ohio and editor of the Columbus *Statesman.* He gained the soubriquet of "Sunset"



SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

through an extremely rhetorical description of a sunset published in that newspaper. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Peru. He was first elected to Congress from Ohio in 1856, and served for eight years. In 1866 he took up his residence in New York, and was elected to Congress from that city in 1868, and, with the exception of a single term, was re-elected until 1884. In 1885 he was appointed Minister to Turkey. The Post-office employees of New York City erected a statue at Astor place and Eighth street to commemorate his efforts in their behalf.

He published *The Buckeye Abroad* (1852); *Eight Years in Congress* (1865); *Search for Winter Sunbeams* (1870); *Why We Laugh* (1876); *Free Land and Free Trade* (1880); *Arctic Sunbeams* (1882); *Orient Sunbeams* (1882); *Three Decades of Federal Legislation* (1885); and *Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey* (1887). He wrote in a humorous and entertaining style.

THE CITY OF MILIANAH.

I wish that I could give you a photograph of Milianah, warmed somewhat by the colors of the flowers which make it so fragrant. Make to your mind the imagery of a plain, out of which, rising through several miles of gardens, there winds, as it rises, the road up to the gate in the rear of the city; and before you get there, picture the limestone rocks grottoed, honeycombed, and irregular at places, but all decorated with vine and leaf and cascade, and surrounded by a stanch wall, within whose fortified escarpments a luxuriance of vegetation seems to surround a city of elegant proportions, with tower of church and dome of mosque, and all flashing white and clean as one of its own cascades under the African sun — then you have Milianah! It is the glory of Algiers! Enter within its gates! Walk around its plaza! Here

we find, embowered in foliage, in the centre of the large square, a Venetian campanella. It stands alone and sounds the hour of Moslem and Christian. Go down the wide avenue to the south side of the city, and you find yourself looking from the precipitous walls upon the grand views beneath and afar! You see no frowning, beetled brow of rocky fort, fortified by art and nature. That is here, but it is visible only from below. You gaze down amidst the wild bryony, creeping about the rocky sides, making hanging gardens of these walls, creeping about where the cactus, the rocks, the pomegranates and the fountains, the figs and the waterfalls, in promiscuous luxuriance form a foreground, while at the end of the long plain, more than twenty miles distant, the mountains stand, one range above the other, and the second above the third, long intervals between, for seventy miles and more, until the eye from Milianah seizes, as upon its last outpost of the vision, the mountain range from which the beginnings of the Desert appear.— *A Search for Winter Sunbeams.*

COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, an American clergyman and poet; born at Mendham, N. J., May 10, 1818; died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., July 20, 1896. He was educated at the University of New York, and at the General Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1841. In 1859 he became rector of Grace Church, New York City, and in 1865 he was consecrated Bishop of Western New York. Among his numerous publications are: *Advent, a Mystery* (1837); *Athwold, a Romaunt* (1838); *Christian Ballads* (1840); *Athanasian and Other Poems* (1843); *Hallowe'en* (1844); *Saul, a Mystery* (1845); *Sermons on Doctrine and Duty* (1854); *Impressions of Eng-*

land (1856); *Criterion* (1866); *Moral Reforms* (1869); *Signs of the Times* (1870); *The Bible Rhyme* (1873); *Apollos, or the Way of God* (1873); *Covenant Prayers* (1875); *The Penitential* (1882); *The Ladye Chace* (1878); *Institute of Christian History* (1887); and *The Paschal,* a collection of Easter Poems (1889).

WATCHWORDS.

We are living — we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth is Creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then? will ye dally
With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging — heaven beholding!
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On — right onward, for the right!

What! still hug they dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play,
Wreaths and dance, and poet-numbers.
Flout them! We must work to-day.

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long Hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages — tell for God!

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
List — thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating —
'Tis thy heart of sin.
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut!
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand — entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not!

MARCHING ONWARD.

March — march — march!
  Making sounds as they tread
Ho — ho! how they step,
  Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every tramp,
  Every footfall is nearer;
And dimmer each lamp
  As darkness grows drearer;
But ho! how they march,
  Making sounds as they tread.
Ho — ho! how they step,
  Going down to the dead!

March — march — march!
  Making sounds as they tread,
Ho — ho, how they laugh,
  Going down to the dead!
How they whirl — how they trip,
  How they smile, how they dally
How blithesome they skip,
  Going down to the valley;
Oh — ho, how they march,
  Making sounds as they tread;
Ho —ho, how they skip,
  Going down to the dead!

March — march — march!
  Earth groans as they tread!
Each carries a skull;
  Going down to the dead!
Every stride — every stamp,
  Every footfall is bolder;
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
  With a skull on his shoulder!
But ho, how he steps
  With a high-tossing head,
That clay-cover'd bone,
  Going down to the dead!

SAUL ON CARMEL.

What, here in Carmel! I've forgot myself,
And strayed too far! What fiend hath let me thus
To seat me in the shadow of my sins
And bawl accusing memories in mine ear.
Oh, our good deeds are frail of life as we,
But follies are immortal; and this Conscience,
Haunts, like the voice of God, our every turn;
Or, in the soundings of a guilty soul,
Lies, like the water in a dismal well,
A mirror to the sleepless eye of heaven.
Where shall the Earth afford a rest for Saul!
Or, do I wander with the brand of Cain
Burned on my soul, that thus I find no peace!
Good grave, why waitest thou? I meet my sin,
Turn where I may; and, worst of all, Oh, Lord,
There hangs that cursed trophy over me
Like Thine impending judgment! It brings back
In this sad hour old Samuel's curse at Gilgal,
And reaffirms that sentence. Oh, the lips
May not recall that said it. Can it be
There now is no appeal! God's oracle,
Those dear old lips that bade me first be king,
In all the artless greenness of my youth,
Are cold, cold clay — but this sad pomp survives,
Prolonging echoes of his awful words
That ring in memory's ear. They weigh me down;
Oh, that my pride e'er reared that Babel-pile!
Twine o'er it, ye rank vines; eat into it,
Thou strong-toothed Time; wind, storm, come crumble it,
Nay, let compassionating thunderbolts
Blast it and me together; lest, hereafter,
Our children's children stand and point at it,
Yea, and cast stones, and say — Behold Saul's Folly.
Where shall I turn! I have let water out,
And here's an ocean breaking through the breach;
Dam and embankment tottering under me,
While I stand trembling, and do gnaw my tongue,

Like a lost spirit conning life's misdeeds.
Go down, old sun — thou seest my decline
As I see thine: but Oh, for me, to-morrow
Comes never more, or only comes in clouds,
And, like a star burnt out, I set forever.
— *Saul, A Mystery.*

COXE, WILLIAM, an English clergyman, historian, and traveler; born at London, March 7, 1747; died at Bemerton, Wiltshire, June 16, 1828. He became a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1768. As tutor to young noblemen, he spent many years in travel. He published *Travels in Switzerland* (1778–1801); and *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark,* (1778–84). He also published *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole* (1798); *Memoirs of Lord Walpole* (1802); *History of the House of Austria* (1807); *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon* (1813); *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough* (1816–19). He was appointed rector of Bemerton in 1788, of Stourton in 1800, and of Fovant, Wiltshire, in 1811, and Archdeacon of Wiltshire in 1804. He was appointed Chaplain of the Tower in 1796. His last work, *Memoirs of the Pelham Administration,* was published after his death, in 1829.

WALDSTEIN, OR WALLENSTEIN.

Waldstein, though deeply affected by his dismission, had retired from his command with the full confidence that his ruling star had not yet attained its zenith, and his fertile genius had devised the means to render his

restoration to power almost inevitable. He was followed into his retreat by the principal officers of his army, whom his immense riches enabled him to attach to his person, and who looked up to him for present support, as well as future advancement. He took up his principal residence at Prague, where he built a magnificent palace, and lived in a style of splendor more resembling a king than a subject in disgrace. . . . Six barons, and as many knights attended his person; four gentlemen-ushers presented those who were admitted to the honor of an audience; sixty pages, belonging to the most illustrious families, were entertained at his expense, and instructed by the ablest masters in the whole circle of the arts and sciences. His steward of the household was a baron of the highest rank, and even the chamberlain of the emperor quitted the court to exercise that office in his establishment. . . .

His recent disgrace and increasing anxiety to recover his former authority had totally changed the disposition of his mind, and robbed him of that freedom, openness, and affability which distinguished his early career. In the midst of splendor and magnificence Waldstein lived in a state of gloom, solitude, and impenetrable taciturnity, absorbed in dreams of past grandeur, or projects of future ambition and vengeance, maintaining with his own hand an extensive and regular correspondence with every part of Europe, and with all the great actors on the scene of affairs.

To complete the portrait of so singular a character, in person he was tall and thin, his complexion sallow, his hair red and short, his eyes small and sparkling, his gait and manner indicative of sullenness and distrust, and the few words which broke his habitual silence were uttered in a harsh and disagreeable tone of voice. He was sudden, fierce, and ungovernable in his anger, implacable in his resentment, capricious and fanciful in his commands, extravagant equally in rewards and punishments. He was an enemy to flattery, and insensible to temptation; quick in discovering merit, and ready to reward it. In his dependants he encouraged a spirit of

rashness and enterprise; he termed high and magnificent resolutions the effects of a well-qualified soul; a prompt action, a new thought, an unusual audacity, were the surest ways to secure his favor. He was grand and lofty in his ideas, impassioned for glory, and disdained dissimulation or any vice which evinced baseness and timidity of character. Despising riches, except as the agent of his greatness, he was unbounded in his liberalities and was accustomed to say that no gold was equal to the weight of a valiant soldier, that great hopes followed great rewards, and the greatest recompenses produced both the best troops and most skilful officers.—*History of the House of Austria.*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Thus fell Gustavus Adolphus in the thirty-eighth year of his age, one of the greatest monarchs who ever adorned a throne. As an individual, he was religious without bigotry or affectation, temperate, and a pattern of conjugal fidelity and domestic affection. Though unable to conquer at all times a constitutional warmth of temper, he possessed all the social virtues and the conciliation of courtesy in so high a degree that no individual was ever admitted to his converse without being charmed, or left his presence dissatisfied. To all these amiable qualities, he united the learning of a scholar and the accomplishments of a gentleman. As a statesman he was firm, sagacious, and provident, embracing equally the grand features and minute details of the most extensive plans. As a general, he surpassed his contemporaries in his knowledge of all the branches of the military art, in a bold, inventive, and fertile genius. His intuitive sagacity, undisturbed presence of mind, and extensive foresight, were warmed and animated by an intrepidity more than heroic. No commander was ever more ready to expose his person to dangers, or more willing to share the fatigues and hardships of his troops; he was accustomed to say, "Cities are not taken by keeping in tents; as scholars, in the absence of the master, shut their books, so my troops, without my presence, would slacken

their blows." Like many other great men, he was a predestinarian from a pious submission to the decrees of an all-wise Providence. To those who urged him to spare his person he replied: "My hour is written in heaven, and cannot be reversed on earth." Gustavus created a new system of tactics, and formed an army which was without a parallel for its excellent discipline and for its singular vigor, precision, and unity in action. He conquered, not by dint of numbers, or the impulse of a fortunate rashness, but by the wisdom and profoundness of his combinations, by his irresistible yet bridled spirit of enterprise, by that confidence and heroism which he infused into his troops. Since the days of Alexander, the progress of no conqueror has been equally rapid; since the time of Cæsar, no individual has united, in so consummate a degree, all the qualities of the gentleman, the statesman, and the soldier.—*History of the House of Austria.*

COZZENS, FREDERICK SWARTWOUT, an American humorist; born at New York City, March 5, 1818; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 23, 1869. He was well known for many years as the publisher and editor of a trade journal entitled *The Wine Press.* He was a welcome contributor to the magazines of his day; especially to the *Knickerbocker* and to *Putnam.* His contributions to the former of these magazines were gathered into a volume and published under the title *Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde,* in 1853; and three years later his famous *Sparrowgrass Papers,* which had been printed serially in *Putnam's Magazine,* were issued in book form. Other writings of his, some of them evincing genuine humor, as well

as grace of composition were: *Arcadia* (1859); *Sayings of Doctor Bushwhacker* (1867); *Poems* (1867); *Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (1868).

Of Cozzens's principal work, *The Sparrowgrass Papers,* Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, says that they are enlivened by evidences of keen discrimination often brightly expressed.

MR. SPARROWGRASS CHIRPS A LITTLE.

"The first flurry of snow," said I, making a show of shaking off a few starry flakes from my hat, "the first sky-signals of winter. It is a good thing to have winter in the country. There is something cheery in the prospect of roaring fires; and Christmas-trees, glittering with tapers — and golden eggs — and sugar-hearts — and wheels — and harps of sparry sweets; and pipes and tabors; and mince-pies; and ringing sleigh-bells; and robes of fur, and reeking horses; and ponds with glassy floors, alive with and rattling under the mercurial heels of skaters. . . . All the poets love winter, why should not everybody?

"'Winter's the time to which the poet looks
For hiving his sweet thoughts, and making honey-books.'

"I feel as if I would like to chirp a little this evening, Mrs. Sparrow G. What shall we have? Lamb? Let me read you *Dream Children,* or, perhaps, Fuller would be newer — old Fuller! Here he is; the ancient and venerable D.D. Now, my dear, *The Good Wife.*" Mrs. Sparrowgrass bridled up and was all smiles. Then I read:

"St. Paul to the Colossians (iii. 18), first adviseth women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And sure it was fitting that women should have their lesson given them, because it was hardest to be learned, and, therefore, they need have the more time to con it."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "St. Paul! He was a wise man [ironically.] Read on."

"She keeps house if she have not her husband's company (*that* you always have) or leave, for her patent, to go abroad."

Mrs. Sparrowgrass wished to know what "patent" meant, in that sense. "My dear," said I, "'patent' is a writ or privilege, given or granted." Then I continued: "For the house is the woman's centre. It is written: 'The sun ariseth; man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening' (Psalm civ. 22): but it is said of the good woman: 'She riseth while it is yet night' (Prov. xxxi. 15). For man in the race of his work starts from the rising of the sun, because his business is without doors, and not to be done without the light of heaven; but the woman hath her work within the house, and, therefore, can make the sun rise by lighting of a candle."

"Was Dr. Fuller married?" quoth Mrs. S.

"Yes, my dear, probably two hundred years ago."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.— *The Sparrowgrass Papers.*

OH, A COUNTRY HOME FOR ME!

Oh, a country home for me! where the clover blossoms blow;
And the robin builds his nest in the old cherry bough;
Where the roses and the honey-buds are clinging to the wall,
Each a perfumed cup of jewels when the rain-drops fall.
Where the leaves and lights are blending,
And the swallows soar and sing,
And the iron chain and bucket drip
Above the silver spring:
Oh, a country home for me!

When the sun is in the west, and the winds are lulled to rest,
And the babe sleeps on its mother's arm, the robin in her nest;

When the cottage taper twinkles through the lattice, and the gloom
Of the dusky trellis roses, and the woodbine's bloom:
When the moon is on the wave,
And the shadows in the grove,
How sweet to wander side by side
With those we dearly love:
Oh, a country home for me!
—*Sparrowgrass Papers.*

THEREFORE.

I'd kind o' like to have a cot,
Fixed on some sunny slope; a spot
Five acres more or less;
With maples, cedars, chestnut trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'Twould suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With pendant bells of woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee;
And round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses white and red.

To solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear about the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook
Where I might sit and read my book.

Such should be my retreat;
Far from the city's crowds and noise,
Where I could rear my girls and boys—
I'd have some two or three,
And if kind Heaven should bless my store
With five, or six, or seven more,
How happy I would be.
—*Sparrowgrass Papers.*

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